

Several broken...
Pure linen...
An assortment of...
The regular...
Quality...
Should you wish...

SAIL

we are displaying...
48c
SAILING ON THE NEW CAMP GROUND

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you require an...
H. COHN & CO.
Tailor-made Suits...



LOS ANGELES THEATER—E. C. WOOD

You've read Ouida's "Moths"—Now see it played
This afternoon and tonight—LAST TIME OF THE
FRAWLEY COMPANY.
Ouida's "MOTHS."

LOS ANGELES THEATER—E. C. WOOD
JOHN DREW, (Eight Seasons) in "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS."

LOS ANGELES THEATER—E. C. WOOD
OSCAR'S BURBANK THEATER—OLIVER MOROCCO
SPECIAL MATINEE TOMORROW AFTERNOON AND MATINEE TO-NIGHT AND TONIGHT.

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ARMY OF POTOMAC

Services in Memory of
Heroic Dead.

President McKinley and the
Cabinet Attend.

Fifth Corps' Monument Corner
Stone Laid.

Notable Address by St. George R. Fitch—
Gen. Sickles Speaks.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)
FREDERICKSBURG (Va.) May 25.—Fair weather favored the Presidential party in the visit to the memorial service of the Army of the Potomac.

The special train from Washington arrived at 11:30 o'clock, and found the whole population of the town grouped about the depot, or massed along the main street, with the national colors appearing everywhere.

The President was accompanied by all the members of the Cabinet except Secretary Wilson. There were also in the party Gen. Nelson A. Miles, his chief aide, Col. Michler; Gen. Joseph Wheeler, former Adj. Gen.; Stephen, who was colonel of the President's old regiment during the war, and the Marines Band.

The train was met at Quantico by a Reception Committee from Fredericksburg consisting of Hon. Horace F. Crispa, Maj. T. F. Morris and Postmaster J. M. Griffin, who accompanied the Presidential party to Fredericksburg, where they were made recipients of the hospitality of the local committee.

The public exercises were held at 3 o'clock, after which the President held a brief reception at the residence of the late Gen. John S. Mosby, where he was met by the members of the Fredericksburg field.

Mr. Fitch's address was a stirring and eloquent tribute to the Army of the Potomac and to the Confederate soldiers, saying that the cause of the nation was the cause of the South.

The corner-stone of the monument was laid by Gen. Daniel R. Sigsbee, who presided over the exercises, and after the ceremony this morning.

LOS ANGELES

Gen. Hamilton Rejoins
Lord Roberts.

Will Probably Cross the Vaal
Today or Sunday.

Reports of Burgher Quarrels
Among Themselves.

Kruger Is Expected to Retire to Lyden-
burg—Roving Boers.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
LONDON, May 25, 9:30 a.m.—[By Atlantic Cable.] The latest intelligence from the Vaal River, where the Boers are reported to be crossing the river, is that the British were rapidly advancing.

Gen. Hamilton had effected a junction with Lord Roberts. The country in front of them was clear of Boers to within a few miles.

The Boers were evacuating all their positions on the Vaal River, and were already crossing the north bank.

Probably Gen. French's cavalry is already reconnoitering the fords of the Vaal.

War Office observers expect that the next dispatch from the field marshal will be dated in sight of the Transvaal frontier.

Transvaal papers are circulating a rumor that the Boers were quarreling among themselves.

Beck's firm was giving 21 in gold for 25 in paper. Kruger and Sigsbee are expected to meet at the Cape Parliament, who is supposed to be a confidante of Mr. Rhodes.

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PICKED THE WINNER

Californians and the
Harbor Contract.

Lowest Bidder Successful in
Securing the Work.

Senator White One of the
Company's Sponsors.

Proceedings in Congress—Morgan on
the Philippine Question.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
WASHINGTON, May 25.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The War Department today awarded a contract for completing the San Pedro harbor, to the California Construction Company of San Francisco, that concern having put in a bid of \$2,750,000, which was the lowest one received under the proposals issued some time ago, after the contractors who had had the work in charge had been displaced.

Nothing more satisfactory to Californians here could have happened than to have the work to be done by the California Construction Company, which was the lowest one received under the proposals issued some time ago, after the contractors who had had the work in charge had been displaced.

It is reported that the California Construction Company's bid was more than \$2,000,000 under their nearest competitor, so that the company would have received the contract even without the satisfactory inducements which it had received.

SENATE AND HOUSE.
PHILIPPINES AND PENSION.
(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
WASHINGTON, May 25.—Discussion of the Spooner Philippine bill was continued in the Senate today by Mr. Morgan of Alabama. On the general question of the ownership and government by the United States of the Philippine Islands, he was in accord with Senators Spooner and Lodge, but he regarded the pending bill as an error, and a dangerous legislative mistake.

The House devoted two hours today to the consideration of the Alaskan Civil Government bill, without completing it. The bill was then referred to the committee on the whole.

Among the bills favorably acted upon today were the Senate bills to pension the widow of the late Capt. Griffey, who commanded the Olympia in the battle of Manila, to the late Commodore W. W. Meade at \$25 per month; and the widow of the late Gen. M. P. Force of Ohio at \$25 per month.

EMERGENCY HARBOR BILL.
REPORTED TO THE SENATE.
(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
WASHINGTON, May 25.—The Senate Committee on Commerce, through Senator McMillan, today reported the Emergency Harbor and Harbor Bill. The general appropriation made by the bill was increased from \$200,000 to \$250,000, and the following additional harbors, and the following additional harbors, etc., of which surveys are to be made, were authorized: San Joaquin River, Cal., from Antioch to Susan Point; Colorado River, Nev., from Colorado Cañon to Riverton; Columbia River, Or., from Canal at the Dallas Rapids; San Joaquin River, Idaho, and Washington; and the San Joaquin River, etc.

FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.
REGULAR SESSION.
(A. P. DAY REPORT.)
WASHINGTON, May 25.—SENATE.
The Senate today convened at 11 a.m. Mr. Gallinger presented a conference report on the bill granting to Henry V. Henry, widow of Gen. Henry, a pension. The conference reduced the amount of the pension from \$100 to \$75 a month. The report was agreed to.

Mr. Morgan introduced a bill to punish crimes against the United States not committed within a State. He said the bill seemed to him to be a difficulty the government was in now as to the extradition of an offender.

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ORIENTAL KICK.
Case Against Board of Health Heard.
Chinese Complain of the Discrimination.
Closing Festivities—Normal School Principals.
CONFERENCE CALLED.
STOCKTON, May 25.—Dr. C. A. Ruggles, president of the State Board of Health, received a dispatch this evening from Secretary Matthews of the board informing him that a conference of the State health authorities had been called to meet Sunday night in San Francisco. Dr. Ruggles, State Health Officer of Texas, will be present and discuss the advisability of raising the quarantine against San Francisco, now existing in the Lone Star State.
ITEMS FROM THE NORTH.
BOLDERS FOR ESQUIMAULT.
VANCOUVER (B. C.), May 25.—Robert N. Johnston, a seaman, who has been in active training for some time past, has issued a challenge to row John L. Hackett, late of Port Portland, but now of Seattle. The challenge calls for a three-mile race, with a turn, for \$1000 a side, to be rowed on Burrard Inlet on or before July 15.
ADVICES FROM ALASKA.
KLONDIKERS RACE FOR NOME.
TACOMA (Wash.), May 25.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Skagway advices received tonight report that several dozen settlers have been evicted by government officers from lots in the new town of White Horse. The town site is controlled by the White Pass Railroad, with the exception of every third lot, which is reserved for the crown. Last fall some one without authority sold lots within the reserved portion to innocent purchasers. Ten days ago government officers appeared unheeded and ordered all the occupants off. They complied, after making a strong protest, and demanding the return of their money.
CONGREGATIONAL CONGRESS.
EDUCATION UNDER DISCUSSION.
SAN FRANCISCO, May 25.—Education was the subject before the Congress of Congregational Ministers to-day. Rev. Dr. E. L. Smith of Seattle was in the moderator's chair and introduced President Jordan of Stanford, who had for his branch of the subject "The Higher Education of the Pacific Coast."
NORMAL PRINCIPALSHIP.
SEVERAL APPLICATIONS FOR IT.
SAN JOSE, May 25.—A special meeting of the trustees of the State Normal School here was held in San Francisco this week. Several applications were received for the principalship. Prof. R. R. Reeder of Columbia University has been recommended for the place by President Wheeler of Berkeley and

Prof. Carr of Anderson, Ind., by President Jordan of Stanford. The board will select one in a few days and consult. These gentlemen are here. It is reported that a new man will be selected for next term. While this is not officially confirmed it is believed to be true.
WATER AND FOREST.
ADVISORY COUNCIL MEETING.
SAN FRANCISCO, May 25.—The Executive Committee and advisory council of the California Water and Forest Association met in semi-annual session at the Palace Hotel today. The membership fee was reduced to \$1, with the expectation of securing 10,000 members this year. President William Thomas reported that \$10,300 had been subscribed, and that \$24,000 was available for field work.
PTITHANS' GRAND BALL.
CLOSING THE WEEK'S SESSION.
SAN FRANCISCO, May 25.—The Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias and the Grand Temple, Knights Templar, will close their week's business session and festivities in this city tonight, the closing event to be the annual grand ball. All day the session of the Grand Lodge will be held to complete all the business before adjournment, and a very busy day will be spent.
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A Dip in the Briny.

Cannot be indulged in with the proper degree of pleasure, comfort and grace unless costumed becomingly. Old Sol is beginning to assert himself now, and bathers are warning to the beaches. Better accept one of our proposals to bathers and secure an outfit today.

Ladies' and Misses' Bathing Suits **\$1.75**

Made of dark blue flannelette, neatly trimmed in white braid. Ladies' black mohair suit, trimmed in three rows soutache braid, long sleeves, high neck, sailor collars **\$3.50**

Ladies' navy blue, all wool flannel suits, made with yoke, trimmed in white braid, full front, long or short sleeves **\$3.50**

Ladies' black and navy blue mohair suits, blouse and skirt trimmed in white braid, sailor collar **\$4.50**

Ladies' very fine black mohair, trimmings of absolute fast colors in purple, maroon, edged with white braid, sailor collars. The wearer will be the observant of all observers **\$6.00**

Child's flannelette suits, skirt neatly trimmed in braid, long sleeves **\$1.25**

Child's navy blue and red all wool suits, made in one piece, neat braid trimming **\$1.50**

Child's new blue mohair suits, skirt trimmed in rows of soutache white braid **\$3.00**

Extraordinary.
Our silk man has just sprung this on us, and it's too good to keep all to ourselves.

A Window Full.
All silk foulards, 24 inches wide, plain colors in all required shades, and such goods have never before been shown over any counter for less than \$1.25 a yard. That's why we want you to see them today.

79

Wale's
107-109 North Spring St.

Summer Resort Attractions

Proprietors of Summer Hotels and Boarding Houses call upon you for the best people in Southern California, New Mexico and Arizona through the columns of the Los Angeles Times.

Write at once for Special Resort Rate Card.

MEMORIAL DAY DECORATIONS.

See Our North Window Display.

GERMAIN FRUIT CO., 326-330 S. Main, Adj. to Hotel Western.

"The Owl" Is Still Cramming Cut Prices Down the Throat of The Trust

"The Owl" is still being supplied with plenty of goods. "The Owl" will fight this unholy aggregation of greed if it takes all summer to bring them to a standstill. Prices will never go back to the old high rates as long as "The Owl" stays in business.

"The Owl's" 10 Day Sale

In bringing customers by the thousand. We are quoting prices that make the seventy wriggle and pass around the hat. In fighting this trust we are protecting the people and ourselves at the same time. Protect yourself against future high prices by trading at "The Owl" today.

THE OWL DRUG CO.

Dictators of Drug Prices, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

TEXAS SHOOS PLAGUE.
State Health Officer Blunt on His Mettle.
Will Quarantine Against Arizona if It Does Not Behave.
EL PASO (Tex.), May 25.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Dr. W. F. Blunt, State Health Officer, arrived in El Paso this morning, and spent the day in conference with Dr. Norton, his deputy, who has charge of the quarantine here, and with the Southern Pacific Railroad and Wells-Fargo Express Company officials. These officials endeavored to persuade Dr. Blunt to make his quarantine less rigid, which he positively refused to do until he could satisfy himself that the conditions in San Francisco do not warrant a quarantine. The Health Officer is very indignant because, he says, the railroad and express officials practiced a deception on him last night in order to get through an open car loaded with goods from San Francisco. Dr. Blunt authorized the admission of the goods, because it was represented to him as a sealed car, going through the city, and he believed "the railroad men must understand," declared Dr. Blunt, "that they cannot control a Texas quarantine." The Texas Health Officer wired Gov. Murphy of Arizona to know if he would quarantine Arizona against San Francisco. The reply was signed by the Governor's secretary, and curtly informed Dr. Blunt that Arizona would not quarantine and did not propose to be influenced by Texas in the matter. This blunt refusal to a civil official inquiry of Arizona to know if he would quarantine Arizona against San Francisco, after returning from San Francisco, quarantine against Arizona, in case

TWO NEW WONDERS.

California Has Plaw
and Woolsey.

Otherwise the Team Had No
Big Boys Yesterday.

Y.M.C.A. Bars Joffins—Guns Knock
Out Hoffman—Results.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

NEW YORK, May 25.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The great intercollegiate ball game of 1912 commenced at 2:30 o'clock sharp in a wet and heavy rain. The game was played in the rain, but the players were not deterred. As a consequence 10-2-4 records for the 100-yard dash, and 10-2-4 and 10-2-4 seconds in the high and low hurdles is considered but trifling. In the longer races the runners ran in the mud they desired. Only the heats in dashes and the distances and trials in the jumps were pulled off today. Four heats in the 100-yard dash were necessary to qualify all aspirants for the semi-finals.

California was represented by Calumet in the second heat, and by Drum in the fourth. The former obtained third place in 10-2-4, thus securing a place in the semi-finals. Drum did not meet with as good luck. In the half-mile Ocean of Princeton easily won the first heat, time 2:10. Hoffman of California lined up for the second heat, but much to the team's disappointment, he was unable to start. In the 100-yard dash, Potter of Williams won in 10-2-4, with Wheeler of Princeton second.

Much to the surprise of the spectators, Woolsey of California led Hoffman (Harvard) from start to finish in the low hurdles, winning easily in 10-2-4. California was not represented in the 40-yard dash. Plaw of California was easily the star of the day. In the hammer throw he tossed the ball 154 ft. 6 in., breaking the intercollegiate record by five feet. Woolsey California will be upheld for Woolsey in the low hurdles and shot put, and by Plaw in the hammer throw and shot put. With these the team should secure, with Woolsey, second place in the shot put, while Plaw will win the hammer and third place in the shot put, and thus California will win in all about ten points. Hoffman will be the lightest shot put in the world.

His uncle continues in California's camp. Walsh, the mile walker, secured his uncle the other day, and under all probability will not be able to compete at Chicago, while Hoffman injured his shoulder, and will not be able to compete again on the trip.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

NEW YORK, May 25.—The Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic championship games were begun today on Columbia Field, before a meager crowd of spectators, and under weather conditions which were anything but ideal. The first game was a football game between Princeton and Yale. The Princeton team was led by a good afternoon's sport. The Princeton team was led by a good afternoon's sport. The Princeton team was led by a good afternoon's sport.

Two intercollegiate records were broken in the mile and half mile races. Plaw of California broke the record in the mile, and Woolsey of California broke the record in the half mile. The Princeton team was led by a good afternoon's sport. The Princeton team was led by a good afternoon's sport. The Princeton team was led by a good afternoon's sport.

SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, May 25.—The twenty-fifth annual field day and track meet of the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes began today on Columbia Field (formerly known as Manhattan Field). Following is a summary of events:

One-hundred-yard run: Trial heats—First heat, won by T. B. McClain, Princeton; second, J. E. Hagg, Princeton; third, E. B. Tullie, Brown; time 15.2.

Second heat: Won by Meyer Princeton; second, C. D. Young, Cornell; time 15.4.

Third heat: Won by A. C. Kramer, Princeton; second, E. R. Matthews, Cornell; time 15.5.

Fourth heat: Won by F. W. Jarvis, Princeton; second, C. C. Cull, Cornell; time 15.5.

Fifth heat: Won by J. F. Cregan, Princeton; second, J. M. Hagg, Princeton; third, J. M. Perry, Princeton; time 15.1.

Half-mile run: Won by J. F. Cregan, Princeton; second, J. M. Hagg, Princeton; third, J. M. Perry, Princeton; time 15.1.

Both men nearly out.

THEN HAWKIN STAYED OUT.

NEW YORK, May 25.—Joe Gans of Baltimore knocked out Dal Hawkins of California at the Broadway Athletic Club tonight in two rounds of the fastest fighting ever seen in the clubhouse. The men were scheduled to fight a twenty-five round battle, but both were sealed under the limit. Hawkins assumed the aggressive at once, and landed in on his man with both hands. He smashed the Baltimore man with a left hook to the chin, just after they

put their hands up, and dropped him. Gans took the count of nine and got to his feet. Hawkins followed him fast, but Gans was all there with his blocks, and in a forceful manner he landed a right swing to the jaw that felled Hawkins. Again it seemed that the fight was over, but Hawkins was all there, and he landed a right swing to the jaw that felled Hawkins. Again it seemed that the fight was over, but Hawkins was all there, and he landed a right swing to the jaw that felled Hawkins.

EASTERN BASEBALL.

PHILADELPHIA WIN ON FLUCK.

ST. LOUIS, May 25.—Philadelphia won today's game as a fluke. The single and McGraw's error of today's game put two men on base in the sixth. Delahanty sacrificed. La Joye hit to center. The latter tried to cut off Blagie at third. The wild McGraw was injured in the middle, and three runs crossed the plate. The attendance was 150. Score: Philadelphia, 3; St. Louis, 2. Errors: 2. Batteries—Jones and Origer; Barnhart and Hoffman.

NEW YORK-PITTSBURGH.

PITTSBURGH, May 25.—An apparent over-confidence was responsible for Pittsburgh losing today. Hawley worked hard to defeat his old club-mates, and kept the hits well scattered. The attendance was 2500. Score: Pittsburgh, 3; New York, 4. Errors: 2. Batteries—Lewer, Waddell and Zimmerman; Taylor and Bowman.

CINCINNATI-BOSTON.

CINCINNATI, May 25.—With two men out in the tenth inning, Pettis hit for two bases, and Scott, who had struck out in the ninth, hit for a home run, scoring Pettis with the winning run. It was a pitcher's battle, and Scott emerged the victor. The attendance was 700. Score: Cincinnati, 3; Boston, 4. Errors: 2. Batteries—Scott and Wood; Lewis and Sullivan.

BROOKLYN-CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, May 25.—For five innings today the game was the prettiest kind of a contest. Brooklyn's pitcher, Ed Bradley, was in the sixth, and the locals went to pieces, four errors and five hits, giving the champion seven runs. Cunningham then replaced Bradley, and was hit for six hits and four runs. The attendance was 500. Score: Brooklyn, 3; Chicago, 4. Errors: 2. Batteries—Cunningham and Donahue; Dexter, McGinnity and McGinnity.

KANSAS CITY-BUFFALO.

BUFFALO, May 25.—Buffalo, 4; Kansas City, 3. Errors: 2. Batteries—Scott and Wood; Lewis and Sullivan.

DETROIT-MILWAUKEE.

DETROIT, May 25.—Detroit, 4; Milwaukee, 3. Errors: 2. Batteries—Scott and Wood; Lewis and Sullivan.

CHICAGO-CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, May 25.—Cleveland, 4; Chicago, 3. Errors: 2. Batteries—Scott and Wood; Lewis and Sullivan.

GAMES OUT SHORT.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 25.—Rain interfered with the game today in the third inning, with score: Indianapolis, 1; Minneapolis, 4.

PROTECTION OF GAME.

NEW YORK, May 25.—The State game law convention decided upon the most important features of a new game and fish protective measure to be submitted to the next Legislature. The protection of the lake and river fisheries for the additional protection of game, first by a shortening of the open season and, second, by the limit in bags as follows:

Small, snipe, rail, curlew, and plover—Any three consecutive months between October 1 and March 1. The protection of the lake and river fisheries for the additional protection of game, first by a shortening of the open season and, second, by the limit in bags as follows:

Doves and wild pigeons—Any five consecutive months between July 1 and December 1. If no designation be made in a county, the open season shall be from September 1 to November 1, and shall be closed on November 1.

Deer—Males may be shot during any two consecutive months between July 1 and December 1. If no designation be made in a county, the open season shall be from September 1 to November 1, and shall be closed on November 1.

Protection is to be accorded to all song and insectivorous birds, except quail, snipe, rail, curlew, and plover, from June 1 to September 1. The protection of the lake and river fisheries for the additional protection of game, first by a shortening of the open season and, second, by the limit in bags as follows:

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SALE OF THOROUGHBREDS.

RANCHO DEL PASO STOCK.

NEW YORK, May 25.—The annual sale of thoroughbred yearlings from the Rancho del Paso, Sacramento, Cal., was continued today at Madison Square Garden. Among others the following horses were sold:

Chestnut filly, by Imp. Gold Finch-Loto, by Norfolk, Mr. Dahmann, \$1000. Chestnut colt, by Imp. Gold Finch-Loto, by Norfolk, Mr. Dahmann, \$1000. Chestnut filly, by Imp. Gold Finch-Loto, by Norfolk, Mr. Dahmann, \$1000.

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BATTLE AT ST. LOUIS.

Strikers' Sympathizers
Start a Riot.

Police Disperse a Crowd With
Cold Lead.

Settlement on Suburban-Car Brawl
Up—Carpet Men Compromise.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

ST. LOUIS, May 25.—Sympathizers of the striking street car men were again the medium of a riotous demonstration today, and, as a result, another name was added to the long list of wounded. This afternoon, as a car on the Jefferson-avenue line, running south, approached Sullivan avenue, it was attacked by a crowd of men and boys. Several shots were fired at the car. The policemen on board the car were not hurt, but in all, a hundred shots were exchanged. Peter Wells, a patrolman, who was riding on the front platform, was hit in the left arm, the bullet producing an ugly wound.

It is not known who fired the shot, as the crowd scattered as soon as the men on the car from their revolvers. It was rumored that two men died who were shot, but they could not be found by the police.

The differences existing between the management of the St. Louis and Suburban Railway Company and the union men in its employ, were satisfactorily adjusted this afternoon. All other cases were continued. The strike was averted, at least for the present.

CARE, BUT NOT ENOUGH.

ST. LOUIS, May 25.—Twenty-two lines in the St. Louis Transit Company are in operation today, but not enough cars are being run. A number of suburban union employes held a meeting at midnight, it was decided that if the names of all union men who had been discharged were not on the bulletin board tomorrow morning, showing they were reinstated, a strike would be called. The union men assert that General Manager Jenkins has not lived up to the agreement by which the strike was ended a week ago.

At 6 a. m. an attempt was made by the St. Louis Transit Company to blow up on the Springfield-avenue line of the St. Louis Transit Company. The wheels of the first car struck a hole in the ground, which exploded with a loud report, and lifted the car two or three feet into the air.

The injunction proceedings instituted by the Federal authorities a week ago against W. D. Hudson, president of the International Association of Amalgamated Street Railway Employees and conductors of the St. Louis Transit Company, were continued today. The court ordered that Hudson be kept in custody until June 1.

St. Louis, May 25.—The St. Louis Transit Company, which has been in operation since Thursday, and consequently had not time to familiarize itself with the duties of the job, is now in a position to handle the business of the city. The company is now in a position to handle the business of the city.

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HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

As a constitutional remedy, radically cures **catarrh**. Acting primarily on the blood, eradicates **scrofula, salt rheum** or eczema, cures all eruptions, pimples, boils, blood poisoning, **humors**, anaemia and that tired feeling. In all stomach troubles, like indigestion, **dyspepsia**, gastritis, it seems actually to have "a magic touch." Invigorates and sustains the **kidneys**, stimulates the **liver**, upon whose healthy action even life itself depends. It is a true **nerve tonic**, because, by purifying the blood, it feeds the nerves upon strength-giving food.

Testimonials without number tell what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for suffering men, women and children, and indicate what it will do for you and yours. Be sure to get only **Hood's**, and get it **Today**.

METHODIST ELECTIONS. Greatest Nerve and Blood Tonic. No. 2. M. I. S. T.

Most of the Old Officers Will
Serve Again.

Report on Prohibited Announcements.
Taxation of Legacies.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

CHICAGO, May 25.—With but four exceptions the Methodist general conference today elected to serve during the next quadrennial all the secretaries and assistant secretaries of the church. The officers of the church were elected by the members of the conference, who were gathered at the Chicago Convention Center.

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MONEY TO LOAN

MONEY TO LOAN ON DIAMONDS—We have money loaned on diamonds, jewelry, watches, furs, and other collateral. Money loaned on a diamond is repaid by monthly installments of your choice. Interest is 10% per annum. No other charges. Private offers for loans on diamonds, jewelry, watches, furs, and other collateral. Write to: J. ZONER, rooms 1-4, 244 E. Washington St., Chicago, Ill. 60601.

MONEY LOANED ON DIAMONDS—We have money loaned on diamonds, jewelry, watches, furs, and other collateral. Money loaned on a diamond is repaid by monthly installments of your choice. Interest is 10% per annum. No other charges. Private offers for loans on diamonds, jewelry, watches, furs, and other collateral. Write to: J. ZONER, rooms 1-4, 244 E. Washington St., Chicago, Ill. 60601.

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 in monthly installments if desired. **AMERICAN**
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SELL YOUR OLD JEWELRY AND
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LOAN-TO-BUYER OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
MONEY LOANED-AT-A-RATE
their notes without interest; it is
POINDEXTER & WADSWORTH, 90
TO LOAN-AND AT LOW RATE
MONEY TO LOAN ON MORTGAGE
BRIDGEPORT, Conn. N.Y.
TO LOAN-ON A BASIS OF
BROADWAY ROOM, 28 Broadway
MONEY TO LOAN ON LOW INTEREST
D. LIGOT, 81 Wilson Bldg.

MONEY WANTED--

WANTED-LOAN REP.; ALSO BROK-
HOLMES & KENNEDY, 170
WANTED-LOAN REP. AT 1 PER
CENT. IN WITHIN MID.
WANT-TO-BUY NEW YORK TRAM-
way stock security. ADDRESS
WANTED-SER. 5 TRAMWAY PERS.
SON TAYLOR, In Brooklyn,
WANTED-TO-BUY GUARANTEED SEC.
SON TAYLOR, 33 Broadway,

CLOCKS AND BOND

TO LET—SANT
Oscar Park. E

[illegible]

TO LET—CASA

[illegible]

TO LET—NICE
floor at 277 W.
Janitor. E. A.

PERSONAL—PROF. A. MYERS, who has been visiting his wife's relatives in England, returned to this city, and cordially offers new patrons to teaching periodicals, books, etc.

PERSONAL—MRS. PAREK, a lady reading, earnest, law-abiding, devoted mother, who has had her own business and social acquaintances, love, health and all the other things which make life enjoyable.

PERSONAL—BETHE HOYT, for the words the spiritual was written, "I am a Christian," a natural medium, room 7, 209 S. DOUGLASS ST.

PERSONAL—MRS. HELEN A. WOODS, 8 Spring. Experienced nurse, reader, clairvoyant, and fortune teller for ladies, 50c per sitting.

EXCURSIONS

LIVER, BRISTOL AND FLYING DUTCHMAN

MISS GRACE N
227 S. Main st.
ments. Suite 22

(Wilcox Block.)

PATENTS—
And Patent Agents
PATENTED AND UNPATENTED
Machines bought and sold. LUCAS &
Louis, Mo.
PIONEER PATENT AGENCY—
Downey Block. HAZARD & HAZARD

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THURSDAY May 24, 1960.

PORTFOLIO 18.

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his guests including Gov.-Gen. Mr. Sharetty, the bishop of Asunción, Sr. Tommaso, the Secretary of State, Sr. Mendoza, president of the Supreme Court; the foreign-embassy, prominent Englishmen, and the heads of departments.

she noted. It was always a grief Rosalie that her brother Auguste, whom she thought unappreciated by the art world, should not have received the Legion of Honor until two years in herself.

In 1871 her pictures were first exhibited in the studio where she was painting. Only such pictures as the Emperor Napoleon III had ordered, invariably refusing all orders and selling none but finished work.

When the Prussians entered Paris in 1871 her studio alone was unmolesied by the soldiers, in compliance with the special order of the Crown Prince. Ut-

to frame a new charter, and the
adviser was authorized to make the
appointment at once.
The secretary was authorized to
issue an invitation to the National
Association of Women's Clubs, to hold
its next convention, in 1922, in this
city.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. C. OTIS, President and General Manager.
HARRY CHANDLER, Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.
L. E. MORGAN, Managing Editor. MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER, Secretary.
ALBERT MC FARLAND, Treasurer.

The Los Angeles Times

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THE DOLLAR REWARD.

The Times offers a reward of \$10 in cash for the apprehension, arrest and evidence which leads to conviction of any person caught stealing copies of "The Times" from the premises of subscribers.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

COPPERHEAD "CUESSEDNESS."

In the great civil war, when the life of the nation hung in the balance, the North had its "copperheads," so called. The term was one of contempt, bestowed by the people upon a certain class of men who opposed the policy of President Lincoln's administration, opposed the war for the preservation of the Union, opposed the emancipation of the negro, and sympathized with the rebellion. The man who sought to destroy the greatest and freest government on earth.

COPPERHEAD "CUESSEDNESS."

Unfortunately, the great copperhead is not extinct. We have him with us today, as we had him with us in the dark days of 1861-65. He is the same cantankerous, insolent, and treacherous individual today as he was a generation ago. He is as rampant with his insidious attacks upon the government as the copperhead of the old days. The malignant abuse which these creatures are heaping upon the President and his administration at the present time has its counterpart in the even more malignant abuse and misrepresentation to which the great and magnificent Abraham Lincoln was subjected by the small coterie who could not comprehend his greatness nor understand his magnanimity.

History is repeating itself at this very time.

The denunciations of Lincoln are echoed today in the rancorous denunciations of McKinley. The insolent and malicious charge put forth by the copperheads of the civil-war period, to the effect that the war for the preservation of the Union was a war of oppression, has its counterpart today in the charge that we are at the present time conducting a war of oppression in the Philippines. The charge was no truer then than it is now. In the latter case it was and is a monstrous falsehood, to which no American possessed of patriotism would give utterance.

A meeting was held at Cooper Union in New York City on Thursday evening.

Under the auspices of the "Anti-Imperial League of New York," at which the usual interminable denunciations of the President and his administration were indulged in. One Crosby, who seems to have been the presiding officer, declared that "were Washington alive today, he would find himself more at home in the camp of Aguinaldo than in the camp of Otis. We cannot but admire the courage of Aguinaldo and his men," he added, "who have been fighting for over a year against tremendous odds."

Passing by this slur against the memory

of Washington, and the disparagement of our soldiers in the field, the absurdity of the whole proposition is apparent when it is remembered that Aguinaldo's courage has been invariably exemplified by his running away, instead of fighting. He has never yet led his men against the Americans in an open conflict; and that, although the Filipinos have greatly outnumbered the Americans in nearly every engagement, they have, almost without exception, fled in preference to standing up for a fair fight.

Another speaker at the same meeting

declared that we are engaged in the "enslaving of 10,000,000 people." Now, as is well known, our entire force in the Philippines has never exceeded about 10,000 men, and scarcely more than 50,000 soldiers effective. If the 10,000,000 inhabitants of the islands are as united as the "anti-imperialists" would have us believe, it would hardly have been impossible for them to overcome our comparatively small force of 50,000 men, for in this view of the case the odds are certainly not in our favor. The true explanation, of course, is that only a very small proportion of the Filipinos are in arms against the Americans, while the vast majority favor American control, and look upon us as their deliverers from the domination of Aguinaldo and other native chiefs.

Ex-Secretary Boutwell was "among

these present" at the Cooper Union meeting. He declared, among other equally absurd things, that "of the modern history, the most disgraceful chapter is that which the American nation is now writing." Copperheads, in 1861-65, said the same thing of the northern government; yet time has already vindicated the wisdom and justice of the Union cause, and has given the great struggle its true place in history as the most glorious chapter of American achievement, which confirmed our right to the title of a great nation. "We are making war for the establishment of a system of slavery in Asia," said Boutwell, "and are guilty of the crime of subjugating and enslaving 10,000,000 people." As a matter of course, every intelligent American knows that

statements as these to be utterly

and preposterously false. They would be comparatively harmless if they did not go beyond the territorial limits of the United States proper. But these malicious utterances are transmitted as soon as possible to the rebel chiefs in the Philippines, and serve to fill them and their deluded followers with false and foolish ideas of American opinion. If it had not been for such utterances as that above quoted, in the United States, peace would long ago have been reached by the Philippine, and the people of the islands would now be enjoying autonomous government under American supervision and protection.

The Cooper Union meeting adopted

a set of resolutions reciting, among other things, that "the betrayal of our allies—meaning the Filipinos—constitutes one of the basest acts of perfidy and cruel inhumanity ever perpetrated by and tyrant in the history of the world," and demanding the withdrawal of our forces from the islands as soon as possible. The closing resolution is as follows:

Resolved, that the question of imperial

overthrow is an important one to all public questions; that the approval or disapproval of an imperial policy pursued by the present administration should be the supreme issue in the coming national election, and that all Americans should unite in the support of the anti-imperial cause, and the integrity and perpetuity of our free institutions, at heart, should unite in an earnest effort to secure the condemnation of that policy, and the sternest possible rebuke of its authors and promoters, by a decisive popular vote.

As matters have shaped, and

steadily shaping, the course of the coming election will be what is here invited—the approval or disapproval by the American people of the policy which has been pursued by the administration in the Philippines. The assertion that that policy is in any sense of the word an "imperialistic policy" is absurdly and monstrously false, for there is no thought of an empire, nor of an imperial government, of any kind. But let our opponents name the issue to suit themselves. Republicans can afford to meet it under any name, so long as it is fairly and squarely presented.

The approval or disapproval by the

people of the course pursued by the administration in the war with Spain, and in the determination of the great questions growing out of that war—this is the real issue of the campaign; all other issues are subordinate or trivial. Republicans may confidently welcome the call to battle upon this platform.

THE CITRUS FRUIT INDUSTRY.

A valuable contribution to the literature of California horticulture is a book on citrus culture in California, prepared by B. M. Loring, secretary of the State Board of Horticulture, with the assistance of experienced horticulturists. Mr. Loring estimates the number of orange and lemon trees in the State at 5,553,955, which, averaged at 100 trees to the acre, represents 55,539 acres.

As to the extent of country in which

citrus fruit trees may safely be grown, Mr. Loring states that it is a belt from San Diego to Tehama county—certainly a liberal estimate—a distance of over seven hundred miles, with a width of from three to thirty miles, the total area of land adapted to the safe cultivation of citrus fruits on a commercial basis being valued at 1,500,000 acres. According to this, California could produce about 3,000,000 carloads of oranges and lemons, worth at a conservative estimate, \$1,000,000,000—enough to give every man, woman and child in the United States a box of citrus fruit every month.

That is rather too much like the

arguments of the cottoned Col. Sellers. However, even if we divide these figures by 100, it will be seen that our citrus fruit growers will have to do some tailoring in the near future to open markets and keep up prices.

Every orange grower in California

should certainly be a warm advocate of the Nicaragua Canal.

There is more than a little reason

in the argument advanced by Lord Rothery, in a letter to a club organization in New York, in which he calls attention to the fact that the Transvaal first attacked Great Britain, that the United States will benefit by the war as much as England, and that they might at least expect good will and moral support. American engineering talent has had much to do with the development of South African mines and American capital is largely interested there.

Webster Davis, in a speech at a

Washington dinner, said that "the whole people of the United States believed in the cause of liberty." That is true. Not so, however, his further remark that such liberty was represented by the guests at the dinner, who were the Boer envoys. Americans may well pray to be saved from such liberty as is enjoyed by all but a favored few in "Oom" Paul's dominions.

A COAL FAMINE.

In view of the oil industry, the news that comes from Europe of a threatened coal famine in Great Britain is of some interest to this section. It is claimed that the demand for coal for domestic and foreign consumption has outstripped the productive capacity of the English and Scotch mines and that a positive coal famine is threatened, with an unfavorable influence on British industries of all kinds. The change within a year is shown by the fact that within that period Scotch steam coal has advanced in price from \$5.50 to \$7.75 a ton and coal employed in blast furnaces from \$5 to \$5.25. One of the effects of this rise is that American coal has lately made its appearance in European markets and a great enlargement of this trade is looked for.

After the Nicaragua Canal is built,

it may be that California will be exporting fuel oil to Europe. Stranger things than this have happened. At any rate, while the world is complaining of a coal famine, there is not much fear of a surplus of fuel petroleum.

WEALTH ON FOOT.

It is difficult to find any single feature of the material wealth of the United States that does not show remarkable expansion and increasing value. Take, for instance, the report as to the number and value of farm animals in the Agricultural Department. It shows that there were in this country on the first of January 1927, 57,575,544 horses, 2,084,057 mules, 16,925,350 milch cows, 27,800,454 other cattle and 41,830,055 sheep. There was a general increase in the value of the animals during the year, a gain of \$7.25 per head in the case of horses, of \$6.00 in the case of mules, of \$1.25 in the case of milch cows, and of \$1.00 in the case of other cattle and of \$1.00 in the case of sheep. A total increase in the value of live stock in 1926, amounting to \$1,000,000,000, and this does not include the increased value of swine, a report on which has not yet been prepared.

Quite a respectable little increase this

is in the wealth of the country.

In another column is reproduced

a message sent to the Council by Mayor Eaton on April 8, 1926, voting an ordinance adopted by the Council on March 27, of that year, by the terms of which the city limits were reduced in the vicinity of Westlake Park. The ordinance, as will be remembered, was rescinded on the Mayor's veto by a vote of 6 to 3. It must be conceded, however, that the Mayor in his message advanced some strong arguments against the further invasion of the city park and residence district by the oil derricks. The Mayor's present attitude in favor of the invasion and practical destruction of Sunset Park seems hardly consistent with his attitude a year ago on an almost parallel question. The oil wells are no less objectionable today than they were in 1926, and the excellent arguments which the Mayor brought to bear at that time are potent still.

Hon. Andrew D. White, United States

Ambassador to Germany, would, without doubt, make an excellent Vice-President. He is one of the best examples we have ever had of the scholar in politics, and would be well qualified to fill the Presidential chair if by any unfortunate fatality that office should become vacant. His election would give dignity and character to the Vice-Presidency. Nevertheless it is safe to predict that Mr. White will not be nominated, for the reason that he will not consent to accept the position. He is well along in years and, besides, his present office is undoubtedly much more to his liking.

Capt. J. J. Moyle, Corps of Engineers,

on duty in Los Angeles, yesterday received notification from Washington that in accordance with his recommendation, recently forwarded, the new contract for the construction of the San Pedro breakwater has been awarded to the California Construction Company of San Francisco. This probably means that the work of building the breakwater will be resumed in the very near future—perhaps before the end of June. Great credit is due to Capt. Moyle for the promptness with which the whole matter of forfeiting the old contract and securing the new has been conducted.

The gratifying announcement came

in dispatches from Manila that the postal service in the Philippines is already on a paying basis, the receipts being considerably in excess of the expenditures. If results so excellent have been achieved under the adverse conditions attendant upon a state of war, how much better will be the results when peace shall have been restored and the islands under upon the great era of prosperity, under American control, which is sure to follow the close of hostilities.

Dr. Loring, one of the Boer delegates

to this country, is charged with having used Transvaal secret service funds to bribe continental newspapers at the rate of \$100 to \$150 a week. To judge from the tone of some of the American press, one might almost suspect that the doctor had been getting in his work here, also.

It is, after all, a rather cheeky thing

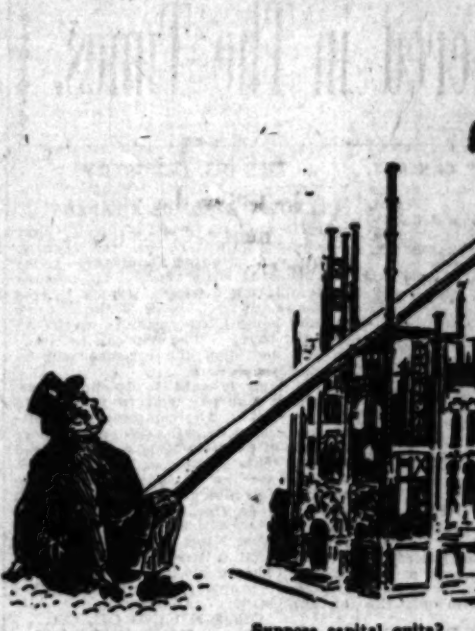
for a trio of foreigners to come to this country shortly before an election with the avowed object of fomenting political strife and embarrassing the administration, and then to expect official recognition.

Los Angeles is slowly but surely

forging ahead as a manufacturing city. It is quite a feather in our cap that a local firm should secure a contract for the

THE LABOR STRUGGLE.

(From Harper's Weekly.)



Suppose capital quits?

building of a big organ at Stanford University.

The passage of that new mining law by Congress means a revival of hydraulic mining in this State that will put millions of additional dollars in circulation and largely increase the gold output.

No better evidence of the prosperous

condition of the State can be asked than the fact that farmers and others are already complaining of a great shortage of labor, although increased wages are offered.

The ignorance and bigotry of the Boers

are shown by their belief that the Britishers kidnap children. But then, some of their sympathizers in this country do not display much more sense.

There are rumors that the Boer

troops will now take the stump for Bryan. But it is absolutely certain that that was not the real purpose of their coming to the United States?

The Boers certainly have an original

way of doing things. It is reported that the troops are now going to take a vote to decide whether they will go on fighting or not.

BIRTHDAY OF THE QUEEN.

SONS OF GREAT BRITAIN HONOR

WELL-LOVED VICTORIA.

In honor of the eighty-first anniversary of the birth of Queen Victoria, over two hundred sons of Great Britain assembled in Leroy's banquet hall Thursday evening to do honor to the occasion. For the first time in several years, the banquet was the only one of the kind held in the city. The feast was, however, a notable one, being in many respects the most successful banquet given by the Sons of Great Britain in this country for the Queen in this part of the world. The banquet was held in the city of Los Angeles, California, and was attended by a large number of the Sons of Great Britain, including many of the prominent men of the city.

In order to get the suit

settled, the bill was presented to the Federal Court. It is believed that the bill will be settled by the Federal Court, and that the suit will be dismissed. The bill was presented to the Federal Court by the Sons of Great Britain, and it is believed that the bill will be settled by the Federal Court, and that the suit will be dismissed. The bill was presented to the Federal Court by the Sons of Great Britain, and it is believed that the bill will be settled by the Federal Court, and that the suit will be dismissed.

The pessimistic view taken of the

construction work is a pessimistic view. It is believed that the construction work will be completed by the end of the year, and that the suit will be dismissed. The construction work is being completed by the Sons of Great Britain, and it is believed that the construction work will be completed by the end of the year, and that the suit will be dismissed.

After the substantial part of the

banquet, the Sons of Great Britain held a social gathering. The social gathering was held in the city of Los Angeles, California, and was attended by a large number of the Sons of Great Britain, including many of the prominent men of the city. The social gathering was held in the city of Los Angeles, California, and was attended by a large number of the Sons of Great Britain, including many of the prominent men of the city.

The musical feature of the

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Other toasts were responded to, as

follows: "The Anglo-American Race," Frank G. Finlayson; "The Press," R. A. Nicol; "The Land of Our Birth," Rev. J. S. Thomson; "Our Canadian Cousins," H. V. Carter; "The Country of Our Adoption," T. Brown; "The Army," H. V. Carter; "The Navy," Thomas Pascoe; "Fraternity," Robert Sharr; "The Ladies," C. M. Swinerton; "Boy of the Old Brigade," C. M. Swinerton.

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INJUNCTION SUIT BEGUN.

(AT THE U.S. BUILDING.)

City Water Company After

the Rate Ordinance.

Federal Question Raised to Bring Case

into Circuit Court.

The struggle of the water companies to defeat the ordinance, passed by the City Council last February, fixing the water rates to be charged by the companies during the fiscal year ending July 1, has begun in earnest. A suit was filed in the United States Circuit Court yesterday afternoon by the Los Angeles City Water Company asking that the city be enjoined from any attempt to enforce the rates as provided in the ordinance. During the period of trial a temporary injunction was issued, and the city was enjoined from enforcing the rates. The suit was filed in the United States Circuit Court yesterday afternoon by the Los Angeles City Water Company asking that the city be enjoined from any attempt to enforce the rates as provided in the ordinance. During the period of trial a temporary injunction was issued, and the city was enjoined from enforcing the rates. 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The Weather
The weather bureau reports that the weather for the week ending May 26, 1930, will be as follows: Sunday, May 26, 1930, clear, 65 to 85; Monday, May 27, 1930, clear, 65 to 85; Tuesday, May 28, 1930, clear, 65 to 85; Wednesday, May 29, 1930, clear, 65 to 85; Thursday, May 30, 1930, clear, 65 to 85; Friday, May 31, 1930, clear, 65 to 85; Saturday, June 1, 1930, clear, 65 to 85.

MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY.**The Property Has Not Been Sold.****Negotiations Pending for Months Past.****Hit in the Price.**

Yesterday afternoon currency was given to a report that the Mt. Lowe Railway property had been sold to the Los Angeles Railway Company; that is the Huntington, Redwood, De Guisaca, Bond syndicate. However positive these statements may have been made, the counter statement that no such sale has been consummated may be more emphatically made. The positive story is not true; the negative one is absolutely true.

A PAYING PROPOSITION.

You'll find it will pay you to let us make your decision. We've got a splendid line of fine, modern, up-to-date, very best workmen. Our prices are very moderate. We'll make you a good business deal from \$10 to \$100.

F. B. SILVERWOOD,
221 South Spring St.

The Public

is invited to call and view a collection of ORIGINAL DRAWINGS from

"Wild Animals I Have Known."

By Ernest Seton-Thompson, now on exhibition at

PARKER'S
221 S. BROADWAY, near Pacific Electric.

**YOU SEE WELL?**

If glasses will help you, also will you take an chance with them. I guarantee them for two years.

J. P. DELANY, 221 South Spring St. EXPERT OPTICIAN.

**THE BEST**

is not too good. You have but one pair of eyes. They are the most important part of your body. They are the only part of your body that you cannot replace.

J. P. DELANY, 221 South Spring St. EXPERT OPTICIAN.

THE**Glutinous Properties**

Are developed in

Capitol Flour

by the latest scientific process of milling. The best wheat, combined with the best milling process, results in the best flour.

CALITOL FLOUR
Every Bag Guaranteed.

Children's Shoes.

EVERY Saturday is children's day at C. M. Staeb Shoe Co. We sell just what you need for your children's feet. We have a large stock of children's shoes, and we will make them to order if you wish.

C. M. STAEB SHOE CO.,
221 S. BROADWAY.

Are You Going to Get Glasses?

Do You Need Glasses?

WE MAKE GLASSES. We will make you a pair of glasses that will give you the best vision. We have a large stock of glasses, and we will make them to order if you wish.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,
221 S. BROADWAY.

ALL KINDS OF**Photo Supplies**

AT MUNSEY'S
221 S. BROADWAY, near Pacific Electric.

The Music and Art Building

221-223 S. BROADWAY.
In the Home of THE BARTLETT MUSIC CO.

TANSILL'S PUNCH

AMERICA'S FINEST FLAVOR
NEVER DISAPPOINTS -
TOTAL SALES OVER -
500 MILLIONS
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. TRY THEM.

KINGSBAKER BROS. CO.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

PARMELEE-DOHRMANN CO.

221-223 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

"Crown" Pianos

Placed in this year world.
EVERY STYLE.
At Salyer's.

BOOK

On stomach trouble sent free to any person addressing the STUART CO. Manager.

WOMEN'S PACIFIC COAST OIL CO.

334 Copp Bldg., 218 S. Broadway.

BOSTON DRY STORE

239 S. Broadway, Opp. City Hall, Los Angeles, Cal.

men's furnishings.

We believe that we are offering the largest assortment of ladies' and men's neckwear to select from in the city. daily comment of the patrons of this department sustains us in this belief.

our north window display of

25c and 50c neckwear

is a suggestion of our medium priced line.

corresponding in variety with the window display we have an equally large assortment of ladies' and men's summer neckwear in wash fabric and garden silk. These we have in many entirely new stock effects, shown only by us, that are at once popular. They range in price from 50c to \$2.50 each.

men's furnishings, first department to the right.

See Sunday's paper for special military sale.

BOSTON DRY STORE
239 S. BROADWAY, Opp. City Hall, Los Angeles, Cal.

H. JEVNE**One Reason Why**

Jevne's candies are so much in demand is because everybody knows that they are all made of perfectly pure and healthful ingredients—the kind they want to eat themselves and the kind they want the children to eat. We're an unusually large amount today of unusually fine candy. We can supply you with plenty for Sunday.

Smoke Jevne's Fine Cigars.

208-210 S. Spring St.—Wilcox Building.

1900 Latest Developments 1900

In BLUE FLAME Oil and PROCESS GASOLINE Stoves. "THE NATIONAL" on exhibition at JAS. W. HELLMAN'S, Agent "Monitor" Refrigerators, Gem and Blizzard Freezers.

Reliable Goods At Popular Prices.

N. B. BLACKSTONE CO.

Telephone Main 259. **DRY GOODS** Spring and Third Sts.

Saturday Specials.

Here are some specials for today's visitors that are exceptional in more ways than one. The goods here mentioned are new and seasonable, qualities reliable, styles are this season's latest production and the prices, you'll acknowledge, are most interestingly low.

White
If dozen white lawn shirt waists, splendidly made of fine sheer material, latest cut, new sleeve, tucked back, a neat, stylish, comfortable waist, worth just half as much more than we're asking. On sale **75c each**

Ribbons
We will sell today 200 pieces all silk width, all colors, at **10c yard**

PARASOLS

There is an unusually strong showing of parasols and sunshades here for you, styles and prices to please all, from the ordinary beach shade to the latest imported novelty.

Fancy mercerized shades, all colors, fancy sticks, at 50c. Plain corded silk parasols, latest colorings, natural sticks, at \$1.00.

Fancy checked silk at \$2.75; printed foulard silk ones at \$2.50.

Ribbon applique and embroidery effects, point d'esprit and chiffon ruffles, tucked and all-over lace and every latest creation in the parasol line from \$2.75 to \$25.00 each.

DON'T MISTAKE.

It is important to me to save all the time possible in order to make my little price profitable—but do not mistake this to mean that I am giving you my work for the most careful and skillful operator requires. I simply do not lose time, as my product is so quickly and easily made. And I do not waste time in my equipment not only perfect but facilitates my work. But then, by guarantee. No chance of mistake about that.

Dr. M. E. Sparks
THE GLEIST

Phone Red 221. Sparks Block, Cor. Fifth and Hill.

PARMELEE-DOHRMANN CO.

221-223 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

"Crown" Pianos

Placed in this year world.
EVERY STYLE.
At Salyer's.

BOOK

On stomach trouble sent free to any person addressing the STUART CO. Manager.

WOMEN'S PACIFIC COAST OIL CO.

334 Copp Bldg., 218 S. Broadway.

McCall's Patterns and Fashion Sheets for June Mass Arrived.

McCall's Dry Goods**MEN'S UNDERWEAR 75c.**

A fine quality of light, natural gray summer weight underwear; soft, fleecy and fine. Perfect fitting, elegantly finished and just the identical quality that you will pay \$1 per garment for in 19 out of every 20 stores on the Pacific Coast, 75c per garment. All sizes.

Men's Shirts.
The widest assortment of real handsome styles we have ever shown. A very new thing in fancy laundered bosom shirts with dainty stripes of pink, blue or heliotrope, \$1.00.

Golf shirts in percale, madras cloths or with silk fronts, \$1.00.

Men's working shirts. Specially selected material made in the best possible way that a shirt can be made for the price we sell them; 75c, 50c and 35c.

Men's Bathing Suits.
First show this morning. The prices are marked on a dry goods, not a haberdasher profit basis.

Wool bathing suits of black with white stripes; 4 piece or combination, \$2.00.

Men's bathing suits, fine jersey wool; plain black, \$2.00. With fancy stripes at \$4.00.

All wool jersey knitted suits, full ankle length trunks and long sleeves, \$4.50.

Boys' bathing suits, \$1.25 to \$1.50.

We have the largest stock of blankets at retail in the Southwest.

COULTER DRY GOODS CO.,

317-325 South Broadway, between Third and Fourth, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

UNION BANK SAVINGS

Certificates of stock are one of the most profitable forms of wealth. Not so if they are kept in a Safe Deposit Box. Rental \$5 a year.

Here's Today's List

Of the specially fine early fruits that awaits your choosing today. Strawberries, blackberries, dewberries, Loganberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, black Tartarian cherries, apricots and even fresh figs. Isn't it a tempting variety? Telephone your orders, they'll receive prompt, satisfactory attention. Here's a treat. The first that's come in—Fruit Evergreen Sweet Corn.

217-219 W. Second St. Tel. M. 398. Goods shipped everywhere.

SUPERIOR Steel Ranges, GASOLINE and OIL Stoves**Cass & Smurr Stove Co.**

41-43 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

LOS ANGELES FURNITURE CO.

"Pretty Curtains."

When we sell a lace curtain, or even a yard of drapery, we sell brains. Perhaps imagination or fancy would be better. Of course, we mean that the designs and traceries and figures have an artistic, studied charm. Even the simplest patterns have studied simplicity. For the summer cottage we have these filmy draperies that beautify a room and make it light and airy looking. Add together most all the drapery departments in the city and you get about the size of this one. Prices begin at a few cents a yard and go as high as you'd care to pay.

225, 227 and 229 South Broadway, OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

Luscious Figs.

"Always tempting, as of old." Ripe peaches, all kinds of berries, delicious oranges just from the mountains, tender sugar peas, string beans, corn, egg plant, etc. Buy where there's variety. Every bear brings us a fresh supply. We're always "something new." It's trying on the system to use same diet day after day.

Telephone 221. Everywhere.

GOOD OLD BOURBON WHISKY

Medicinally Pure, only

50c quart bottle.

EDWARD GERMAIN WINE CO.

397-399 Los Angeles St., cor. Fourth.

NO BAR.....OPEN EVENINGS.....TEL. MAIN 919.

GEO. A. RALPHS, 601 S. Spring.

Our Motto: "Full weight; highest quality; lowest prices."

3 Cans Challenge Milk.....25c 6 lbs. French Prunes.....25c
3 Cans Sterilized Cream.....15c 3 p. Seeded Raisins.....25c
3 Cans Van Camp's Soup.....25c 3 p. Cleaned Currants.....25c
3 Cans Underwood's Cream.....25c 1 lb. Soft Shell Almonds.....25c

Women's Pacific Coast Oil Co.

334 Copp Bldg., 218 S. Broadway.

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Los Angeles Sunday Times

MAY 27, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR....\$3.00
SINGLE COPY....5 CENTS

IT SMELLS TO HIGH HEAVEN.



Uncle Sam: "Those scoundrelly politicians are at their old tricks again."

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though only in its third year, is an established success. It is complete in itself, being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing a strong Californian color and a pleasant Southwestern flavor: Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; Sun by Sea-west; the Development of the Ship; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Timely Lectures; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body; Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdotes and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Firing Line; Animal Stories; Fresh Pen Pictures, and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.

Being complete in themselves, the weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE. ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 8, 1897.

HONORS TO OUR SOLDIER DEAD.

ONCE more the seasons bring us round to the most distinctive of American holy days, the day on which we close our schools and business places and go forth in solemn procession to lay upon the graves of those who died for the national weal our tributes of wreaths and flowers, tokens of the transitory nature of human life and symbols of victory. As under our form of government the cause of the legislative and executive is also the cause of the people, so those who died for that cause belong to the people. They are all "our" dead. This is the feeling in the hearts of young and old, from the white-robed troops of school-children to the gray-haired veterans, survivors of the throes of national discord, as they lay their simple but eloquent offerings on the graves of the men who made the supreme offering for their country. There is no other celebration like this. The military pageants of the Old World, the celebrations of monarchical anniversaries, imperial shows in welcome to foreign potentates, processions in honor of princes and other titled magnates, are all of a totally different significance. On Memorial day we honor no titles of any sort. Even the names of some whose graves we decorate are unknown to us. We honor the man, the soldier, we honor courage, self-reliance and devotion to duty, the primal greatness. And honoring this, we teach our children a lesson to abide with them always, a lesson greater than that of all our noisy Fourth of July patriotism. More than seventy-five millions of people, spread over thousands of miles of territory, voluntarily cease from all pursuits in order that they may pay fitting honor to the defenders of the flag. And they are able to do this with no sense of incongruity, since our government is not one that ignores the surviving dependents of the dead, as it does not leave these to beg for contributions from private purses, but provides for their necessities. We do not forget either the dead or the living.

And we enter upon the performance of our duties of commemoration, this year, with a new solemnity, a fresh sense of obligation, because the national ceremony means many a private grief. A little over two years ago the wounds that war had made were known only by long-healed scars; today, many hearts are bleeding with personal loss. And in our new possessions beyond the seas, as well as here, the solemn ceremonies will be carried out. Comrades will honor comrades with whom they shared march and bivouac, the perils and exhilaration of battle, and the companionship of the camp-fire; comrades with whom, perhaps, they watched out the last watch of life and for whom they wrote final words of leave-taking to the homes which death was about to make desolate. So, like the greeting of England's possessions to the rising sun, the sound of muffled drums and the marching feet of flower-laden celebrants will circle the earth, to bid the world take note that republics, in this day and age, are not ungrateful; and that the least military of nations has no lack of soldiers to win its victories and die in its cause, when need arises.

For the principles which we vindicated in our recent war were not the usual ones. We have shown the world not only our power as a government, but also our efficiency as a people—our ability to put our hand to any undertaking and carry it to a successful issue. We have shown the military nations of Europe, with their machine perfection of drill, that it is not so much the technical knowledge of military evolutions, however useful this may be, as the enthusiasm of the fighters, not so much the subservience of soldiery as their independent quick-wittedness, that makes for victory. That it is the man that tells, and that republics make men.

And remembering the earliest victims of our recent struggle with Spain, as well as others that have since found a deathbed and some a final resting-place in the bosom of the sea, a proposition that has just been made to our schools throughout the State, by one of the citizens of

Los Angeles, appears peculiarly appropriate just now. It has been proposed, namely, that school-children of Californian coast towns shall, at the end of the other Memorial day exercises, march to the seashore singing some patriotic song, and cast their flowers into the waves; commemorating in this manner the death of the soldiers and sailors who are buried in that vast sepulcher. Favorable replies have been received by the projector of the idea (Harry Forbes of 622 West Fifteenth street,) from many quarters. The idea is a beautiful one, and there seems no objection to it but its novelty. Such a ceremony would be particularly fitting for California, with her profusion of flowers. Yet if it were introduced, there seems a probability that it would be adopted elsewhere; and certainly no more impressive termination to the services of Memorial day could be hit upon, if all along the extent of our coast line we could imagine bands of fresh-faced children, the hope of the nation's future, thus honoring the heroes of her past.

The economic check which is certain to be felt by the trusts when they undertake to tyrannize over the people has manifested itself clearly not only in the case of the New York ice trust, which has been forced by public sentiment to greatly reduce prices to the poor, but in the paper bag trust, the book paper trust, the steel and wire trust, and others. In the case of these latter, they find themselves loaded with large quantities of their several products, while their expected customers refuse to buy them. Cheaper prices would have resulted in the use of more of these products and the mills might still have been kept running at profit.

"England," says the Omaha Bee, "takes 60 per cent. of all the agricultural products exported from this country, and England and its colonies take almost as large a proportion of the manufactured goods exported. The wise merchant does not needlessly quarrel with his best customers." The "point is well taken," nor does this imply that we need lose our dignity as a nation in the least. Nations, like gentlemen, may be, and should be, courteous and kindly without being obsequious.

The club or organization that announces races, games or other sports for Memorial day announces its indifference to the memory of those who died for their country, to the tears of mourning friends and to the loyal veterans who are still among the living.

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT.

[Philadelphia Times:] It certainly looks as if the trust principle was going to be preserved when they put it on ice.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] The Sultan of Turkey intimates that his old realm is in such a hopeless state of bankruptcy that he can't even pay his respects.

[Denver Post:] The claim is made that Payta, in Peru, is the driest spot on earth. The traveler who claims to have made the discovery perhaps never visited a Colorado town on Sunday when the saloon-closing law was rigidly enforced.

[Keystone:] To do well one must think well, and to think well he must not only keep his body in temperance, sobriety and chastity, but must see to it that he come not in contact with influences other than those tending to refine and elevate.

[Cleveland Leader:] A Nebraska girl who was to have been married the other day was so bashful she could not speak until the ceremony had been completed and her sister had been married in her stead. There are some people in Nebraska who are not as bashful as that.

[United Presbyterian:] The might-have-been things give much regret. We see what was at one time possible to us, and feel that we have lost something. Quite possibly we are mistaken. That might-have-been, if realized, might have brought with itself other things full of danger and evil.

[Kansas City Star:] The cordial reception of the Boer envoys in New York recalls the visit to America of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian leader. The tremendous enthusiasm which greeted his appeal for American intervention, to save Hungary, deceived Kossuth into a belief that the welcome he received meant more than mere sympathy. The Boer envoys must not make the same mistake.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] The exports of American locomotives for the nine months ending March 31, amounted to \$4,000,000, which is more than four times the value of those exported during the same time in 1894. Many of these went to British railways in Egypt, where the authorities say they were taken because they could be delivered months ahead of English engines and time was of importance. Other reasons for preferring American locomotives, recently given, are that they cost less than any others of the same grade, and, in some cases, at least, do better work. These are causes of success that are likely to be enduring and to build up a constantly increasing export trade.

GROWING AN UMBRELLA HANDLE.

A guest at one of the principal hotels yesterday exhibited a curious and beautiful umbrella handle to a party of admiring friends. It was a crook of silver maple wood, bearing the natural bark and its ornament consisted of three heavy gold bands, or rings, encircling the shaft at equal distances. What made it remarkable was the self-evident fact that the handle had been put on when the branch from which the handle was made was part of a living tree, and much smaller in diameter. The wood had grown through and around the confining metal, and bulged out at either side, producing an odd and striking effect.

"It took me four years to get the material ready for this umbrella handle," said the proud owner. "I live in the suburbs of St. Louis, and have several fine maple trees on the premises. In 1893 the idea occurred to me, and I had a jeweler make me these three rings, which I slipped over a small branch and tied at the proper distance with certa-

I had to select a very diminutive branch, because otherwise the twigs would have prevented the rings from going on, and I picked out one pretty high up so it would be out of the way of pilferers. Then I waited patiently for nature to clinch the handle by process of growth. I sold nothing about the experiment and the family often wondered why in the world I climbed that tree so often. I am a thorough man, and whenever I returned from the road I would have no time in taking a look at my prospective umbrella handle. It was slow work, however, and the fall of 1897 had come around before I finally cut the branch. Then I turned over to an expert, who kept it ten months longer, cleaning and polishing it and bending the upper end into the curve which was done by a process of steaming. The result is what you see. I am convinced it is the only thing of the kind in the world; and I take good care to keep it from-umbrella thieves."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

STRANGE STORIES FROM THE SEA.

Capt. Gale of the British steamer Evolution, which arrived yesterday from St. Kitts with molasses, reports a phenomenon off Cape Henry on Monday.

He says when about eight miles off shore the ship was suddenly attacked with clouds of flies, which took possession of the vessel. He was in his cabin, huddled under a hat off, when suddenly his feet were pricked with the stings of the flies, which swarmed into his hair also. The crew were similarly attacked. Thousands of the flies were brought to Baltimore. There was no reason why they had made such a descent upon the ship at sea, but the remaining on board was easily accounted for by their sweetness in the hold.

Mate Robert G. Sawyer, of the British schooner E. K. Douglass, from the Bahamas, with pineapples, reports that a bird of large size flew on board that vessel in latitude 31 deg. 18 min. and longitude 75 deg. and 10 min. It appeared to be what the Bahamas call a Pear bird. A few days after the bird died from exhaustion. The vessel was several hundred miles from land when the strange bird alighted.—[Baltimore Correspondence, Washington Times.]

WITH NATURE.

I stood within the valleys green and fair—
The Summer's chambers, which forever are
Filled with their guests of flowers, all laughing and
Kissed by the breezes as they wander wide,
Slipping the perfumes from their dainty lips,
And sprinkling it with unseen finger tips
On Day's sweet face—the blue-eyed, beautiful Day
Who trips so happily along her way.

Then I look upward and about me see
The mountained heights in their proud majesty,
Vast and sublime, so grandly old and gray,
Kindred with Time, as voiceful, too, are they
As the far heavens of God's immensity
Of power, and as the illumined stars,
Sweeping above them, shining through the bars
Of the leaf-laden trees. What can they be—

But watching worlds whose eyes have ever turned
Since Time was young and they in silence yearned
To your twin vastness. Is there naught between
O mountain heights and stars with silver sheen,
Ye and the bowed heavens that lean upon
Your crests—no dream of glory that ye share,
In these far chambers of the upper air?

methinks there must be, that with clinging hands,
Ye mingle endless thoughts each understands
Of the great Power that holds ye all in place,
That somewhere in the vast ye see this face,
Mounts, stars and sky your anthems mingle sweet,
Paving with songs the pathways of His feet.
ELIZA A. DOWD.

BE THOU MY ALL.

Be Thou my Friend, my close Companion ever!
Earth's paths diverge as comrades onward veer!
Friends may depart, but Thou, O leave me never!
Be Thou my Friend.

Be Thou my Guide through darkness and through gloom,
In even the sunniest way may danger loom.
Thy feet have trod my road. By day, by night,
Be Thou my Guide.

Be Thou my King! Let me know what to do,
That all my hours may serve some goodly thing;
Command my life and keep me loyal, true!
Be Thou my King.

Be Thou my Savior! Pardon all my sin,
I grieve o'er broken laws and wrong behavior;
Without Thee Heaven I cannot hope to win,
Be Thou my Savior.

Be Thou my Strength! Heavy am I with weakness
In Thee alone can I be strong at length.
Help me to lean on Thee in trust and meekness,
Be Thou my Strength.

Be Thou my Life! No other one can feed me
I faint, weary and worn with pain and striving;
Where living waters flow, O gently lead me!
Be Thou my Life.

Be Thou my All! Terrors sometimes enfold me
The vasts of Thy great universe appall.
Closer to Thy dear heart, O closer hold me—
Be Thou my All!
—[Emma C. Dowd, in Kansas City Journal.]

LOGIC.

[Life:] Mother. Didn't I tell you not to touch
serves without my permission?
Son. Yes, mother.
"Then why didn't you come to me and ask me?"
"Because I wanted some."

The Bugle Songs of Yesterday. By Robert J. Burdette.

The day star shines upon the hill,
The valleys in the shadows sleep;
In wood and thicket, dark and still,
My comrades lie in slumber deep.
Far in the east a phantom gray
Steals slowly up the night's black pall,
And, hush! of the coming day,
The distant bugle's faint notes call—

"I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning!
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all!"

A thought of motion at the sound—
As though the forest caught its breath,
Had belted sleepers, on the ground
More restlessly, like life in death.
But slumbering echoes, here and there,
Awaken as the challenge floats,
And leader on the morning air,
Ring out the cheery bugle notes—

"The corporal's worse than the private,
The sergeant's worse than the corporal,
The lieutenant is worse than the sergeant,
And the captain's the worst of all!"

As the inspiring strains prolong,
Flames into rose and gold the day;
And springing up, with shout and song,
Each soldier welcomes march or fray.
Through wooded vale, o'er wind-swept hill,
Where camp-fire gleam and shadows fall
Leader and clearer—cheerily still,
Skulls out the merry bugle call—

"I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning!
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all!"

Kind of Boys.

Oh, the Good Old Days and the Dear Old Boys! They
had their innings once a year now, with the brave-hearted
scouters in khaki doing escort duty. Doesn't seem
more than a hundred years ago when the Old Boys were
that 35 days every year—yes, counting the nights; an
unthousand, if you count the Trouble, that was always
leading around with a big T. About two thousand, if
you measure the fun that somehow managed to creep into
the empty haversack, under the soaked blanket, beneath
the belt that was tightened to fit the diminishing ration.
He joyously and happily a man laughed who was going
to be shot the next day! "Because he didn't know it?"
Well, yes and no, my lad in khaki; because I don't think
I could have made very much difference to him if he
had known it. And, sometimes, he had every reason to
know that the chances next day were going to be ten to
one in favor of the bullet and against himself. But he
laughed just the same. Just as you do now, my boy,
with your home-kissed face turned toward the Philippines;
but as you will when you get there; you will laugh in
sleep, and you'll laugh on the firing line. First time a
bullet throws a soft-nosed bullet at you, your laughter
will be a trifle hysterical, perhaps, and some of the older
men will smile to hear you laugh. But it will be a natural
laugh for you to do in a very short time. One or two close
shots will steady you to beat any nervous that was ever
kindled up in a bottle. "And then you won't know what
he is?" Oh, yes, my boy; you'll know him better and
more intimately than ever. And you will have a profounder
and more sincere respect for him after you have slept
under the same blanket with him a few times. He is one
of the fellows for whom familiarity does not begot
contempt. You will have two constant companions in all
your campaigning, who will stick to you closer than a poor
devil—George W. Danger and Muchafraid Fear. After
you have become thoroughly acquainted with Fear, you
will know how to handle him all right, so that people who
are together will not dream that you are acquainted
with the beggar. And as for Danger, you will learn to say
to him, as old great Julius—

"We were two lions, littered in one day,
And I, the elder and more terrible."

After that bold and confident assertion, I grieve
to say, Danger met his elder twin in the Capitol, and, after
looking him around a Pompey statue for a while punched
the same full of alits. Which he had not done, perhaps,
had Caesar a profounder reverence for him, and for his
kind Fear. I don't want you to be a coward, my son,
but you must bear it in mind that there are some things
of which the bravest men stand in mortal
fear. There is one thing which even a cham-
pion pugilist fears, with a shrinking timidity
of which even that lion-hearted man is not ashamed.
What is that? Publicity, my boy; publicity; the
dreadful peril that daily threatens him of getting
his name in the papers; yes, even his picture. Do not be
alarmed of Fear, boy, when even a living Pulp Machine
admits to it, in some form.

The Bugle Song.

You can't hear them even to this day without a quicken-
ing of the pulse, can you, old fellow? Even though you
don't recognize many of the calls unless the youngster
interprets them to us, and shows us how it is
done in these quicker, rapid-firing days. We don't under-
stand the drill, either the manual or the school of the sol-
dier, and the movements are too quick for us, everything

is done on the jump, but we love to watch it, and it's
more than pleasant to have the boy interpret it all for us,
like a living libretto. But some of the old calls, I think,
they never will change; not a note of them, and these we
best love to hear. Better than we did when we knew more
of them, eh? Save the old tattoo, there is no prettier call
than the rippling, cheery, bird-trilling reveille. And yet
there were many times when we roared our indignant pro-
tests against the robin-like spirit of the horn that cheers
some, at some times, but which not inebriates a little bit.
"What would you do," a soldier in the Old Army was
asked, "if you had \$1,000,000?" "I would build a marble
palace," he said, "and I would hire twenty buglers, for life,
to come under my window every morning at 5 o'clock and
sound 'Reveille,' and I would open the window, hurl a
boot at them, and yell 'Go to the colonel with yer re-
veille!' and crawl back to bed and sleep till breakfast
call!"

The Old Boys! You wouldn't think when you watch the
gray heads, the bent shoulders, and the deliberate feet in
the column next Wednesday, that the cheery reveille,
sounded in a driving November rain, used to roll them out
of their drenched and soaking blankets, like so many blue
butterflies crawling out of a sodden, gray chrysalis, shout-
ing, laughing, mimicking the insistent bugle, hungry and
happy, uncertain about breakfast, but dead sure about
their ammunition; and not a cough or an ache in the whole
crouching, shouting, chaffing line. And every Memorial day,
each man in the shrunken line, thinking back over the
stormy past, quietly wonders that he should be left, and
thinks of the vacant places there will be at roll call next
Memorial day.

The Dead March.

Bullet and bayonet didn't kill all of them. I remember
one afternoon in that long yesterday, when I marched in
my first military funeral. It was the day we buried Billy
Taylor, private of "C" Company, Forty-seventh Illinois
Regiment. I was in my nineteenth year, and I wasn't
much taller than the musket I carried. Billy wasn't killed in
battle. He had been through a dozen fights. Every time
the regiment went in, he was in his place, close to the
colors, a brave, loyal, quiet, steadfast soldier. Shot or
bullet never touched him. But the god of war demanded
more lives than the ringing rifle or thundering cannon
could pile upon his reeking altars. So one day Death, not
finding enough victims upon the trampled grasses of the
battlefield, came to our tents to select an extra victim for
the sacrifice to the red Moloch. And the next day Billy
went to the surgeon's tent after roll-call, and was ex-
cused from duty for one day. Said there was nothing the
matter with him, but he didn't just feel like doing anything.
He lounged about in the tent, and tried to shake off the
heaviness that was creeping over him. He began a letter to
his mother, but laid it aside, saying he would finish it
the next day; he was too stupid to write a good, cheerful
letter that day. The next day he went to the surgeon's
tent again, and the surgeon came back with him, and went
to his tent, and by and by the hospital steward came
around with some medicine, and told some of us how he
was to take it. And that day Billy stayed on his bunk
most of the time. But it was hard; he felt some new knots
and lumps in it, he said, and he wasn't going to stay there
very long, and so he planned what he would do tomorrow.
He got out his letter again, but he blotted it. Then he
tried to finish it with a pencil, but he broke the point. And
while he lay there, with the unopened pocketknife in his
hand, making ready to sharpen the pencil, somehow he fell
asleep, and he laughed about it when he woke up, and it
was dark, and the knife and pencil had fallen down be-
hind the bunk, and the unfinished letter lay on his breast,
and he saw the firelight flickering against the outside of
the tent, and heard the boys talking in the company street.
He heard the distant bugle at brigade headquarters sound
"taps;" the drums of the infantry echoed it in sharp stac-
cato notes; the boys came softly into the tent, and in re-
ply to their good night he said he felt better and would
be all right in the morning.

And the next morning he was much better; he was well;
so well that they marked his name off the sick list, and
added a word to it on the company roll, which marked him
off duty forever. The next thing was this; six privates
were detailed for pall-bearers; a corporal and eight men
for escort; and following the coffin marched the men and
officers of Co. C, in the inverse order of their rank.

Somehow, the sunshine seemed dim and misty that
afternoon. The muffled drums spoke mournfully, and our
slow-moving steps seemed to be marked off by heart-break-
ing sobs in a home away up in the Northland. The wailing
fifes breathed the pathetic strains of "The Land of the
Leal" until the air seemed filled with tears—

"There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither could nor care, Jean,
The day is ever fair
In the Land o' the Leal."

We could hear the sweet voices of women, soft, tremu-
lous, sobbing, in the mourning fifes. Women? Since the
dead soldier had kissed the mother and sister's good-by in
the Prairie State he had not heard a woman's voice syllable
his name. His dying eyes closed under bronzed and
bearded faces that looked down upon him in tender, helpless
sympathy. The hands that dressed him for the death
parade were hard and calloused with toil and war, but kind
as the hands of a comrade only can be. The voice of a
woman, it would have sounded to him like the blessing of
God. It is a hard thing to bury a soldier. To die, so far
away from home; to know that, while he is passing away,
the circle about the home hearth may be ringing with
laughter and joyous songs. To die, and know that the
days would creep into the weeks, and the weeks into the
months, before the dear ones whose names were quivering
on his loving, praying lips would know that he was gone.
To die, and know that for long weeks to come they would
still be writing loving and hopeful letters to him, and tell

him how they were counting the days till he came back,
and what they were planning and what they were saving
back for his glad home coming. Their letters would come
to the camp, and his eyes would be closed, and the heart
that was wont to leap for joy at the sight of the dear,
familiar writing, would be stilled to love and hate, to
hope and fear.

And they—ah, what would be the measure of their grief,
sorrow, in the stricken home? His dying words, his last
glance, his farewell kiss—the loving look in the filming
eyes, the peace that death would kiss upon the soldier's
face—they would never see this. What wonder that our
soldier hearts were heavy as the burden on the bier our
shoulders, that tears were faster than our slow-timed
steps! The mournful; sorrowing drama. The mourning
drums, with their steady, muffled roll that sounded like
the pattering of tears upon a coffin lid sobbed on, softening
the shrill tones of the grieving fifes, till they mourned like
the wail of the night wind—

"But sorrow's self wears past, Jean,
And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last, Jean,
In the Land o' the Leal!"

"Halt!"

How softly the corporal voiced his orders. We never
heard him speak in that tone before.

"Rest on—arms!"

The chaplain is reading something from the only Book
men read at such a time.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth
in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whose-
ever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die."

"Attention! Carry arms!"

"Lead at will!"

"Ready—aim—fire!"

How the ringing volleys over the grave, awaking a hun-
dred echoes in the woods and encircling hills, hushed their
war-like voices to a "good-by," so different from their
usual sharp and defiant challenge.

"By platoon—right wheel—march!" Forward, guide left,
quick—march!

"Forward, guide left, quick—march!"

The muffling handkerchiefs are snatched from the snares
of the drums, the merry fifes sing out the dancing measures
of "Garry Owen," the drums, close strung, rattling, in-
spiring, quicken our steps, and loosen our voices; and
with pieces lightly swung slanted at a "right shoulder,"
we march gayly back to the camp.

"Halt! Arms a-port—break ranks!"

And we group about in the company street and talk
while the firing party clean their pieces.

"What are those drums for?" "Fall in for Dress Parade!"

So it will be, Old Comrade, when you and I are mustered
out. And that is right. Death and the Dead March, the
longing cadences of "The Land o' the Leal," have no place
in the busy, active, animated Camp. That is the place
of Life, and Hope, and Action. The love in our hearts for
the dead comrade is none the less because the drums
"flam—flam" the quick step to our feet as we turn away
and leave the fatigue party closing in our comrade's nar-
row house against the storm and beating rain and the kiss
of the dew and the caress of the sunshine, that his sleep
may be unbroken until he shall hear, with us, the trumpet
that will call the dead from the heart of the unrelenting sea
and from the quiet bosom of old Mother Earth, the tramp
that calls from death to life. You left the comrade who
touched elbows with you on many a dress parade, and in
many a charging line, true as the steel of his bayonet, a
man who would leave his riddled body on the field before
he would leave the flag, and who would storm a battery
to pick you up and carry you away if you went down, a
private soldier whose country was his religion and whose
comrades were his brothers—you fired your parting shot
over his grave a thousand miles away from here and
thirty-seven years ago, and you wheeled and marched mer-
rily back to camp with the fife twitting "A Rocky Road
to Dublin," and you jested with a soldier who couldn't
keep step not a half a mile away from the fatigue party
you left with the dead comrade—did you forget him? You
will think of him next Wednesday with tears in your
eyes, a prayer in your heart, and a garland in your hand;
you never will forget him; you cannot. Ah, the merry
music of the camp never hushed the thoughts of the brave
men who had been called to higher duty, never dimmed
for one moment the loving memory of them. It's only the
way of the camp; it's the way of the soldier; and, it's a
good way. The Dead love the Living the better, that we
do as they would have done; that the memory we carry
in our souls makes us better soldiers, better citizens, better
friends; better men. And so—

"Good-by!"

Crash of a cannon shot over the land—
Intake of breath—and a horrified hush;
Thrill of a bugle—blare of a band—
Muffle of feet in a hurried rush;
Soft as a shadow—drift over the sky—
"Good-by!"
"Good-by, Sweetheart!"
"Good-by!"

Cadencing drum, like the throb of a heart—
Cheers of a multitude thronging the street;
Whirlwind of banners—the moment to part—
Orders and signals, impatient and fleet;
Sobbed through a kiss falls a broken cry—
"Good-by!"
"Good-by, True heart!"
"Good-by!"

Overturned guns on the blood-drenched plain—
Red bolt of flame through the battle cloud;
Shout of defiance—a death shriek of pain—
Whisper of love in the tumult loud;
Hushed as the breath of a heart-drawn sigh—
"Good-by!"
"Good-by, Brave heart!"
"Good-by!"

THE GREAT DESERT.

THE TALE OF A TRIP ON THE BORDERS
OF TWO REPUBLICS.

From the Diary of Dr. N. J. Bird.

WE SAT that afternoon on the broad veranda of a house on the bank of a great river. It was perfect October weather—the sky cloudless, the dry, sweet air stirred gently by the breath of a breeze from the Gulf, the sun slowly creeping down toward the mountains, which made a jagged edge on the horizon, their foothills already deeply shadowed by the first touch of twilight. Around us, on every side, stretched the primeval desert, wrapped in sunshine and in silence. But just where we sat the desert had been vanquished for a space of 130 acres. Here were the deep green of alfalfa fields, and the long lines of vineyard and orchard. The air was fragrant with odors of growing oranges, lemons and limes. On the bottom lands

try, stranger; it never rains here," was pretty nearly right in his meteorology, however much he may have erred in his philosophy of thrift.

It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon when we were informed by the genial Mexican señor, who had acted as quartermaster, that our little caravan awaited us at the edge of the famous desert, across the river.

We ferried over to the Californian shore, a distance of one-fifth of a mile, and saw the dark, deep waters flowing uselessly to the ocean, past an empire that has waited for centuries to feel the thrill of its living touch. It is like a stream of golden dollars which spendthrift Nature pours into the sea. Our little party of hopeful explorers had for its chieftain the indomitable man who sees in the transformation of this mighty desert the crowning work of his life. The party included the efficient engineer upon whose surveys and technical studies the physical plan must be built. But rather more important for our present purpose were three humbler members of society; these were the Indian guide, the Mexican teamster and the Chinese cook. With this international aggregation, to which we now added our American selves, we felt as truly cosmopolitan as did the allied armies of Europe on the field of Waterloo. Our caravan consisted of three stout wagons, with

green corn fit to eat forty days after planting. In such this it must be remembered that all the conditions here are utterly different from those which prevail in most all other parts of the United States. They are—but we will let the story unfold to you precisely as it did to me in the course of our expedition.

We had proceeded but eight miles from Yuma when we crossed the international boundary, and found ourselves on the soil of our sister republic. We were now upon the large tract of Mexican land which is vitally related to the great enterprise we had come to explore. For although the mighty river is the gift of the snows which crown American mountains, thousands of miles to the northward, and although the major portion of the rich lands which the waters will awaken to opulent life lies also under the palms of our starry flag, Nature has decreed that the frontier stream must make its highway through these Mexican lands. One of the outlying barriers of the San Bernardino Mountains reaches a long arm across that national boundary and says to the canal builders, "The longest way around is the shortest way home." This is no drawback, however, for on skirting the feet of the mountain intruder the road will reach hundreds of thousands of acres of valuable Mexican lands, which have been procured as a part of the foundation of this superb enterprise.

On leaving Hanlon's we passed southwesterly into a quite forest, on level, alluvial soil. The mesquite is a hard-wood tree, growing in some places to the height of thirty or forty feet, with outreaching branches which often present a total stretch of eighty-five feet. It is easy to forget now that we were in the desert and to imagine that we were approaching good, cultivated orchards, for the mesquites looked much like almond trees in shape and size, while their leaves resembled those of the poplar trees, so common in California. And, indeed, these native orchards of the desert have a certain value apart from the shade and wood which they furnish. They bear a crop a year of nutritive beans, which grow in long, woody pods. Let no citizen of Boston get excited, these are not the beans of Beacon Hill. They are appreciated by animals, and we could hear our horse munching the morsels throughout the silent night. The Indians gather them, and store them as they do corn. They put them into flour, which they use for cake or bread. In graceful, useful tree we found to be the dominant adornment in all this country. Wherever we saw the tree quite we were sure of good soil, and we named our particularly luxuriant growth of it Mesquite Park.

Soon after emerging from this natural park we encountered a curious house, woven of arrow weed on a web of willow poles. We found ourselves in the presence of a Mexican revenue officer—a sort of McKinley of the West. But if Mexico had a tariff deficit, as fortunately she has, we contributed nothing to relieve her situation. The customs official found nothing dutiable in our caravan, so soon bade us a friendly "Adios."

Camping in the Wilderness.

We spread our cots that night on the banks of the river channel, under the shelter of the beautiful willow. You can never know what it is to rest until you are beneath the stars and fill your lungs with the sweetness of the far South-west. It is soft and dry, and pure beyond thing the world. I filled the chamber of a palace. When awake in the morning we felt that we had divested ourselves not merely of all the weariness of the previous day, but of the weariness of years. Joe Lee, the Chinese, seemed to endorse this opinion as he watched us eat the breakfast he had cooked.

We drove that forenoon through a growth of willow



WHERE DATES RIPEN.

below we could see the Mexican laborers harvesting the crops, and beyond we could see Rio Colorado, sweeping swiftly toward the Gulf of California. Miles below, where the slanting sun fell fully across its course, the murky waters were transformed to a pathway of rippling gold.

From our oasis on the Arizona side we could look across the stream to the most famous of all the waste places in America—the Colorado Desert. It lay there in the gathering gloom, stretching away from the river to the mountains—a vast and mysterious blank awaiting the makers of history. Thousands of transcontinental travelers know it by sight, and millions of readers know it by name. But our little party, some from the Atlantic and some from the Pacific Coast, had assembled here because we wished to know it by contact, and to solve the mystery of its final utility to man.

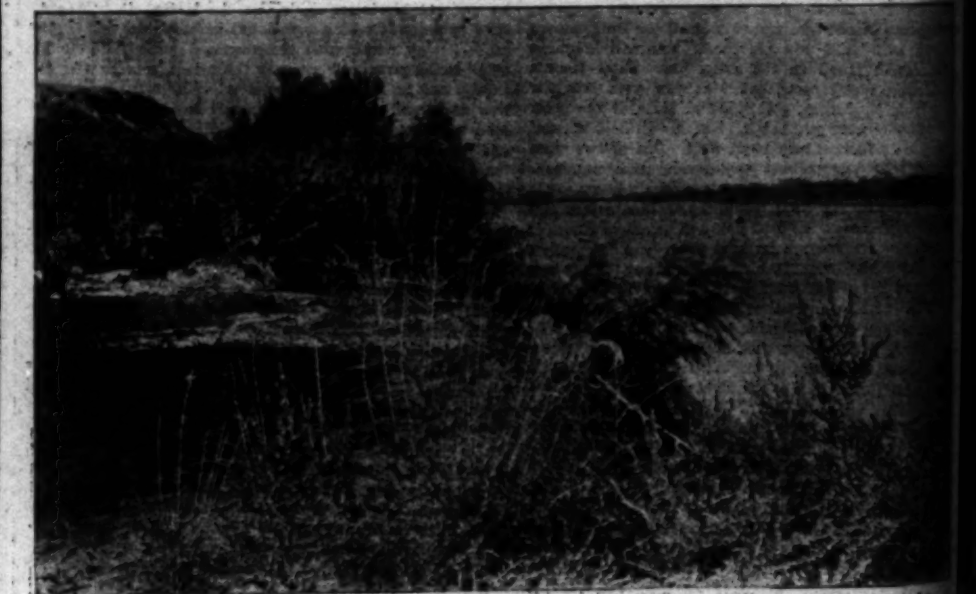
"Optimists," you exclaim, lifting the eyebrows of surprise, and a glimmer of sarcasm at the corners of the mouth. Yea, of course, it is only the optimist who extends the frontier of civilization. Columbus was an optimist. So were the men who crossed the Alleghenies to find a better land than their fathers had occupied on the seacoast. So, too, were those who banished the old "deserts" from the school geographies by planting the corn belt and the wheat belt in the rich bosom of the Mississippi Valley. It has curiously happened that the fairest spots on this new continent of ours have been those which we used to regard as the most worthless. This is due to the prejudices we inherit from our earliest American ancestors. They came from the humid regions of Europe and settled in the humid regions of America. They became so accustomed to having the forest in order to make a clearing for the first planting that when their descendants, generations later, began the settlement of Iowa they sought out the wooded lands, cutting down trees and pulling stumps, though surrounded by millions of acres that stood ready for the plow. They shook their wise old heads and remarked, "Land that won't grow trees won't grow anything." But, in time, they learned that God made different conditions in the new country, and that these conditions were not necessarily worse because they were different. After a while they discovered that they were actually better. Hence, it is easy for any one, who knows what miracles have been wrought in our far western deserts during the last few years, to harbor the suspicion that the great, brown waste which lies on the borders of two republics—as voiceless now as the Mississippi Basin at the close of the revolution—will some time be as densely populous as the lands of the Nile—as rich in industry as the kingdom of Holland. If the ancient civilizations bloomed in the arid deserts—as Egypt, Asia Minor and Syria and the classic lands of the Carthaginians and Moors—why not the new? These were the questions we asked each other as we went to bed that night in our cots beneath the stars, for we preferred to sleep out of doors and mingle the breath of flowers and fruits with our dreams of this new conquest which had cramped us into the untrodden fields of the Southwest.

The Little Caravan Starts.

We awoke on the morning to find the same brilliant sun shining from the same unclouded sky. This is a country where nothing is ever postponed on account of the weather. The ne'er-do-well, who, on being urged to save his money for a rainy day, replied, "Guess you don't know this coun-

an abundance of cots, blankets, saddles and provisions. We headed southwest toward the boundary of Mexico, leaving the mighty river on the left. Almost immediately we entered dense growths of mesquite trees and rank weeds of several varieties. The soil was a rich, dark-brown loam, formed by deposits of the river. Five miles from the place of starting we found ourselves on gravelly ground, where a range of rocky hills creeps down to the river's edge. Another mile brought us to the melancholy town of El Rio. This little cluster of houses, originally built in connection with mining operations, is now deserted and dilapidated.

We kept on south, and were soon again upon good soil, level and wooded. This quickly led us to a spot of culti-



THE COLORADO RIVER.

vated land, which had been made to blossom in the desert. It is known on the map as "Hanlon's," which is the name of the man who made his home there. We examined with much curiosity the results of his small cultivation. Our most interesting discovery was a group of date palms from thirty to fifty feet high, bearing luxuriant, ripening fruit. Very few people are aware that dates can be successfully grown in any part of this country, which simply goes to show that we are by no means fully acquainted with the marvelous territory we acquired from Mexico through statesmanship and the sword. Mr. Hanlon told us that the date begins to bear when 5 years old, but not considerably until it is 7 years old. We found that his pomegranates, figs, pomegranates, grapes, melons and garden vegetables were growing luxuriantly. By the time we had finished our study of the place we were quite prepared to believe Mr. Hanlon when he assured us that his garden had produced

rank that at first it seemed almost to forbid progress. Some of the arrow weeds were fifteen feet high. They encountered large tracts of wild hemp, which reached the same prodigious dimensions.

Everywhere the land was level, and the soil rich beyond belief. And yet it is not strange, for this is as we must call it, in deference to the old prejudice, the life work of the Colorado River, whose age surpasses that of a thousand Methuselahs. Through all these difficulties of the past this wonderful river has been gathering the materials in its long course from the continent, depositing them in this bank, where, when the shall strike, the children of men might draw them up against it and never see them dishonored. For many miles we rode over this rich sedimentary deposit, our moving noticeably as on a velvet carpet. Once we saw a little settlement of American Indians, who had

had she asked me, I would have given her a few ideas
the subject!

GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER ON MEMORIAL
DAY AND ITS OBSERVANCE.

By a Special Contributor.

Origin of Memorial Day.

Prophetic Words.

Thirty-one years ago a distinguished Federal officer whose heart was too large for the littleness of sectional rivalry, Gen. Horace Binney Sargent, the orator of the day, the memorial services at Boston, said: "I can respect the grave of any gallant foe who drew his sword honestly,

Lessons of Patriotism.

courage the cultivation of high ideals and lofty aims. Let us cherish the memory of our dead heroes, and we minister to the necessities of the living, let us n

WOMEN OF NOTE.

On a fête day in Sardinia the wives and daughters of farmers and tradesmen present a wonderful spectacle in the gorgeousness of their costumes. These are a headdress, which cover vary in fashion, and are worn down again and again from mother to daughter as treasure and they are prized for their antiquity and for the number of times they have been worn. The dress of the women of Sardinia varies in different districts.

USEFUL FRESH-WATER COLLEGE

DESCRIBED BY MR. PEARSONS, WHO HAS
THREE MILLIONS TO EDUCATION.

their college work and meeting their college ap-
 plications, says Dr. Benjamin Ibb Wheeler, president of the
 of California, in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening
 "My experience with college students teaches me
 that they are not a level higher than their

WHY GOOD SCHOLARS SUCCEED

"The best scholars succeed best in life chiefly, because they have been most regular and punctual in their college work and meeting their college appointments," says Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. "My experience with college students teaches me that they are intellectually much nearer a level than their records indicate. It is power of will more than mind that differentiates them. Most and brightest minds more stuff in them than might and could."

QUAKER HOSPITALITY. PHILADELPHIA'S PROPOSED WELCOME TO THE REPUBLICANS.

By J. Hampton Moore,

President of the Allied Republican Club of Philadelphia.

"THAT'S my opinion of hospitality," sang George Greenleaf, Jr., in a once-popular opera, after verbally enlarging on his views of the subject from every conceivable standpoint. We people of the Quaker City have not stopped to consider the correct Websterian definition of the word when applied in particular to a great national convention, but have simply arranged to not conventionality to the winds, so far as the welcome to our visitors is concerned, and throw our doors open, hand over our latchkeys, and bid our guests enjoy themselves as they will with the ample facilities that we are amply to place at their disposal. We neither aim to kill with kindness nor freeze our guests to death with an overbearing display of municipal dignity. When a man has a social gathering in his own home, it is conducive to the success of the party that the guests be made, so far as it is possible, to entertain themselves and each other, for the flow of soul flows evenly and harmoniously, and each guest feels that he or she has cooperated to make the evening an enjoyable one. In our systematic plan for the reception of our guests we have proceeded on the principle that freedom and hospitality are synonymous, and that common sense and enjoyment constitute an anomalous conjunction of words.

The details of a city's welcome to an army of visitors are easy to arrange. The art of the thing is to enlist as many public-spirited, energetic men as possible on the committee, and then give them carte blanche to make their own arrangements. Meetings are being held almost daily, and have been going on for a long time, by those who will undertake the work of receiving and entertaining the delegates to the convention. The Mayorality hand has necessarily to be at the helm, but the ship glides along easily and smoothly with such an enthusiastic crew as has been enlisted for the work. It is all done systematically, as a great business, the business of running the municipal affairs of a city, for instance, is conducted.

The Latch-String Will be Out Everywhere.

The Allied Republican Club, made up of the active and aggressive young Republicans of Philadelphia, has organized a great Welcome Committee, with subcommittees in Conferences and Courtesies, Reception and Entertainment, Badges, Music and Decorations, Demonstrations, Press and Printing, Transportation, Hotels and Boarding Houses. Every detail of the work of welcoming the delegates is being briskly arranged by these committees, so that every visitor, whether a lonely delegate who arrives unaccompanied, or a big political club that fills a whole train, will be sure of a reception that will change the "stranger in a strange land" sensation, inseparable from the arrival in a new city to one of home-like warmth of feeling.

It must be a very shy and retiring delegate or visitor who succeeds in eluding the vigilance of our Reception committee on Monday, June 18, the day chosen for the welcoming of the city's guests. Promptly upon the arrival of every train the visitors will be met and whisked off to the headquarters of the various clubs and organizations. The committee will see that each visitor is supplied with badge and card admitting him to the courtesies of all the local political organizations. Upon house will be kept at all the political headquarters, and "latches down" will be out everywhere. If the guests wish to see the city under competent guidance, they will find the services of some good fellow placed at their disposal, and everything that they wish for that the city provides ready for their taking, from a carriage down to a good cigar. If the visitor prefers to flock alone, and see the city without questions and overfriendly pressing of assistance on him who do not desire it. Our notion of hospitality from the line at cordiality of so warm a variety that it stops the recipient.

Simple Accommodations for All.

While the Reception and Entertainment Committee is busily engaged in welcoming the delegates, the Committee on Hotels and Boarding Houses will be taking care that no visitor wanders around looking for a place to lay his head. There have been times when the descent of an army of visitors upon a city of limited accommodations has complicated the late comers to sleep in the trains and improvised shelters. The practice is objectionable, from sanitary and other reasons, and will not be countenanced here. There will be no occasion for improvising shelters for our guests. The city has ample accommodations for all.

The evening of the Monday of convention week will be the most interesting from the viewpoint of the general public, for, promptly at 8 o'clock the Republican hosts will gather on Broad street for the great parade. A reviewing stand will be erected in front of the Allied Republican Club headquarters, and it is hoped that President McKinley will find it convenient to visit the city for the purpose of witnessing what, it is expected, will be the greatest outdoor demonstration in the history of the Republican party. Indeed the President, it is expected there will be on the reviewing stand Gov. Stone of Pennsylvania, Gov. Stewart of New York, and the Governors of New Jersey, Delaware and other States. In the procession the visiting delegations will have the right of the line, and, except in the case of those where any of the Philadelphia clubs are acting as escorts, the local organizations will occupy the left of the line. Some of the most famous marching organizations of the country have announced their intention of participating in the parade, including a number of clubs from Ohio, Indiana and New York. Immediately after the head of the column enters the downtown section of the city,

the clubs in that vicinity will throw open their doors for all-night smokers.

A Fleet of Steamboats to be at Command.

On Tuesday, June 19, the business of the convention will begin with the organization of the various committees. Pleasure will still predominate over business, and the Entertainment Committee will still be the most important body in the convention exercises. A fleet of large steamboats with steam up will be ready to show the visitors the waterfront side of the city sights. The fine harbor will be thoroughly explored by this marine expedition, the trip continuing from Cramp's Shipyard as far south as League Island navy yard. The delegates and visitors will foregather in the evening at the Academy of Music, where a monster mass meeting will be held, and those who have been crowded out of the great convention hall will be able to get an idea of the platform that the convention will adopt. Some of the leading orators of the country will address this meeting, including, as we expect, Senator Depew, Senator Wolcott of Colorado, Senator Beveridge of Indiana, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, Senator Thurston of Nebraska, Congressman Doolittle of Iowa, and Congressman Grosvenor of Ohio. The evening will be marked by general entertainment, all the clubs keeping open house. Smokers, luncheons and "alfresco" concerts, if the weather permits, will provide amusement for every guest.

On Wednesday, the chief day of the convention, numbers of visitors will be unable to gain admittance to the hall, and these will be consoled for their disappointment by an abundance of entertainment, the excursions of the previous day being continued.

All through the week the Quaker City will gleam and glow with a myriad of electric illuminations, the glories of the Peace Jubilee and the Grand Army Encampment being repeated to provide a blaze of light in honor of our guests. The city will be gay by day and glorious by night. We want every visitor to return home with an impression of Philadelphia that will give him or her a kindly and admiring recollection of the city as long as memory remains. That is our opinion of hospitality.

TRAPS FOR SMUGGLERS

HOW UNCLE SAM'S SECRET SERVICE
AGENTS CATCH THEM.

From New York Mail and Express.

HOW smugglers smuggle is well known in every country that puts a duty on certain imports, but how the government officials put their hands on the violators of the law is quite another story. A late Collector of the Port once said that there would be smuggling in as many generations to come as one could count on his fingers, and possibly longer. Some think it no crime to steal from the "rich" government, and they lay their plans to bring in dutiable goods free as cautiously and cleverly as does the burglar who is about to break into a house. There isn't a wide difference between the two in the minds of strictly honest citizens.

It is not generally known to globe trotters, or even stay-at-homes, that the United States has several of the "brightest" men in the customs service constantly on the go crossing and recrossing the Atlantic in search for those who are likely to have had memories when it comes to the point of making a declaration. The latter is a strong legal document to which every incoming tourist has to swear and affix his signature. So that when a traveler is found guilty of bringing into the country that which does not appear as an entry on his declaration, he is likewise guilty of perjury.

The government employes who make these regular trips on the big liners are in the pay of the Treasury Department. It is obvious that they are obliged to have a gentlemanly presence and an affability that usually marks the great traveler. This affability is worth a good deal to the government, and it has been the downfall of many smugglers.

Confidences are exchanged while the huge twin screws are churning the water astern, and the man with the diamonds or other precious stones concealed in his bicycle tires or inside the cheap cigars that he has purchased abroad learns with a great deal of interest that his agreeable companion, who says that he is a broker or something of the sort, also intends to devote his energies to defrauding Uncle Sam. Of course, this agreeable companion does not intend to do anything of the sort, but this is one of his many ruses for finding out how the wind blows on the other side of the fence.

He makes the acquaintance of everybody worth knowing during the trip, and he entertains the smoker as well as the social hall with the latest and best stories. When the ship reaches Sandy Hook he knows most of the other passengers better than any one else. He is the first man ashore, and in the examination of his luggage comes the funny part of the whole thing.

Having made his declaration in the main saloon coming up the bay the same as the rest of the passengers, subscribed to the paper and received a square white card with a blue penciled numeral drawn across its face, he presents this to the customs official on the dock, and an inspector, who little suspects who he is, dives into his trunks and hand valise. In the meantime, and while the passengers are swarming to the pier from the ship and hundreds of bedroom stewards are lugging ashore the great tangle of trunks and personal effects, the secret agent of the government has run within hailing distance of somebody who does know him.

They shake hands as warmly as if the whole thing was not made up, and they act as if they hadn't seen each other in twenty years. The newcomer is on the collector's or surveyor's staff, and he finds a neatly-folded piece of paper in his hand when the secret agent hastens off in search of his baggage. This paper is known from A to Z by its new owner within a few minutes, and the next to

interesting chapter is when the whole thing is over and the would-be smuggler is alone and asks himself:

"Now, how in the name of all that's reasonable, did they know I had that jewelry?"

Paradoxical as it may seem, an agent engaged in this kind of work must be well known, and at the same time not properly known. It is essential that he should have a wide acquaintance on both sides of the ocean, but the moment that his occupation becomes generally known his usefulness to the government ceases. Under such secrecy do these agents operate that even the navigators of the ships on which they travel do not know their calling. They pay full fare and take out tickets in the regular way, sometimes through main offices, but most frequently through a tourists' agency. Their pay varies, but the minimum is \$10 per day and all expenses paid. They stop at the best hotels while abroad, for they find the best results for their labors there.

In addition to these traveling agents the government has in the chief cities of Europe secret agents who keep track of all the big exporting houses and large jewelers. These men get \$5 per day and all expenses. Their business demands that they become thoroughly acquainted with the principal figures of all the large houses that have American customers. They are never seen in the company of the traveling agents, though they frequently meet. There are four of these agents in London, five in Paris, and three in Berlin. The land agent abroad gets the majority of his tips through the employees of the house where American purchases are made. That the reins may be drawn as tightly as possible on dishonest tourists, the government has a secret understanding to divide the value of seized goods where the information is furnished by a disinterested party. This rule is most profitable to both the government and the one giving the information.

There are certain houses abroad which sell diamonds, silks or other dutiable goods to American buyers and notify the treasury agents immediately. Thus it is that frequently the moment a tourist steps on board a ship on the other side with valuables that he may "forget" to declare on arrival here, the fact is cable to this side, and the boarding officers and inspectors pass him the compliments of the day on the pier.

It is perfectly legitimate for these European tradesmen to give this sort of information for a consideration, because a smuggler who makes a business of bringing goods surreptitiously into the country can afford to cut prices and sell at prices which the importer who pays duty cannot possibly meet with profit. This is well understood by the European merchants, who find it to their interest to uphold prices. The system does not apply to Europe alone. One large manufacturing house in Havana makes it a rule to notify the government agents when a tourist buys a large amount of cigars without taking out an invoice. There can be no escape from duties when an invoice is made.

The pay of these secret agents and the reward that goes to the informant come from the secret or contingent fund of the government, of which the public never learns. Every civilized country has a fund of this kind.

To draw the strings around the dishonest ones tighter there gather at the pier of every big steamer on arrival a staff of treasury officials, whose sole business it is to discover anything that may have escaped the observation of the agents abroad. Among these are several inspectresses, who can spy a bulging gown several cable lengths away.

Brown and Donohue, two of the most expert inspectors, have saved the government the value of their salaries ten times over within the past fifteen years. Their methods of operation are unique. When they see a passenger who appears to have a protuberance to starboard or port they brush up against him in the most accidental fashion, and apologize most profusely as they withdraw. But their hands have felt that suspicious-looking bulge, and while sometimes it is of the most ordinary character, not infrequently Brown tips Donohue, or the latter winks at Brown, and the new arrival is quietly invited to a private room at the head of the dock to be searched.

Deputy Surveyor Dowling is another great smuggler-catcher. They say of him that he can scent a hidden diamond or other dutiable stuff a block away.

BITTER CLASS WAR IN GERMANY.

[Paris Nouvelles:] For a long time past the religious hatred of the Kulturkampf has ceased in Germany. If the political conflicts between Conservatives and Liberals have never been very serious, which is doubtful, they are no longer much more than a memory. Nor is Socialism much more alarming. But the sharp, envenomed fight of the hour is between the agrarian and the industrial factions. It is a struggle for life.

Since the war of 1870, the industrial and commercial development of Germany has been prodigious, and, while the countries forming the empire were formerly chiefly agricultural, getting their resources from the cultivation of the soil, a complete and violent transformation has occurred within recent years. Immense manufacturing cities have sprung up, and at the present the population employed in factories, foundries and the like exceeds that of the classes who are engaged in agrarian work.

The battle that is on is not between two distinct grades of society, the rich and the poor, but between two distinct classes, the agricultural and the industrial, each comprising both rich and poor. The manufacturing classes are free traders, the agrarians protectionists. The former clamor for a powerful navy, which will spread afar the prestige of Germany, will make her products known, and will protect her commerce. The agrarians oppose, at every cost, an increase in the navy, which would add new force to their adversaries.

All the dissension is a great source of dismay for the Emperor William, who finds it difficult to preserve a proper peace between the opposing parties, for if the industrial classes have so vastly increased the riches of the empire, it is from the agricultural classes that are drawn the soldiers for his army.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

THE MAN WHO MAY BE ENGLAND'S NEW PRIME MINISTER.

From a Special Correspondent.

LONDON, May 15.—Premier Salisbury has become inexpressibly bored with his high office. He has had everything—he wanted in life except peace, and he yearns for that. He would like to potter about with the chemical apparatus in his big laboratory at Hatfield House, and would rather experiment with the liquefaction of hydrogen than control the destinies of Europe. The only question now is whether he can persuade himself to go on through the weary round until the next general election, which may come in a few weeks, or may be put off till next spring. It is thought not unlikely that he may retire the moment the end of the Boer war is in sight.

And who comes after him?

The question is of commercial and political importance to the United States, and would be highly interesting even if it were not important.

I have been asking the question of several members of Parliament, and, better yet, of press gallery veterans, and the answer almost invariably got around, after some twisting and turning, the Duke of Devonshire, not because he was any one's warm personal choice, but because there was no one else on the Conservative side who would make so little trouble in party politics or in national affairs. Even if Lord Salisbury remains in office till the next election, the answer remains the same, for unless the War Department involves the government in some new disaster, it is believed generally that the Conservatives will be kept in power, although with a smaller majority.

The Three Rivals.

Only three men in the present government are considered—Arthur Balfour, leader of the House of Commons and

berlain, and it is considered doubtful if, universally popular as he is, the finest plum in English politics would drop in his lap without Mr. Chamberlain's help in shaking the tree.

Gladstone Predicted It.

And thus it was that the predictions usually arrived, by one route or another, at the Duke of Devonshire, the man who was pointed out by Mr. Gladstone as the successor of Lord Salisbury.

If ever the genius of heavy, solemn common sense was personified it was by this plodding peer. And when it is announced that the Queen has asked him to form a Cabinet, the English people will unite in saying, "Well, perhaps he is not exactly brilliant, but he is safe—eminently safe. He will not get us into unlooked-for trouble with other nations. He may not have any too much tact, but he is slow to move, and in diplomacy that is the qualification next best to tact."

With all the prestige of his family's great wealth and high birth the Duke of Devonshire has had to make a tremendous effort to get anywhere in politics. He entered Parliament awkward, scared and shy, and sat tongue-tied for two sessions. It is said that no man ever remained at Westminster for thirty-five years and spoke so little. He is careless in his dress, and cannot speak without notes. When he first entered political life, in addition to his other defects, he stuttered, and had given up all hope of doing anything in Parliament until Mr. Bright met him out at an inn in Lancashire and read him a lecture on the things he ought to do for the sake of his name.

Copied After Demosthenes.

Then he went to work, overcame the impediment in his speech, plodded through Blue Books, and in part amended his somewhat icy bearing toward his fellow-statesmen. Hard "pegging away" did a good deal for him, his family tree did the rest. The party of Gladstone gave him its leadership in the House of Commons when it had no other personality sufficiently innocuous to suit all its warring factions. He was sneered at by Disraeli at 26 as a "young Whigling," at 33 he was a member of the Cabinet. He has been Secretary of State for War, Postmaster-General, Lord

out that the victory was Mr. Gladstone's, and the day was discharged by that statesman.

A Plain Man.

The Marquis became Duke of Devonshire on the death of his father, the seventh Duke, in 1891. He is now a plainness is the keynote of his life, and the most simply furnished chamber in each of his houses is his. To the quietness of life his phenomenal health is probably due. He never was a personally attractive man; his face is heavy, his frame lacks grace, and he has no taste in dress. One of his greatest characteristics is a faculty of arriving just after the hour set for the opening of Parliament, a Cabinet meeting, function or what not, and the courtesy of Chamberlain once raised a laugh by referring to him thus as the "late leader." His "get up" is usually that of a country squire.

In the House of Lords, he sits with his hat tilted over his eyebrows, his body buried in a long, dark-colored coat



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

with deep pockets, and one leg thrown over the other, revealing a stretch of drab stocking, invariably on the point of coming down. His hair and beard have grown white gray. Unlike Lord Salisbury, who never uses a note, the Duke, on rising, draws a roll of manuscript from an inside pocket, adjusts his eyeglasses, and, standing in a haughty attitude, drones out his speech. Many Parliamentarians make an effective use of the pocket handkerchief; the Duke of Devonshire grips his tightly under his hands. His use of oratory, the coining of happy phrases, are beyond us, and what meager success he has had in speechmaking has come from his common sense and candor.

Wonderful Speeches.

There is a story of an attempt made by the Duke, ten or more years ago, to open a country exhibition in his county. He made a poor figure on the rostrum to begin with, tried to speak extempore, and nearly went to pieces. Down in the front seats was an old lady, with more good nature than tact or knowledge of custom, and when the speaker stopped, trying to think of a word, gaped and looked confused, she promptly suggested one. The Duke ignored the word offered him, chose another and went on, but came to grief again in a moment or two, when the lady again prompted him. He cast a furtive glance at her, found his word, not the one suggested, and plunged on. And so through the whole of his address the Duke's creature kept throwing herself into the oratorical fray. The Duke kept ignoring her, became more confused, nervous and hawed worse than ever, and finally ended in a perspiration and beat a retreat. But, even when he is cool, his early speeches were anything but inspiring; nothing but a national emergency could put a spark of fire into them, and today they are conducive to slumber.

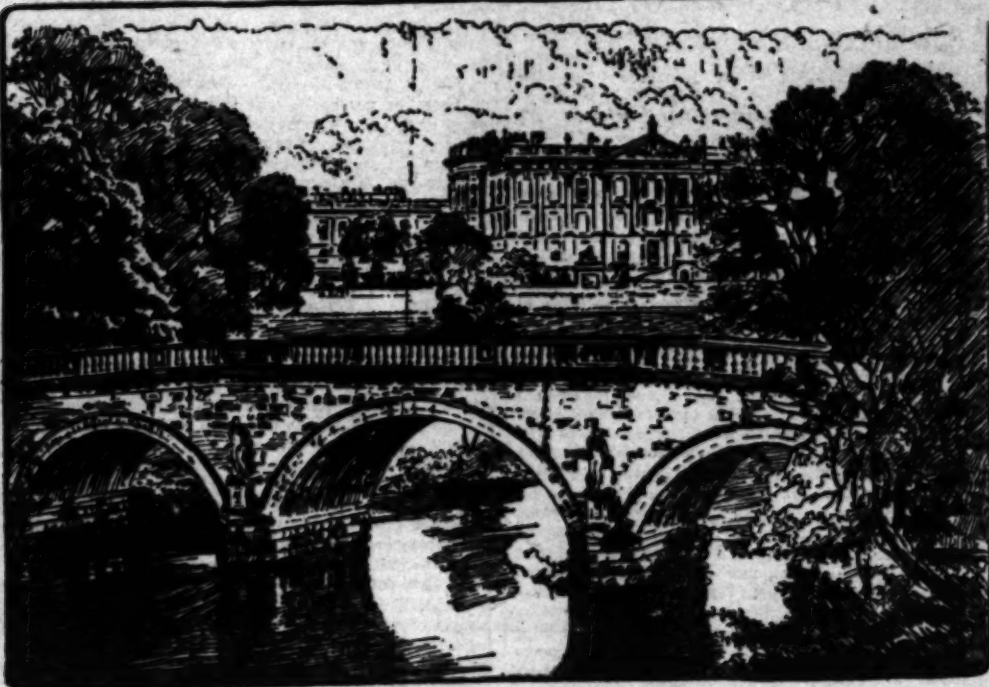
Another story is told of him that, as he was taking a great lady to dinner one night after he had made a heavy speech in the House of Lords, she reproached him with the report that he had been observed to yawn sometimes in the course of his address. She asked him how could have permitted himself to be so bored.

"Ah, my dear friend," said the Duke, "you didn't hear the speech."

Any one might yield to drowsiness, however, when the Duke was speaking, without much fear of offending a nobleman, for he himself has not the slightest compunction about seeking repose during the harangues of his colleagues. He appears to be asleep half the time while in the House of Lords, leaning far back, open-mouthed, and placidly and without shame in the faces of his peers, the nobly-born women in the gallery. Blue Books are his favorite literature, but he does not affect contemporary newspapers, like Mr. Balfour. Novels he never reads, his visits to Parliament he usually is accompanied by a collie dog, of which he takes much more notice than of acquaintances. The brute used to follow him down Downing street, and the Duke actually took it with him when he was called to Balmoral for an audience with Majesty.

The Duke's Romance.

In 1893 the Duke married a woman who was about thirty—the widow of the Duke of Manchester. The marriage was of the most private nature, as the Duke's son, the late Duke of Manchester, died in the same year. The bride and her husband had been firm friends for thirty years, and it was even said that they had been engaged before the marriage to Manchester, but this was denied with positiveness. Her first union had been romantic. The Duke of Manchester, traveling in the south of France, saw her in an opera box in Nice, fell in love with her, and was introduced, and at once began a courtship. She was then Louise Frederike, daughter of Count Von D'Alten of Hanover. The Duke



ONE OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S SEVEN HOMES.
Chatsworth, the most beautiful country seat in England.

nephew of the Premier; Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the Duke of Devonshire, who sits in the Cabinet as Lord President of Council.

The gushful Mr. Chamberlain from Birmingham is the man who controls more of the situation than any one else. He is the best politician in the party. When his enemies want to say something cutting about him they remark that he is too shrewd a politician to be a statesman. He is audacious and powerful. He has ideas and the ability to execute them. If Lord Roberts had not gone to Africa and turned the tide of war the country might have needed Mr. Chamberlain's business faculties so much that he would have been called to the Premier's chair despite the fact that the government puts up with him because it has to, and not because it loves him overwell.

But Mr. Chamberlain's opportunity seems to have gone by, and it is observed that the next best thing for him to do will be for him to throw his strength to the Duke of Devonshire, who would not be likely to last in office as long as Mr. Balfour would. You see, Mr. Chamberlain, who looks as if he were 40, is nearly 65, and if he is going to fulfill his crowning ambition he will not want to find in the Premier's chair a man who would be likely to stay there the full term of five or six years. Besides, if the Duke of Devonshire were in office, Mr. Chamberlain could be a power behind the throne. Yet Mr. Chamberlain once referred to the Duke as "the Rip Van Winkle of politics."

Arthur James Balfour is the logical successor to his uncle. But Mr. Balfour doesn't care much about anything in particular—except golf and metaphysics. He wouldn't be likely to take the trouble to make a deal with Mr. Cham-

berlain, and his administration of all these posts may best be described as "conscientious."

There was an unfortunate American incident at the beginning of his career. The Duke, as a young man, then called the Marquis of Hartington, was on a visit to the United States while the civil war was on, and at a ball in the Capital City wore a Confederate badge, and still displayed it when, at his own request, he was presented to President Lincoln. In the course of their interview, with characteristic tact, Mr. Lincoln persistently addressed the Duke as "Mr. Hartington," because such an act committed by an English nobleman, as such, would have amounted to an insult. James Russell Lowell flayed the Duke for his boorishness in a newspaper article, but it has been urged in extenuation that the badge had been given to the Englishman by a woman, and that he had no idea of its significance.

The Marquis was made Secretary of State for War after the death of Palmerston, at a time when Mr. Chamberlain was known only as a pushful young screw manufacturer in Birmingham, when Sir William Harcourt had not left the bar, and when Lord Roseberry and Mr. Balfour were still in their tutors' hands. Years after, when he left the Liberal party with Joseph Chamberlain in opposition to home rule, a great change came over the Duke. He entered into the campaign with enthusiasm that was new in him; there was fire in his speeches for the first time. He cultivated his peers, and became attainable to newspaper men. After the cause was won, however, he did not leave the Liberal benches until he became entirely ready, to the intense disgust of his former colleagues. He and Mr. Gladstone, however, used to shake hands whenever they met in Parliament. When Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry was finally overthrown, the Queen sent for the Marquis of Hartington and requested him to form a ministry, but the Marquis pointed

with Manchester was most happy, and the Duchess was not at all at his death, only consenting to marry her son when her son joined his voice to her lover's in love of the match.

She is most devoted to the Duke, goes with him to all the functions that require his presence, and has an attentive way of taking her distinguished husband under her wing. They are today, perhaps, the most devoted pair in London society. She is celebrated for the beauty of her person, and London society women have not yet finished using over the diamond tiara worn by her at the Princess's wedding. The Duchess was credited with having a big interest and an occasional hand in politics during Manchester's life, and this propensity is believed to exist now. If this is true, the Duchess of Devonshire is not a lost woman bearing that title to be thus inclined, for England, Duchess of Devonshire, was an indefatigable laborer for her political friends, made Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, one of the chief meeting places of the Whigs, and remained personally for Fox, and it is a tradition that no statesman owed no slight part of his triumphant return to the charms of his feminine supporter.

The Duke's Seven Famous Homes.

The Duke's homes number seven—old Devonshire House, with all sorts of romantic tales clinging around it; Chatsworth House, the most beautiful country seat in England, dated yearly by 24,000 persons, who go to inspect the grounds, the statuary, and picture galleries; Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire; Holker Hall, Westmoreland; Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire; Compton Place, Eastbourne, and Lismore



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

With whom the Duke is said to have been in love for thirty years before he got the chance to marry her.

Cats, Waterford; his acres numbering in all 185,000. Devonshire House, gloomy and repellent without and sumptuous within, has sheltered royalty more times than once. Princess Anne lived there, in 1695, after her misadventure with her royal brother, William III. That disastrous dinner burned down, and the great statue of William, which cost \$16,000, fell, the Prince of Wales and Lord Albemarle, with all the men of fashion from the whole house, were there watching the blaze.

It was of the fourth Duke that Dr. Johnson remarked, "He was a man of such veracity that if he had promised me an acre, and more had grown in his forest that season, he would have sent to Denmark for one," and the description has been applied to the present Duke.

CURTIS BROWN.

ENORMOUS FOREIGN POPULATION IN SWITZERLAND.

[Paris Nouvelle:] The Federal government of Switzerland is much perplexed these days by the problem caused by the enormous proportion of foreign residents in some of the cantons or counties. In certain localities the foreign population exceeds the native.

The Bureau of Statistics of Geneva, which has just completed its census of the canton, reports that the city has a total population of 100,761, of which 32,079 were born in the city, 40,032 are natives of other parts of the country, and 28,650 are foreigners.

One might be disposed to think that the population of the outlying rural districts would counterbalance this enormous disproportion. The contrary is just the case, however. The census shows that in the entire canton the native number 43,904; citizens originally coming from other parts of Switzerland, 33,138; while the foreign inhabitants amount to 50,128.

The same disproportion between Swiss and foreigners does not exist, of course, throughout all the cantons, but everywhere throughout Switzerland there is a huge foreign population, and it seems to be increasing steadily.

DOUBTFUL.

[Washington Star:] "These Boers are an agricultural people," said the man who wears knickerbockers and smokes a short pipe.

"Yes," answered Mr. Cornet. "I don't pretend to know much about international politics, but I must say I have seen a few of them about the farm, and they are farmers' allies."

A CONFESSION.

BY HENRY DE FORGE.

(Translated from the French by Frances G. N. Van Slyck.)

"MY FATHER, bless me for I have sinned."

In the gloomy confessional of the church, deserted and silent, a church far from the outskirts, the old Pierre knelt. He had come all the long distance tottering with age, his best form shaking with fever.

For a moment the priest observed the grave and sad face, crowned with white hair, that bowed before him. The cheeks had a singular pallor which seemed wan in the shadow. This man was not one of his ordinary penitents, he had never before seen this visage furrowed with wrinkles, by dint of tears.

"Speak, my son," he said gently.

A voice murmured low and halting.

"I have been a servant for more than fifty years. I have seen the grandparents of my masters die and their little children born. I have always been honest and good, my father. He whom I served was Ferdinand Laroche, the celebrated explorer, whose name the whole world knows."

"Yes," said the priest. "I know; it is the brave man who traversed the wilds of Africa and was killed in one of his most perilous missions. He accomplished a magnificent work for science and civilization."

The old man continued:

"His statue adorns one of the public squares of Paris, and his name is written in letters of gold upon the house where he was born."

Interested at the name of Ferdinand Laroche, which he had without doubt known, the priest replied:

"A magnificent figure, was he not? who has left to his children a memory without blemish. The world has rendered him justice, and his inconsolable widow may rightly be proud of him. Happy are they who inherit such a name, for they are all blessed of God."

"He was a good master," said the old man. "I loved him for the sake of his father, who inherited me. I loved him for himself. I loved him for his children, whom I have helped to rear."

"As you have said he became illustrious through his travels. He made great discoveries which I but half comprehend, for I am only a peasant. But I know that they were wonderful. I saw him one day receive a decoration before an enthusiastic crowd. Mme. Laroche wept with joy, and I—I wept to see her weep."

"They had little children beautiful as angels of the good God, and they adored their father. When it became known that he had died in far-away Africa, his wife took forever the mourning veil, and she taught his sons to pronounce the name of their father only with veneration."

"He was brave, you see; and I do not know that he had a fault, except, perhaps, a certain violence of temper which at times frightened me. But that same violence perhaps enabled him to accomplish those remarkable feats which have astonished the whole world. But he loved me and listened to me respectfully, for I was old."

"Six years passed after his death, years filled with sorrow for his wife and children."

"You see, Pierre," Mme. Laroche often said to me, "I am happy in my grief, for I am proud of him who is no more, and I have the great joy of teaching my children to honor his name." And, indeed, God had intended her to be happy, for He had given her a beautiful smile. One would have said that her husband was always with her.

"Now, one day when we were at their chateau in the country, where for so long a time the explorer had lived and where there were so many things that reminded her of him, a terrible thing happened, my father, and it is because of it that I am here."

The voice of the old man trembled.

"Mme. Laroche had just gone out that evening with the children to a family dinner at a neighboring chateau. The servants had been given leave of absence, and I was left alone to take care of the house. The night was soft and clear, one of those beautiful summer nights, full of stars."

"I had entered the large salon. I loved that room because it was filled with portraits of my old master and with many things that were associated with him. It was a kind of sanctuary where I was happy in dwelling upon all the things which recalled him to me."

"Suddenly I seemed to hear steps in the garden. I opened the window and saw the figure of a man stealing along in the shadow of the trees. Some vagabond, I thought."

"I took a gun, as a precaution. Thus armed, I went out upon the lawn; a man was there, who had stopped and was regarding me."

"He had the appearance of one of those beggars whom one encounters sometimes along the road. He seemed old and wore a long beard, almost gray. But I could not well distinguish his features."

"What do you want?" I cried harshly.

"Is it you, Pierre?" replied a voice.

"I was struck with astonishment. I knew that voice; this was strange."

"Who are you?" I said more gently.

"And in a low whisper the man replied, 'Ferdinand Laroche.'"

"What a shudder passed through me at that name! An apparition was before my eyes. My poor master, well loved, whom I had for so long a time mourned as dead. By what miracle, and in what a condition, great God!

"I was about to throw myself at his feet, when suddenly the moon shone full upon his face and I recoiled."

"Yes, this was indeed Ferdinand Laroche, but it was not my old master. There was something evil in his look that made me fear."

"It is believed that I am dead?" he demanded in a hoarse voice.

"Overwhelmed, I could not reply."

"There is no one in the house," he continued. "I have

been told that all are away. That is what I wish. I come to carry away my silver."

"Silver? Silver?" I stammered.

"Well, why not? It is mine, I think. It came through me, did it not?"

"Yes, true. But how was it that he was there now to claim it?"

"You are astonished to see me," he said with an evil laugh. "I was not killed, as you heard. I set the rumor about myself (that I might live in peace where I was)."

"But—all that has been said of you—your expedition, your glory—"

"My glory! Yes, it seems that I have had some. I discovered that on returning from Africa. Poor fool! I was living at the other end of the world, rich, joyous, mad. I had forgotten everything here."

"Forgotten everything?" I cried, clasping my hands.

"Yes, everything. What would you have? I had become crazed by the wild freedom and I was so far from Europe that I thought I would be forgotten in my turn."

"You have not been forgotten."

"Ferdinand Laroche did not blanch. All feeling, all emotion seemed to have forsaken him. He frightened me truly that night in the wan moonlight."

"And then?" I demanded.

"Then! Hard times came, ruin, poverty, solitude. I needed money in order to live. Then I plundered caravans. I became the chief of a band of robbers. I was seized and imprisoned. But now, behold me. I wish my silver. I am going to live in Paris. I shall not be sorry to hear what is said of me, to see my statue, for it seems I have one."

"He had taken some steps as if to enter the house. He had the look of a fallow deer."

"That wrong my heart. Was this, then, the man of whom his country was so proud? Whose name a woman and children spoke only with reverence?"

"He had not even pronounced theirs."

"A frightful thought struck me. What would happen if his wife should return, if she should suddenly find herself in his presence, if she should learn the truth, she who believed that he slept far away on the field of honor in distant Africa. What shame!

"I thought of the children, who would curse him henceforth in place of worshipping him. I thought of the horrible shame that would follow their great happiness."

"I was dazed. Ferdinand Laroche was ever before me in the act of entering the house."

"My gun was ready. I fired."

"I threw the body into the river during the night and no one ever knew what had happened."

"Mme. Laroche has remained happy; the name remains without spot."

The old servant bowed lower his head.

The priest remained silent a moment, as if he were praying, then slowly he extended his hands over the white head in blessing and pardon.

JAPAN'S ROYAL WEDDING.

GREAT PREPARATIONS MADE FOR THE MARRIAGE OF THE LITTLE CROWN PRINCE.

[New York Tribune:] In order to make the ceremony as imposing as possible and unlike any other, the Emperor of Japan appointed a commission with the Marquis Ito as the head to perfect a programme for the celebration of the Crown Prince's wedding, which took place on Thursday. A wedding in Japan is always a ceremonious function, but in this instance the show was unusually great, and eclipsed all previous celebrations of a similar kind.

The Crown Prince was born a younger son, on August 31, 1879. By the death of his two older brothers he succeeded to the title of Crown Prince, and was proclaimed successor to the Imperial crown in 1889, when he was decorated with the Grand Order of Merit, and received a commission as colonel in the Imperial Royal Guards.

The Emperor was married when he was 15 years old, and the Crown Prince would probably have followed his example if he had not been in delicate health. Like his brothers who died, he has consumption, and his physicians have made alarming reports as to his condition. He is not the son of the Empress of Japan except by adoption. The Emperor has twelve secondary wives, who come from the noblest families in Japan, and are provided so that, according to the Japanese custom, "the Emperor may not be without an heir." The young Prince is the son of Mme. Yanagihara, one of these court women, the Empress not having had a son herself.

The Princess Sada Kujio, the fifteen-year-old bride, is the Crown Prince's cousin, and comes from one of the oldest families in the empire. Her genealogical tree dates back to A.D. 650, but her young husband's family records are 1300 years older. A writer on the subject said: "If any unpleasantness happens in the family, he can taunt her with not knowing her grandfathers further back than 1350 years. His ancestry, according to Japanese history, begins with Jimmu Tenno, who ruled Japan 660 B.C."

A marriage in the old Japanese style always takes place in the home of the bridegroom's parents, except in instances where the man assumes the name of his wife, when the ceremony is performed at the bride's home. No ring is used, and no promises are made by the pair as to fidelity, obedience, etc. The main feature of the ceremony proper consists of drinking a number of cups of Japanese wine, or sake, together in certain ways. The bride is always served first during the marriage ceremony, but never again. After marriage the husband is always served first. At the beginning of the ceremonies the bride is dressed in white, but this is changed later for a dress which she receives from the bridegroom's parents. The young husband also changes his garb when the ceremony has been performed, and puts on new garments, which are the gift of the bride's parents.

A WISE ABSTAINER.

[Indianapolis Journal:] "Your daughter didn't attend the cooking school?"

"No; she said if she didn't learn to cook she wouldn't ever have to do it."

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

By a Special Contributor.

MAJ. HILLIARD sat in the chimney corner puffing big clouds from his after-dinner cigar. Morris, his son and heir, who had come in late to the noon meal, was just filling himself a second glass of wine. The major chuckled inwardly, but pretended to frown as he said:

"Young man, I've been hearing things! Things that do not particularly please me."

"About me?" Morris asked. "That is a pity. Such a model son as I am known to be. What's the murder, governor?"

"No very great matter," the major said, with an indulgent laugh. "Still—I wish it hadn't happened. I'm not a bit straitlaced; you'll bear witness I have tried to raise you a man, not a milkop—with, I may say, fair success. A man must have—his amusements. I have no thought of interfering with yours. All I ask is that they shall be in good taste."

"You surely don't accuse me of wasting any time on ugly women, sir?" Morris said, lightly, though his breath came a little quicker. The major laughed again—there was even a twinkle in his eye as he said:

"No, sir! That is so little a Hilliard trait I should certainly disown a son who showed it. Your river bend flame, Miss Swan Hinton, would do credit to a man of twice your experience. Don't think I mean to lecture you about her, neither about your going with her to river bend parties, or chumming with her worthless father, old Nat. He is an entertaining old vagrant—and how he can flash! Besides, he is a sort of king among the poor whites. You must get to know them—you must, indeed, know all sorts and conditions of the people you may one day aspire to represent. The proper study of a politician is man—he had better be careful, though, how he mixes it with a study of woman. He cannot, of course, leave the ruling sex wholly out of it—the thing is to study that sex at just the proper angle."

"Thank you for nothing, governor. You've been setting me the example that is so much better than precept, ever since I was in short frocks," Morris said, gulping his wine. Then he walked to the fireplace and began kicking the hickory logs which smoldered and sputtered there, though the windows were wide open, and the world outside, warm and sunlit with the warmth of late May. Maj. Hilliard, who loved his land, and his son, with almost equal passion, let his eye range the broad acres of his estate, then brought them back to Morris and said in a voice of pity:

"On my soul, I'm sorry for those Hinton girls. Handsome enough for duchesses, every one, and then their gift! They truly have much in their souls, yet they would be better off without it."

"I don't know—they love it so. I believe they love, too, the distinction it gives them," Morris said, looking carefully away from his father. "They are proud of being the only woman hand ever seen hereabouts. Then when they play, at the balls and barbecues and fairs, of course they are brought in contact with—with better people than their own sort."

"There's the rub—and the pity of it," Maj. Hilliard said, thoughtfully. "This contact with the better sort will make their own sort distasteful to them. They are big, splendid animals, as soft-hearted as they are underbred, as innocent as they are ignorant. I wonder, indeed, that they can be old Nat's daughters—he is certainly a tough citizen. It must be they take after the mother, who is of decent farming stock. If only her girls were kept quietly at home, it is likely they would marry farmers themselves, and be happy ever after. But hawked about as they are, they learn to flout the decent youngsters who would make them such excellent husbands; even that, however, is not the worst. They will end by loving where love may mean ruin."

"Old Nat will not listen to any talk of marriage," Morris said, still looking away. "You know he lives easy, since the girls bring in so much money."

"I fancy whoever married one of them would marry the whole family," Maj. Hilliard said. "And that brings me to my grievance. Of course, it is ridiculous—I dare say you thought it was only a piece of innocent vaunting on the girl's part, but you should have checked her. Dick Delfy tells me, at the last party you stood quiet when Dick Delfy called herself Mrs. Morris Hilliard. For ourselves it does not matter—but I have a feeling about it. You ought to have remembered that that was your mother's name."

The major was dark, with square jaws, black beelling brows, a firm chin, a thin-lipped, almost cruel mouth. His son was fair and blue-eyed, with a pure Greek profile. He had indeed the face of the mother, who had died when he was born. But some subtle inner stirring brought up against the race likeness, indefinable, yet beyond mistake. It was a Hilliard of Hilliards who answered, slightly dropping his head as he spoke:

"I didn't forget, sir! Swan spoke—the truth!"

"The truth!" Maj. Hilliard reeled as from a blow, gasping his eyes with his hands. Morris's face had reaffirmed his words. After a long minute the father held out his hand, saying steadily:

"At least you show yourself my son. You had the courage not to lie to me. You knew I would believe you against the whole world—even against myself."

"That was why I couldn't do it," Morris said. Maj. Hilliard reeled again, but Morris did not offer to steady him. The two were comrades, much more like close-knit brothers than father and son. The major's very life was bound up in his boy, whom almost from the cradle he had treated as a man, and an equal. He had aimed to teach him beyond everything, what it meant to have been born a gentleman and a Hilliard, the last of a line of apostles gentlemen. He had no more dreamed that Morris could marry beneath himself than that the sun could drop out of the sky.

"You must—love—this—girl—very deeply," he said at

last, with his eyes on the smoldering fire. Morris set his teeth hard.

"Yes, I love her," he said, very slowly. "And away from her I hate her almost as much. I know all you can say—that she is ignorant, vain, vacuous, that she knows nothing of the reserves, and refinements, which should belong to the woman who shall take my mother's place. What is the good of talking, though—I am a man. She is the most beautiful woman in the world. And she loves me. Yes, she does—loves me madly. I might have made her—anything I chose. You have brought me up to know that a seducer was worse than a mad dog, and so I married her. It seemed to me I must disgrace either your name, or your training—and I let the name go."

"You did not think of me?" the major said, very low. Morris covered his eyes and groaned.

"Over and over and over," he said; "but look back, governor, remember what it is to be so. Fancy yourself loved; and loving; fancy, too, leaving the woman you loved, in the recklessness of heartbreak, to throw herself into the bottomless pit. Swan is loud and gay, and free, but she is good. I kept my head until—well, until it happened that I kissed her. Then—well, nothing mattered beside keeping her always and only mine."

Maj. Hilliard's hands clinched hard upon the arms of his chair.

"Tell me what you mean to do?" he said lifelessly. Morris smiled a dreary smile.

"I have not made a plan, governor," he said; "but be certain of this—I shall not bring Swan here. My mother's memory forbids. Wherever Swan may go, there the tribe of Hinton will go likewise. Perhaps the best thing I can do is to ask you for money enough to take the tribe and vanish."

"By heavens! you shall not! I will not be left desolate! You shall not throw away your life, your future, in this fashion!" the major roared, springing to his feet. "Morris! Morris! Why did you keep all this dark? You are under enchantment; clean out your mind! I say nothing against this poor girl—but tell me, has the marriage been made public?"

Morris shook his head. "Old Nat suspects—but nobody knows, except the minister," he said. "The people at the party thought Swan was only fooling—as she was when she called herself Mrs. Ben Isham. Ben is mad about her—but she will hardly look at him now."

"You are sure of that?" Maj. Hilliard asked. Morris smiled, half angrily, half confidently.

"Swan would break her saddle over his head if he even looked at her," he said. "But tell me, governor, do you mean to—disown me? You would be justified in doing it."

"God knows—perhaps—I do not," Maj. Hilliard said. "But promise me, my son, to keep quiet, for three days longer."

The shiftlessness of all the river bend settlement reached its flowering in the Hinton house. It was a tumble-down log structure, just on the edge of the water. There was a low rail fence about it. Where the gate should have been the rails were stretched apart. "Po' whites, they bound ter stick ter po' white ways," old Nat Hinton said to Maj. Hilliard, as that gentleman walked through the gap, upon the morning after Morris's confession.

Old Nat leaned against the jamb of the big room door, hitching up the single-string gallus that supported his gatchered trousers. He was careless, and had one shoe half off. A stubby black pipe sent up a mighty reek from one corner of his mouth. He had small, shrewd, far-sighted eyes. All the lower half of his face was shrouded in a fleece of beard that reached nearly to his waist.

"Yes, po' white ways," old Nat repeated. "Them thar fine gals o' mine, now, major, if they was young, you'd ruther see 'em dead 'an earnin' good money, just a ticklin' siddle an' bango straws. But, they likes it, an' I likes hit. Tell yer, 'twould take er heap er money, ef any feller wanted ter buy us outen business now."

"How much?" Maj. Hilliard asked. He had caught old Nat's drift, and felt intuitively that old Nat sensed his own errand.

"Well"—old Nat's tone was reflective—"Lemme see! I would take er big pile—yes, sir—red or big one. His wuth-better's \$500 a year ter me, my own self, not countin' what them air children wastes on thar mammy, an' fine things for thar own selves."

"I will give you \$500 in hand and \$500 a year, for life, if you'll take them all, go away—and never come back," Maj. Hilliard said. Old Nat laughed approvingly.

"That does sound lib'ral!" he said. "But it ain't! Oh, no, it ain't, no a-tall! Why it ain't half the wuth o' the dower right in Wake Forest plantation—not sayin' nothin' about all the money—an' siggins."

"My wife is the only person who could claim dower in Wake Forest," Maj. Hilliard said slowly. "And, certainly, I shall never marry again. My son, although my natural heir, has—nothing but what I choose to give him. It might happen that I would choose to give him—nothing—not even enough to keep him from starvation."

"But—but you won't never, never do that! Oh, major, please say you won't never do that!" a small, young-looking girl from behind old Nat. Old Nat stopped, looking at her. "You better go on in, and talk your talk out," he said. "You ain't no seed ter heat about the talk. I knowed as well as I seen you comin' what I had suspicioned was the talk—no, yer boy is my son-in-law, and you don't flirt. Well, now, what air ye goin' ter do about it?"

"All a man can do to save his only son," Maj. Hilliard said, stepping within the dingy room, which was old Nat Hinton's surprising beauty could not but have been a masterpiece. Swan was slender as a reed, but had a figure of exquisite curves. Her skin, under the dashes of sunburn, was of a fine creamy peltor. Lips intensely scarlet, curving to a true Cupid's bow, crowned the paler, as old her dark, appealing eyes, and her crown of thick black hair. Her race, the possum-poor white, is a sort of human century plant. Once, perhaps, in each hundred years mysteriously it flowers into absolutely perfect beauty.

She stood slightly swaying and humming an old Spanish guitar. Maj. Hilliard looked at her with a heart full of compassion. The appeal of her beauty fully subdued his son, and took away any lingering trace of hardness toward her, put in an exultant gleam in the

eyes determined on success. In all his life before he had never willfully hurt a woman. Now that needs must be hurt one, he meant to do his best to save the worst.

"Swan—you love my son?" he asked, looking her full in the eye.

"I reckon so," Swan said, stumbling with the shock at her throat.

"That is why you don't want him to be poor?" the major asked. Swan nodded, gulped, then said slowly: "The—this—ain't fitten for that. He ain't no mo' mine's a man fitten to be a male. 'Tain't mine, bein' po'. I know about that—"

"No! It is not nice—you don't want to be poor of my life?" the major interrupted. Swan swallowed hard. Suddenly she flung up her head, to whole face utterly hardened.

"No! I don't want to be po' always," she said; "but I mean far be, neither. If I can't have Morris and money—"

"You'll take the money," Maj. Hilliard suggested, as she choked and grew silent; "that is very wise. I am indeed, to find you so sensible."

"I ain't sensible—I am drove ter death," Swan said, shaking her face in her hands. For a minute giddy she shook her whole frame. All at once she dashed the tears from her eyes, dropped her hands, and asked, looking at Maj. Hilliard narrowly as she spoke: "Did Morris see you? Er did you come on y^r own account?"

"That has nothing to do with the case," Maj. Hilliard said, diplomatically.

"See here! I want figures. Sentiment's good, but dollars an' cents," old Nat growled from the door. "Lars an' cents in er lump—or big lump at that," he went on. "You may come yer self awder over that thar deal an' see you don't come it over me."

Maj. Hilliard looked at Swan as though old Nat had spoken. "I will settle \$50,000 on you, if you leave the girl and never come back to it," he said; "and give you half as much tomorrow—upon the same condition."

"That ain't much for er high-toned gentleman—when er plain likely nigger's wuth \$500," old Nat began. He stopped him with a violent cuff, and rushed away in a passion of tears.

The house at Wake Forest stood quite three miles from the Tennessee River, yet the plantation ran down to the stream, and Maj. Hilliard had his own landing. In the third year of the civil war, a village of white tents and it stretched far back from the water's edge. There was another smaller village of them up around the house. The fences were all swept away. Horses, fully accoutred, and camping and dancing all about the lawns. Men clanked up and down the broad veranda steps, some with mud clanking after them, more in undress uniform, and a few in the garb of civilians.

Not one of the original inhabitants remained. Maj. Hilliard and Morris were both in the Confederate army. The hundreds of slaves had been sent farther South as soon as the fall of Fort Henry gave the whole river region to Federal control. Now the fortunes of war had made Wake Forest the camping ground and base of operations for considerable Federal columns. Its aim and object was to secure jealously guarded, since it was known that Federal flying horses, the most dreaded among all the enemies, almost in full strength not so many miles away.

Gen. Bruton, the ranking Federal officer, wisely made his headquarters upon the river bank, within range of the boats. But his chief lieutenant, Col. Flowtow, who was really the working soul of the column, had quartered himself in the plantation house, and from it directed everything that went on. He was not a military systematic, made himself very comfortable there, drinking the good wines in the cellar and smoking the best cigars in the major's own special locker. The camps were both full of black vagrants—contrabands in the phrase of that day. Bruton gave them rations, and listened sympathetically to their stories. He had so many of them for servants, that they were in each other's way. Flowtow hated the whole and several. Brought up a lieutenant in the Confederate army, he had resigned, come to America, engaged in business, dropped it at the call to arms, and gone into fighting almost purely from love of fighting.

"They cumber us—these blacks!" he said often. "The ruin discipline, too. Then how shall you keep army when they go in and out like the air?" But now Flowtow had taken one into his service. It had happened in the wise: Three days earlier he had been reconnoitering, his detachment was charged upon by a single mounted rider at full speed, and crouching low over the neck of his horse. The reason was plain. Behind came half a dozen men in gray, also mounted, spurring as for life and death as they rode. It seemed a miracle that some bullet did not touch the fugitive. The Federal cavalry parted to him, as soon as they saw his face. He was a white man, evidently a camp servant making a dash for freedom since he wore over his blue trousers a cast-off gray coat.

"What me, please! Don't send me back," he said, straight up to the colonel. Flowtow eyed him a moment, then asked gruffly: "Why did you run away?"

He answered the question with a gasp and a look of despair. "I was marked all over with cruel crimes with 'nobody ever dared to touch me here,'" he said; "I was hanged—hanged—and I don't belong to the man that sent me here. I was in the army?" Flowtow asked him.

"The negro looked full in his eyes and said: 'I want to take care of my master's son. He—he—said I wanted to go and they—they—made me stay.'"

"Who is your master?" Flowtow asked.

"Maj. Hilliard—that is, he used to be major. He—now under old Mister Forman. If he had been there, he wouldn't a-dared to touch me," the negro said.

"How come I to know all this country so well. I was free at Wake Forest?"

"No!" The explanation was one of pleasure. "I may be worth keeping—if you will be a time giving me a job, giving me the tip, then brutally: 'This man is your father, the tip.'"

"I hear 'em say so," the negro said, looking at Flowtow.

"I hear 'em say so," the negro said, looking at Flowtow.

"Will you here beside me a little. If you serve me well you shall have money and freedom. If," with a stern look, "you try to trap me—then I will cut you, alive, into little bits."

"I don't want money, only to be free, and to learn reading and writing," the negro said. "As to trapping you—no nigger can do that. You are too smart for even our white boys."

Yellow Ned came to be free of Flowtow's quarters, following the colonel like a dog wherever he went, crouching just behind the hearth while Flowtow wrote or talked, and for any service, but seemingly heedless of all he said. He had found an old notebook and stub of pencil in the entry at the door had set him copies of letters and poems. These he reproduced in a thousand unheard-of combinations. The sentries, as they changed, were much amused by his efforts, and said one to another, yellow Ned was a crazy—you simply could not teach him that two and two make four, or that a was not a.

It was mid-May, four years from the month when Col. Forrest had sent the Hinton's away. Old Nat had come back very soon after the Federal victory. He claimed, indeed, to have a mysterious connection with those in authority, and swaggered among the other fisher folk as to the measure he meant to take on the slave-holding aristocrats, who had formerly so oppressed him. A year of riotous living had wasted the Hilliard money. Lucie and Prude now had to go their own way, but Swan came with her father because her mother came perforce.

With the wreck and remnant of their sudden wealth, old Nat had chartered a trading boat, a miserable scow-like craft, which was towed up or down stream as occasion demanded. Ostensibly it was a sutler's boat. In reality it engaged in all manner of contraband trading. A cotton cargo, on safe under-batches, meant more profit than many a safe in camp. Old Nat had planned to smuggle such a cargo aboard, before the Lucy tied up at Wake Forest landing. He had slipped outside the lines, spying where he was to hide, leaving his wife and Swan in charge of the boat.

Little villages gossip even more than ordinary villages. Anything at headquarters is soon the common property of the camp. Thus Swan came to know very soon all the particulars of yellow Ned's arrival. She pondered upon what she had heard a day, then just at sunset, startled her mother by saying, "I'm going over to the outpost. Funny I never thought of it before—but there is my chance to see inside of Wake Forest."

There was no protest. Mrs. Hinton never wasted breath trying to turn Swan from her purposes. But something, she knew not what, made her kiss her daughter—once only, fearfully, once, as she felt Swan tremble at her feet, out of the fullness of her mother heart.

"With I could take you, too, but that would spoil everything," Swan said, patting her cheek, and almost running away. She had rummaged out her old fiddle, and put on a short frock, much frilled and spangled, which she had worn in the days of the band. It was black, and came low to the neck, as she threw over her shoulders a blue artilleryman's cape, disposing one end so the scarlet lining would show. At the very last she turned back and thrust something deep into her bosom, saying, with a lady smile, "You never know what may come in handy when you go to a 'possum hunt this time of the year."

As she picked her way through the company streets she was hailed from every hand—cries of admiration, invitations to supper, banquets for a tune, just one—but she stopped for none of them. Words she flung back in plenty; her tongue had gained in license, in piquancy, and point. A young officer, riotously full of beer, ran out and tried to kiss her in the face of all, but was rapped smartly over the nose with the fiddle bow, and ran back howling with pain.

As she came to the outpost the pickets made a feint of halting her. She stuck the fiddle under her chin, played two discordant bars, and said: "Let me through—or you'll hear worse than that." All the camp knew her—she had gained the freedom of more than one army corps. She was not in sickness or trouble, a good comrade in health, none—every man of them would have staked his life on her, and straight, for all her freedom, both of speech and action. So she won easily to Col. Flowtow's door. She would have passed the sentry there, as she had passed the others, but that Flowtow himself was just coming out, with yellow Ned, as usual, at his heels.

"What do you do here?" he said, roughly, catching her arm in a hard grip.

"Oh! I just came to find out if you—all were dead," Swan said faintly. "I didn't know but 'Mister Forrest's other company' had slipped in and made crow's-meat of us."

"What is that to you? Women are not for fighting!" Flowtow said, still roughly. Swan laughed, an airy, happy laugh.

"Oh! Women are for kissing," she said. "I'll kiss you, old Flowtow—and play you a tune into the bargain—if you'll do just one little thing I want."

"Oh, but I am to be bribed—in face of the articles of war," Flowtow roared. "Well, bribe me, Swanchen. I will hear what it is about—afterward."

"You shall take the tune first!" Swan said, throwing off her cloak and setting the fiddle beneath her chin. Before Flowtow could protest she had struck up "Run, Nigger, Run," looking, as she played, straight at Flowtow's new coat. Without a break she glided into another strain, almost an improvisation, full of swelling chords and soft wailing minors. She had played it first upon her wedding night—Morris had snatched the bow from her hands, and had dragged her breathlessly away with him to find a minister.

"My knee! I cannot wait!" Flowtow said, clutching her shoulder. "Many things impend, Swanchen. Pay me—good measure, mind! When they are settled, I will hear what it is thou hast paid for."

"Oh! maybe you'll be dead! Mister Forrest is a bad man, a mighty bad old man," Swan said, fending her lips. Flowtow pushed her hands aside and took a long kiss. The next moment a stunning blow stretched him full length upon the floor. As he sprang up, livid with rage, he saw

Swan struggling violently with the mulatto, who was gasping and had the blazing eyes of a panther.

"Oh! you Dutchman! I never thought that little love nigger, will you—trying to murder me! Must be he thinks you're like his white folks—too good to be touched by the common sort. That's what all the high-toned niggers think. I know—I used to live down South. Where did you skunk him up, Dutchy? Did you have him made special for your guardian angel?"

"Come again, wild Swanchen—and you shall hear!" Flowtow said. "Or, wait! I shall come back before the midnight. We will drink together, and have much games—and you shall play. As for the man—I will send him to company with his horse. The darkness shall teach him better manners."

"No! I'll teach him myself!" Swan said to the sentry, as Flowtow galloped off, stepping past him to the edge of the veranda. There she began to play—gay, rollocking tunes, that very shortly drew all the idlers about her. Presently she flung down her fiddle, whirled about on tip-toe, and said, sniffing vigorously: "Wait till I come back, everybody! I feel it in my bones that there's things to drink close by."

She darted away, followed by a chorus of uproarious laughter. But she did not seek the cellar. In half a minute she had reached a picketed horse, and was whispering to the man standing beside it: "Morris, get away—for God's sake. Old man Nat will know you—he has come back—he is coming here—to see Flowtow, this very night. That was why I—oh, why didn't you keep quiet? What did a kiss more or less matter? You have bought your freedom."

"Some things one cannot buy," Morris said, breathing hard. "Swan, I shall stay—until you agree to go with me."

"You are crazy—crazy as a loon!" she cried. "First to come here—then all these papers. I know what they are; so will old man Nat. He taught you, remember, the Murrel clan cipher, so you could write all sorts of things to me. Go away, I tell you! Flowtow will hang you at sun-up, as sure as he finds out how he has been fooled."

"If you will come with me," Morris said, springing into the saddle and holding out his arm. Swan thought a minute, then waved him down. "I must ride—and lead you with a halter," she said, "or we shall never get past the pickets. I will say I'm driving you out of camp, back to your own side, because I hate you. Then, when we are outside—"

"You will have to keep on," Morris said, doggedly. Swan shivered faintly.

"We will settle that as happens," she said.

"You are my wife still. I will never let you go back," Morris said when the last picket was a few yards behind. Swan had slipped from the saddle, and was unbending his hands. She had driven him mercilessly, flourishing a silver-mounted derringer above his head. The pickets had laughed at her, but had not tried to stop her. It was only one of Swan's freaks, and Swan, in their eyes, could do no wrong.

The two halted in a broad, clear road. The moon shone so bright it was nearly as light as day. As the last knot came loose, there was a stir in the bushes at the roadside—old Nat's ambling mule sprang through them, and old Nat himself cried: "So you've been a-spying—oh, Morris—and your wife's helping you out? Mighty nice game—but I'll block it—though I can't stop you now. I owe your father a day in harvest! I reckon the time's comin' when I can pay in full."

The last words came faint—he had set the mule off in a headlong gallop. Morris sprang into the saddle, leaped down, and snatched Swan up before him. She tried to write out of his arms—in three minutes at most the mounted pickets would be after him—how could he escape with his horse doubly weighted?

"Be quiet! Give me that pistol!" he said, his mouth close to her ear: "Weight! You don't know Black Douglas as I do. They could not catch him jaded. Tonight, he is a wild horse—he has had nothing but little niggling trots since his run the other day."

"There! I told you they were coming!" Swan cried, as they caught the sound of shots behind and of hoofs, gathering in volume. Morris laughed grimly and shook his reins. Black Douglas knew what that meant. He went away at a long stretching gallop that quickened, quickened into the plunging, full run. His head was low, his stomach almost touched the earth as he stretched himself in long, leaping bounds. Now and again he snorted disdainfully—once there was a keen whinny of defiance.

"Blood tells. He knows it is a race," Morris said, patting the satin shoulder. With one arm he held Swan close against his breast. Her weight, thus over the withers, hardly told on the gallant beast. They had left the chase a mile behind. Morris was about to pull up, and turn Black Douglas's nose a minute to the wind, when they heard sabres jingling down a cross road two yards dead ahead.

"There is Flowtow himself," Morris said under his breath. "Hold tight, Swan—now we have got to ride for our lives."

He had neither whip nor spur. He must trust solely to the speed and courage and intelligence of his horse. He flicked the reins gently and gave a soft, low whistle. Black Douglas reared as he heard it—then lunged forward and tore along the road, devouring it as flame devours dry stubble. He shot past the cross road's mouth while Flowtow and his men were thirty yards away from it. They cried halt, and fired after him. The shots only urged him to keep at his best speed. So did the thunder of their hoofs behind.

Flowtow was nearly as well mounted, but his horse had been ridden hard before the chase began. Still he pressed forward, urging his gray with whip and spur, beyond the speed of all but two of the best-horsed troopers. They had emptied their carbines without effect. Flowtow had a revolver, but the range was too great—besides he had recognized Swan as she flew past, and yearned to overtake her and tear her bodily from the arms of the man who had tricked him.

Rage over the tricking wholly swallowed up apprehension. He knew the chase led him straight toward the Confederate lines. On, on, he rode, the wind singing in his

ears, his eyes fixed in straining gaze on the space between him and his quarry. It had lessened—in a little while he would come up with the black—would taste the savage sweetness of vengeance. They could not a second time escape him—those audacious ones! He could not doubt now that the woman had been full partner in the scheme.

He gained on them swiftly. They were just thirty yards in front—he rose in his stirrups to cry halt after them. But the cry was drowned in a louder noise—the blurring boom of cavalry guns heavily charged. The flash came straight in front, a little way down the road. Undervoiceing the sound, he caught the muffled murmur of many men springing suddenly to arms. It was not a picket post, but a vanguard he had surprised. Wrathfully he fired his six shots in air, then wheeled and rode for life toward his own camp.

"Morris! Oh, thank the Lord we didn't touch you," the captain of the guard said as Morris leaped from Black Douglas. Morris had no word for him. Swan lay inert in his arms—and he felt her head drop prone against his shoulder, and knew that the bullet which had stilled her heart was intended for his own.

The next day but one Col. Hilliard walked into Gen. Forrest's headquarters to say: "My dear general, please send in a flag of truce. My son's wife has died—very suddenly. We wish to bury her at Wake Forest—beside his mother."

As he spoke, so it was done.

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

WOMEN FORBIDDEN TO PRAY TO GOD.

A PRIVILEGE RESERVED FOR MADAGASCAR MEN AND THEIR WIVES MUST WORSHIP THE DEVIL.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, May 27.—"The women of Madagascar are not allowed to pray to God. They must pray to the devil, as the men alone are privileged to address the Great Judge, as the Supreme Being is styled," said E. H. Low of Norway, who was among the missionaries attending the ecumenical conference in New York City, and who was the first white man to go to Madagascar as a missionary.

"Girls are given in marriage very young. The ceremony consists in smearing the front part of the bodies of both the bride and groom with the blood of an ox killed for the occasion. This ox is given by the groom just as an American would buy a license. Madagascans do not buy their wives, though they pay for them when the women are killed or injured. If a man kills his wife, her father or his representative demands thirty oxen and receives them. If he injures her in any way he must pay fifteen oxen. These two penalties are about the only protection a woman has against her husband's cruelty.

"The parental affection, at least for those children who are allowed to live, is beautiful. They treat them as their most precious possessions. But the one whom the priest declares is cursed by God, is buried alive or placed on an ant hill as soon as its fate is decided. The instant a child is born a near relative of the family runs to the priest and acquaints him of the fact. He reads the stars, or pretends to, and sends back word to the parents whether the child is favored or hated by their God. If hated, the infant is killed, as I describe; if favored, it is allowed to live and becomes the object of the greatest solicitude. Not until six months after its birth is the mother allowed to stir out of her hut or do any work. During that time her husband and some of his other wives must work for her, while she devotes herself to the care of the child. Many of the babies suffer from sore eyes, caused by keeping them so long in a dusky hut and around a smoky fire.

"Of course, the women are the slaves of the men. That is invariably the case in uncivilized countries. Wives plant and gather the rice, attend to all household duties and weave the cloth. This weaving, by the way, is one of the simplest and most interesting operations I have ever witnessed. The cloth, both silk and cotton, is good to look at and durable.

"Among the unenlightened people—I mean those who have not come under the influence of the missionaries and traders—they are never clothed until after death. During life they go entirely naked, except for grass mats worn around the waists and strings of beads and charms worn around their necks and bodies. But when they die the bodies are often wrapped with as many as forty robes, which they call lambas. These lambas are like a sheet and are woven by the women and laid aside to be used as winding sheets. The richer a man is the more lambas he has. They are of both silk and cotton. The silk may be of any color. But you must not imagine that these lambas are used when a woman dies. Oh, no, they are not wasted on women. Only the men are buried in cloth wrappings, but the women take great pride in making them. When a woman dies she is put away with almost no ceremonies, and as soon as possible. They do not dig graves, but place the body on the ground and heap up stones and earth above it.

"When a man goes to war his wives must not light a fire in their huts, nor partake of any food until his return. After the war party leaves the wives of the warriors all assemble at the 'palace,' as they call the king's hut, although it is anything but palatial in appearance or size, and led by the several queens, these women perform the most curious dance. Their heads and bodies are decked with green leaves, and they go back and forth, singing and gesticulating, weaving in and out until it makes one's head swim to look at them. This performance is carried on until the war party is sighted or heard approaching, when the whole company goes forth to meet them, shouting and singing. Fortunately, these war excursions never last long, as the men always return home at nightfall."

LAFAYETTE M'LAWS.

KNOCKERS AGAIN IN FASHION.

[Philadelphia Record:] One of the latest fads in New York is the substitution of old-fashioned knockers for door bells. The older and more battered the knocker the higher the price it commands; and enterprising dealers are already brass. A battered brass knocker can be made in a few hours, but it takes longer to turn out rusty iron specimens.

THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL. HOW THE YOUTH OF QUAINI DONEGAL ARE EDUCATED.

By a Special Contributor.

THE tribute of reverence and respect which even the totally unlettered among us yield to education gives the schoolmaster to rank next to the priest in importance. Every one does him homage, every one envies him his vast knowledge and great mind and lofty position, and every one is pleased and proud of the honor of his friendship—for in his noble generosity he is on terms of intimate friendship with every man, woman and child in all his wide bailiwick.

For Dennis, for Barney, for Nelly and Maura, whom he meets upon the road at home, or meets from home, at fair or market, he has a warm handshake and a kindly inquiry after child or parent. He asks interestedly, too, what Shan is going to do with all the meadow he has in the Black Bottom this year; how the spuds are doing in Charlie's lea field; whether wee Monica's toothache is any better; and sends word to old Nanny Gallagher that if she tried three spoonfuls of buttermilk and baking soda three times a day it would be big ease to the heartburn that's troubling her since Christmas last.

And when a great man concerns himself so with the hopes and troubles of common people 'tis small wonder he should be made an idol.

But his kindness does not stop at this. He is scribe for all the countryside dwellers, writes their letters and draws up their wills and their agreements, arbitrates in their disputes and advises them in their perplexities. He cheers the sick by the honor of his visit, and by lending

be trusted to do all that, for when, with a pardonable touch of oratorical conceit, and a pardonable little vanity of diction, he reads aloud the completed epistle, the eyes of Jimmy's mother run over, and often she has to go away without thanking him in words.

At the wake, and at the ceilidh, and in the chapel yard before mass, all disputed questions, political, historical, astronomical or sociological, are finally referred to him—not, however, till all parties to the dispute have exhausted their argumentative eloquence on the one side and on the other. He gravely listens to the summary made out by both; he reviews it with a lofty absence of partiality that raises him far above the mortals who look and listen and wait; and he gives his decision with a judicial calm and an assured preciseness that places the matter beyond question or cavil in that parish for evermore.

The master would not be human if he denied himself vanity. So he has vanity—but vanity of such an innocent and pardonable kind that its chief effect is to mellow his nature and make him more kindly and more loving toward humanity at large, and more loved and more revered by his circle of worshipers.

And, as with us, 'tis in his own country a prophet gets most honor, beyond the bounds of his own parish the master's fame is eclipsed by that of him who wields the rule, and whose word is law in the next parish. Consequently, when the men of different parishes meet at a wake, not infrequently do they wage a wordy war in assertion of the claims of their respective masters to signal preeminence among his fellows.

Where the Master is King.

But, after all, it is in his own little castle that he is truly and undisputedly king—in his own little low thatched schoolhouse; a house sited in size for twenty pupils than for the hundred which often crowd it. A motley hundred of all sizes, from the babbling infant sent to school to keep it out of the way, to the mustached young man who has

pupils from the higher ranks. Half the classes sit and half of them stand; and at the end of each half hour they change positions. The school work goes on, uninterrupted by play, till 3 o'clock. But, though there is no official recognized play hour, the young rascals indulge in lessons not specifically provided for in the school time. That bunch of huddling heads which the master, good as he believes to be racking and wrestling with the intricacies of fractions, only indicate an eager audience to a fascinating Fenian tale, and that other group that he thinks are gathering grammatical crumbs at the feet of Owen McGrath, are harkening in awed astonishment to Phelim's recital of how the big eel of Loch Peimle ate his father for five miles over the hills. Phelim's tale, indeed, had at first faced it with the scythe and was quite through, but since it united again as fast as it fell, he finally ran for self-preservation rather than cowardice; and other schemers are engaged in the less, but exciting war of fox-and-geese, in cross-country in playing pins, or in the gamble of mammy-daddy-or-babby.

The Old Hedge School Days.

In the old Hedge school days, which ended half a century ago (and, indeed, in still later times), the master followed the individual system of teaching; that is, whilst the pupils sat around the walls awaiting their "tasks," the master called each in turn to his rostrum, examined his work and appointing new "tasks" to be absorbed before tomorrow, sent him to his place. He began with No. 1 at 10 o'clock and finished with the last pupil at 2. Then he went home with one of his students—for he was outstayed a week by each. "Where do you stop?" a stranger asked one of these peregrinating masters. "Sir," he replied, "I have as many stops as a Universal"—(a "Universal" being a book.)

In those days spelling (which was taught according to the syllabic method) was the test of the scholar—and was classified according to the statute measure of the work he could tackle and successfully negotiate. The child started with a, b, ab, graduated upon Philadelphia and Antitrinitarian.

It is something more than sixty years since our illustrious rulers vouchsafed us a system of public school education, called national because our language, our history and our history were strictly barred from its curriculum. But, thank God, in a few years more our Gaelic will, with strenuous efforts, get its place in our schools. Every one of the rising generation is being educated—by a host of able and underpaid teachers. Our enforced ignorance with which our rulers used chivalrously to twit us is disappearing—has disappeared; and the children of today will soon get the place they deserve amongst enlightened peoples.

Half a century ago the teacher's salary was \$20 a year and 5 or 6 cents per week in school fees from each pupil. Today about \$275 is the average yearly salary, and in addition, (1) 50 cents for each separate subject in which a pupil answers satisfactorily at the annual examination, and (2) a fee from the treasury, (in lieu of recently abolished school fees) of \$2 for each child in yearly school attendance. The total average salary of a teacher in a school of sixty pupils amounts to about \$400. Each school is in charge of a patron and manager (almost always a clergyman), and the teacher is appointed and may be removed by him.

SEUMAS MACMURRAY.

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A GAUGE OF COEDUCATIONAL SCHOLARSHIP.

[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post:] Miss Mary Woolley, the new president of Mt. Holyoke College, is the daughter of a Congregational minister. She was graduated at Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Mass.

In 1891 Miss Woolley went to Dr. E. A. Andrews, the president of Brown University, and asked permission to enter that institution as a special student in history. This permission was granted.

During her first year in Brown, Miss Woolley was marked figure on the campus and in the library, where she usually could be found in the afternoon, poring over an old Latin book or hunting out some buried historical fact. Her quiet, steady manner of work was an inspiration to the men, and many of them did more faithful work because of her presence in the classroom. Great things were prophesied of her. Dr. Andrews predicted that some day Miss Woolley would be at the head of some one of the new women's colleges. She was not only interested in the study but in everything else pertaining to college life, and was thoroughly up on the victories of the Brown ball nine.

She was asked what she found to be the difference between the men and women in the college. Her reply was characteristically frank: "The girls study harder; the boys think more."

THE MODERN GIRL OF CULTURE.

"I know a number of girls belonging to the best class who habitually devote themselves to reading and study of books, out-of-door studies, work in college settlements, kindergartening and supervising cooking classes among the poor, visiting in hospitals and tenement houses, helping maintain day nurseries and summer homes for poor children, and entertaining clubs of working girls, in addition to each carrying out whatever bent for art may individually possess her," writes Mrs. Burton Harrison in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. "Some have obtained the distinction of college degrees; others have painted good pictures, modeled creditable busts, written clever stories and poems. One young lady has achieved success as a landscape gardener. If they were a little more careful in general effect, a little softer of speech and more sympathetic in manner, I should think these accomplished daughters of high society in New York model exponents of the American culture. But the strain of accomplishing so much that makes them shine in the eyes of lookers-on is the strain of a little something that the old-fashioned girl used to possess—a something that, for want of a better phrase, may call 'charm.'"



THE SCHOOLMASTER'S HOME.

the luster of his presence and the dazzle of his discourse at wedding, wake and spree, he does many another humble friend proud.

When the American letter comes to those who were hungering for it at home, though in turn every old croak in the neighborhood has attacked it with his scratched glasses and wrestled the full meaning from the inartistic sprawls of poor Jimmy, who scorns the finicky subtleties of punctuation, the missive must finally be brought to the master, who, it is universally conceded, can take more out of a letter than all the wiseheads in the parish put together. Moreover, he can tell exactly how far back in the country Jimmy is, whether he is in the neighborhood of the Falls of Niagara or the Rocky Mountains, and, in terms, of the distance "between here and Dublin," can say how far, approximately, Jimmy now is from Neil Maghan's eldest son John.

His Task as a Scribe.

When, again, Jimmy has got to be replied to, who so fit—even who so willing—to write the letter as the master? Who knows better than he just how to put down in proper language the statement of Jimmy's mother? Who knows so well not only what to let Jimmy know, but likewise what not to let him know—for in our letters to those who are struggling for us in America, repression and suppression call for more and defter art than expression. Jimmy must be shown a fairly accurate picture of how his poor father and mother are faring—he must get a hint of the sore circumstances that are pressing, and of the clouds that are looming—he must get a hint of these or he would reproach them sorely again; but the poor boy must not be given to know their misfortune in its nakedness—poor Jimmy, God help him, has his own struggle all alone amongst the "black," i. e., utter strangers, and it would ill become his father and mother to dampen his courage, and to make his heart grieve more than already it does. So, despite all, the ring of the letter must be cheery, and the coloring of it optimistic. A sunny outlook must illumine it, and the good God's forgetfulness of those who implicitly trust in Him must be emphasized. And right well can the master

come in the idle ways of winter to brush up his much-neglected literary requirements before sailing for the States where he is ambitious of being able to write his own letter home. They are of both sexes and of all descriptions, wear every variety of dress, and are alike in one thing only—the amount of noise they make. For into the little house each carries the pitch of voice he used on the hills. Every one shouts for himself and tries to outshout his neighbor. The only thing I have met with elsewhere to remind me of a little national school in the hills is the New York Stock Exchange on a day of panic. The most extraordinary thing is that the master can know what every one of his hundred pupils is saying—what lesson this one is committing to memory (for each treats his memory as if it were hard of hearing,) what request that one is hurling at him, what nicknames the next two are swapping, and what problem a fifth is confusing.

His young Confucians, as he styles them, collect at 10 o'clock, each with a piece of turf, his tribute to the school fire, under his arm. Some of them, indeed, are at the schoolhouse and have successfully brought off a few pugilistic encounters before the teacher himself arrives at 9:30, but these are they who live four or six miles off, and get up before the screech o' day and had their breakfast by the light of the fire. Others do not arrive till just before roll call at 11 o'clock; these are pupils, of course, who live within call of the schoolhouse and can easily afford to take their leisure in the morning. Most of them are barefooted, unless there is much snow on the ground, but when the weather is good few burden their feet with unnecessary covering.

The first duty of the day is the punishment of the schemers who remained from school on yesterday, and, for instance, built up Owen a-Dunnon's, filling every door and window of the cottage with snow, and then added insult to injury by getting on the roof top and satirizing Owen down the chimney. A moral discourse from the master, italicized by two heavy slaps of a rattan cane on each hand of each criminal, disposes of this.

Then six classes are formed. The master takes charge of one and leaves the others under guidance of forward

Stories of the Firing Line + + Animal Stories.

Stories of the War.

THE columns that during the last few days have come by mail from war correspondents, describing the triumphal entry into Bloomfontein, the splendid entry of Roberts and the successes that a month ago were making the progress of British arms, there is to be found in the Times, buried away in dull-looking columns, the incident of the burial of a soldier, "name not given."

The small item was left out of the ground plan of No. 1 General Hospital. Far down on the right, where the road slopes to the wooded hollow, there stands a little hut all by itself in a group of stunted pines. It is only a hut as the eye leaves the big marquee, but greater than all of them by what it holds. Through the drawn curtains no bed or furniture is to be seen, nor anything save two narrow wooden benches lying side by side. One of them is just going to burial—a Roman Catholic—and their ceremony is two miles off, the priest meets him there, not here. There should have been a gun carriage to take him, but some one has blundered, and the transport has only got an ordinary heeled wagon, from which a firing party of six militiamen in khaki tumble out and form into line. The orderlies lift the little box—only a featherweight, covered by the Union Jack—on their shoulders and march up the steps. We stand uncovered, the two hospital officers at the salute; the militiamen try hard to get the "reverse" together, but one rustic boy, whose eyes are blinking, has to twist his rifle four times round before he can get it butt uppermost. The coffin slides under the hood, six soldiers form up, change step and march before and behind the wagon, which a pair of thin, worn-out horses pull through the sand. And so the little cortege moves on, unobtrusive, unheeded, with its unseeing hero, who, to some one, somewhere, was perhaps the one man in all the world.—[London Correspondence New York Tribune.]

The Boer's Black and Yellow War Stamp.

CHURCH stamp is the special war stamp used by the Boers at the front on letters addressed to places in the Orange Free State. The design is printed in black on yellow paper. The word "Franko," and the absence of any other expression on the stamp would seem to point to the fact that the fighting Boers have the privilege of sending home home free of charge for postage. The correspondent who forwarded this stamp states that it has been used in all parts of the Free State and Cape Colony, where the Boers were at the time in occupation. The postmark on the specimen is "Molde River."—[London Leader.]

Missing Buckle a Target.

IF LOOKING over the list of British dead and wounded I find that many are shot in the stomach, and I can't help thinking that the elaborate buckles they wear had something to do with fixing the rifleman's aim. There is not the slightest need for a military buckle resembling the one a girl wears with her fancy waist.

The shiny metal scabbard is likewise a dangerous thing to take to war, and even more useless than the average soldier's sash. An officer on foot should always carry a sash inside the sash. It will do as well as the latter for slinging, and if he be a good shot he can set his men a shrewd example.

As to the white uniforms of cuirassiers, the Frenchmen's red tunics and the scarlet coats of Hussars, everybody ought to know that they are death traps for those wearing them. American regulars eschew these glaring colors, I know, but they are still over-prominent in the militia. They ought to go like every shining thing that now makes the military uniform mainly attractive to servant girls and the women of the world.—[Gen. Von Puttkamer in Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

A Tank Hat for Service.

IN MY official capacity I have read thousands of reports by military officers of all countries explaining loss of life and sickness among the men during the heated season. In most cases the helmet was denounced as impracticable and dangerous, but because this plaything looks smart on European army leader has courage enough to adopt it to the theater wardrobe—its proper place. Yet when the fumes of the present war are fully digested the tank hat of the Americans and Boers will be the military hat covering par excellence.

I have now before me the portrait of an infantry officer. Let me see which portions of his uniform he might possibly miss and which are positively dangerous to wear. I notice that he uses only one-half of the buttons on his coat for the purpose of buttoning. Away with them—it will save the officer's servant much extra work and will remove so many targets from the battlefield.

The silver and gold embroidery and tassels of his present uniform are certainly more than useless. How a man in private life wearing anything of the kind would be laughed at. They cost a lot of money, too. Many officers have to go into debt in order to buy them. Wouldn't boots, or a pair of more use?—[Berlin Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Macdonald Was Wounded.

STORIES of "Fighting Mac" are always eagerly read in England, and Mr. Burleigh's latest anecdote of the well-known Scotch general is not without interest. It is as follows:

One of the incidents that have reached me of the "Fighting Mac" is that Maj.-Gen. Macdonald and his staff, Capt. Wigham, while making reconnaissance, got away from showers of Boer bullets fired at very close range. The general received his wound through the chest and foot some time after, when in a relatively safe position, as he dismounted from his horse. That day Capt. Wigham had three horses shot, and had he not dismounted

from the second the shell which killed it must surely have finished him. "The luck of war," as Gen. Macdonald observed at the minute. "I dismount and get wounded; you dismount and are saved from wounding. Had I sat my horse I would have been all right, and had you not got off you'd been killed."—[London Correspondence New York Tribune.]

The Surrender of Osman.

ON THE cold, cloudy morning of December 11, 1877, when snow lay thickly on all the country, a sudden great booming of guns was heard, and the news flew swiftly that Osman had come out of Plevna at last and was trying to break through the cordon his foes had spread about him. During the night he had abandoned all his defenses, and by daybreak he had taken the greater part of his army across the River Vid. Advancing along the Sophia road, he charged the Russian intrenchments with such energy that the Siberian regiment stationed at that point was almost annihilated. A desperate fight went on for four hours, with the Russians coming up battalion after battalion. Some time after noon all firing ceased, and later the Turks sent up a white flag. Chest after chest swelled over the dreary plain. Osman had surrendered.

The siege had lasted 142 days. The Russians had lost 40,000 men. The Turks had lost 30,000 men.

The advance on Constantinople had been checked. Skobelev said: "Osman, the Victorious, he will remain, in spite of his surrender."—[May New Lippincott.]

Soldiers' Gold Find in the Philippines.

THE adventures of Jack McAuley and Fred Stillier, ex-soldiers and scouts, during their recent prospecting excursion into the mountains of Lepanto district, and their wonderful luck in discovering a vein of gold-bearing ore, from which in four days' time they succeeded in extracting thirty-seven ounces of the precious metal, are the talk of the town.

When they were enlisted men these two intrepid fellows fought with their comrades over the very territory in which they have now located what undoubtedly some day will prove to be an exceedingly valuable mining property. They are now organizing a party to still further explore the possible oriental Klondike.

The two started out in January, leaving the coast in the neighborhood of Vigan. After a four-day "hike" through a wild country, unprotected by the presence of American troops, they reached the Igorrote Mountains and began the search for gold. They knew pretty well where to look, on account of their previous expedition as soldiers with the army when they had picked up along the trail pieces of rock showing traces of the metal.

Before long they had located a ledge of quartz running into the side of a mountain at an angle of 45 deg. Following this, with the assistance of some friendly Igorrotes, they tunneled into the hill for sixty-five feet, finally striking a vein of free-milling ore. Taking out a large quantity, they extracted the gold by means of some simple stamping machine, realizing the amount mentioned in four days. When they reached Manila they took the dust to a local bank, receiving for it \$630.—[Manila Correspondence Cleveland Press.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

U. S. Mike of the Oregon.

A BULL terrier with a romantic history and possessing rare intelligence is "U. S. Mike," now belonging to a Chicago man, who has offices in the Great Northern building. Mike was of importance on the battleship Oregon several years ago, hence the letters "U. S.," branded pink and deep in his shining white side. He was the mascot on the ship when the famous journey was made from San Francisco around the Horn.

Greatness did not bring happiness to Mike, however, for another dog with less of pedigree, but with eight pounds more of flesh and muscle, was also a pet on the Oregon. It was the dream of both dogs to go ashore; they looked forward to such an occasion with more eagerness than they displayed in going after a bone.

One day, when the big dog returned from a trip ashore and proudly strutted about the deck, Mike made a rush at him and a thrilling fight ensued. It was a regular occurrence after that. A fight followed each dog's journey ashore. The sailors were delighted with the fights and arranged many extras. A British captain who visited the ship was touched with pity for game little Mike, who was "licked" every day, but was ready to fight again the next. After much negotiating the Englishman succeeded in buying Mike and carried him off to his own ship. There, alas, Mike met fresh troubles. A goat was the mascot on this British ship. The goat became jealous of Mike. One day, when unsuspecting Mike sat looking out over the water, the goat galloped up behind him and—splash! Mike was overboard. Just once; for the next time the trick was attempted the goat slunk into a dark corner, and Mike, hanging by the teeth to his flank, went with him.

Mike was finally transferred through several owners to Lieut. Marx, of the Marine Corps, who gave him into the keeping of his present master in Chicago.—[Chicago Correspondence New York Journal.]

Death of a Wonderful Dog.

THERE have been greater dogs in the opinion of experts who run kennel shows than Bozzie, but no one who ever witnessed her wonderful performances will acknowledge it.

In Bozzie was developed something that made her more than dog, something so near human and a gift to some way

transcending the intelligence of man that we are not likely ever to see her like again. It is only a few days since that Bozzie gave an exhibition of her powers before members of the University Club. She added, subtracted, multiplied and divided as accurately and rapidly as a well-trained school boy.

Bozzie had no words to give her answers, but gave them in quick short barks. When the numbers ran over eleven or twelve she would divide her barks, as two barks, then a pause, and four more barks for twenty-four.

On the occasion just referred to she was asked the number of those present. After taking note of them as a well-trained collie might a flock of sheep, she barked off the number correctly. Then she was asked, "How many were glasses?" Taking a rapid survey of the room she barked three times. She was wrong, and was told to try again. This time she peered around among those present and found a fourth wearer of glasses who had been completely hidden from her casual glance, and then she gave her four sharp barks with an emphasis that challenged dispute.

On one of her welcome visits to the Times-Herald building, Bozzie was asked how many persons were in the business office. After inspecting the whole department she barked twenty-six in her peculiar method of two and six. She was then asked, "How many are women?" and promptly answered four.

This was thought to be a mistake, for only three were visible. So Bozzie was asked to try again. But she stuck to her four barks, and, running behind one of the desks, indicated where the fourth girl was hidden by the top of the desk as she bent over her work.

An observer would be asked to place his hand on Bozzie's head and think of a number. In response to her master she would bark out the number. Her master, George H. Clason, to whom we tender the sympathy of all who know Bozzie and love dogs, would retire from the room and the dog would give the correct answer all the same. She could be blindfolded and in silence the company would fix its thoughts on a number indicated by one holding up fingers. Bozzie would instantly respond with the corresponding number of barks.

On one occasion, when Bozzie visited the office of the Times-Herald, she was asked to tell the age of Peter, the colored sentinel of the editorial room. Peter was asked to place his hand on Bozzie's head and think of the two figures representing his age. Without hesitation or a word spoken Bozzie barked four times. Then after a pause she barked eight times, hesitated and gave a half-hearted yelp for nine.

During this performance Peter's face was a study of mingled amazement, incredulity and awe. When Bozzie had stumbled over the ninth bark, Mr. Clason asked Peter how he had thought of his age. Peter explained that he first fixed his mind on 48, but while Bozzie was barking he thought himself that he was nearer 56 than 48 years old, and so began questioning mentally whether he should not have given himself the benefit of one more year's experience of this vale of tears.

By what process of mental telegraphy did this dog read the thoughts of Peter or any one, concentrating them on numerals? This is a question that baffles the wisdom of the wisest, and yet this dog performed it without hesitation and without mistake.—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

Animals Play Jokes.

TO SHOW that there are useful spots of gray matter in every species of animal, a trainer picked out the ugly and forbidding hippopotamus. He said, quotes the New York Telegraph: "Maybe you think this freak of animal nature doesn't know a thing or two. I'll show you that he does. We have one with us who is as big as all outdoors and with his eyes peeled looks like an old-fashioned picture of the Inferno. His keeper is named Spencer. This name ought to make him know better. The keeper feeds the hippopotamus with bran balls. Punch is fond of these. They are rolled up and tossed far into his internal economy before he can close his jaws."

"A short time ago this keeper got funny and teased Punch by holding a ball of the coveted morsel close to his nose, where he could get the sweet savor of it, and then jerked it out of his reach. This was not a pleasing performance for Punch, and in many ways peculiar to his kind he showed it. He lay down in his tank and held his nose low and when the keeper held out the bran ball he pretended to be indifferent or asleep. Seeing this, the keeper became careless and began rubbing the bran ball about Punch's nose. Here is where Punch showed the cunning of ancestry, and, waiting his chance, grabbed the keeper's hand between his teeth."

"Wow-wow-wow!" yelled the keeper.
"Whu-u-owa-a-a-hi!" snorted Punch in great delight.
"After enjoying the situation for a minute or more and winking his eye knowingly, he eased up on Spencer's hand, so that the latter could get it back to its original ownership. Punch then slid back into his tank of water and the noise that ruffled the surface indicated that he was having a jolly good laugh underneath at the expense of Spencer."—[Chicago News.]

Contractor and Cats.

OUT in Elizabeth, N. J., a contractor who is rebuilding some partly-burned premises finds his work stopped because a colony of cats have ensconced themselves between the floor and ceiling of some of the rooms. The cats won't come out, and the contractor cannot reach them to drag them out. He is not cruel enough to brick them up in their holes, and does not like to shoot them. The cats keep up a perpetual caterwauling, and the whole neighborhood is disturbed, and insists that it is the duty of the contractor to get the cats out. Now he is going to turn the hose on them in the hope of drowning them out, but he is not very hopeful. The cats are out of sight, and he is not sure that he can get the water to them. Dreadful things happen in New Jersey, but still commuters from New York City will insist on living there.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

DUELS IN GAY PARIS.

MORE PERSONAL ENCOUNTERS IN THE SPRING THAN AT ANY OTHER TIME.

From a Special Correspondent.

PARIS, May 16.—This is the dueling season in Paris. Whatever the reason may be, it is always in the spring and early summer that the Gallic propensity for finding deliberate insult in every chance word of disagreement and avenging it with sword or pistol brings most custom to the "Field of Honor"—the Champ d'Honneur.

The word "custom" may seem a little strange. But it is the right word all the same. The maintenance and letting out on hire of dueling grounds is a regular trade in Paris, or rather in the near neighborhood of the great city. Beyond the fortifications, in the green suburbs, where the bourgeoisie goes to amuse itself on Sunday, there are many cafes and pleasure gardens, whose proprietors look upon their share of the year's dueling bouts as an important element in their prosperity.

At the more famous of these places, where really fashionable people meet to go through the farcical pretense of trying to kill each other, the hire of the "Field of Honor" is rather expensive, according to French views of money's worth. About \$50 is usually given to the proprietor for the use of his grounds, and it is understood that the incidental "consummations"—in American, drinks and incidental "consommations"—cost about three times the usual price. The waiters get \$5 to divide among themselves. Not infrequently, also, when no accident more grave than the usual wrist scratch has marred the joy of the proceedings, the whole crowd—combatants, seconds, doctors and invited guests—takes breakfast on the ground, and the popping of champagne corks celebrates the reconciliation of the "high contending parties." Then the proprietor is content; he repays himself in one morning's takings for all the expenditure of time and labor and thought which his ground has cost him.

Maintenance of Dueling Grounds.

For the due maintenance of a dueling ground is not so easy as it might seem at first view. The inclosure of turf is laid out and kept in order with the same minute care that an English cricketing club expends upon its "craze." The greatest pains is taken to insure an absolute level. The surface is watered and rolled regularly all the year round, the grass kept thick, but short, so that the surface shall be perfectly firm all the way along to give a secure footing and enable each of the combatants in a sword duel to lunge and retreat with perfect ease and without danger of slipping. Generally the ground is sheltered from prying eyes by dense foliage, and the trees are an endless source of trouble and thought. Their growth has to be kept in due bounds, so that the shade is not too heavy; neither must they stand in such a way that either end of the fighting line offers an undue advantage in point of light and shade.

The more favored dueling resorts, such as Moulin Tour, the Moulin de La Grande Jatte and the Tour de Villebore, are laid out like pleasure gardens. There are little wooden summer houses of rustic aspect, where the doctors store their medicine cases, where the combatants strip for the fray, where the seconds make the final arrangements, examining the weapons, tapping the combatants' chests—to see that there is no protective armor under the soft shirts, which are de rigueur—and where lots are drawn for position. Under the trees which surround the arena there are little tables, where spectators who may be invited smoke their cigarettes and sip their coffee or bock while they watch the fighting.

Early Morning Picnics.

As every one knows, the duel to the death of the old days is almost unknown to the degenerate moderns, and every season the dueling party becomes more and more a mere early morning picnic, with just the faintest spice of danger thrown in to give it interest. There is scarcely ever a duel in these days which does not assemble round the little tables under the trees at least some two score spectators chosen from among the intimate friends of both parties. Cards of invitation are not infrequently issued just as to afternoon receptions or evening musicales. Even ladies appear in fresh morning toilette to make the scene still more festive. At a recent affaire d'honneur at Levallois Perret there were 300 people of the best society present, and the return home to the city in carriages, cabs, automobiles and bicycles made a long and joyous procession, which caused windows to be thrown up and wondering faces to project from them in all the villages en route.

Of course, the general public is, as a rule, rigorously excluded from these imitation bellicose amusements. Only the invited guests, be they a dozen or 300, know where the encounter will take place. If an invited guest should give away the rendezvous he would almost certainly be "called out" by one of the seconds chosen by lot from among the four. Not long ago a well-known society woman, invited to attend an encounter, "blabbed" to some friends. Her husband was immediately called to account for her indiscretion, and within a week had to make the central figure on the turf.

Reporters on Ladders.

At the duel which took place in the second week of April between the Marquis de Lubersac and the Comte de Sion, even the reporters of the society journals, after tracking the seconds day and night like detectives, so as to discover the meeting place, found themselves barred from the arena. They had to hire ladders at preposterous prices from enterprising yokels, and mount a wall topped with broken glass. Sitting straddlewise on this ad hoc eminence, with their field glasses and notebooks and cameras about them, they got, through the trees, a precarious view of the en-

counter. Their articles the next day were pitifully comic. Sometimes, on the other hand, the combatants desire nothing more than notoriety. The journals announce the meeting place a week before the event, and all the world may go and see the fun from whatever point of vantage may be available. Even in these cases, though, the general public is not admitted to the actual arena, where an applauding or derisive crowd would certainly embarrass the gladiators. The curious take potluck, so to speak, going in vehicles of any and every description, which they moor against the outer walls or fences wherever they can find a good view.

At St. Ouen, the other day, a cinematograph was brought into play, and the duel was reproduced nightly in all its phases at a music hall for the delectation of the populace.

Occasionally encounters take place in private properties, even within the fortifications. Thus, for example, there is the garden of Aurelien Scholl, the writer and wit, who, in his green old age, does his best to keep up the tradition of the Parisian journalist of Balzac's days. In Scholl's garden in the Rue de Clichy half the writers of Paris have at one time or another stripped off their coats and lunged at their man. And, better than anybody else, Scholl knows how to reconcile his quarrelling friends once the swords have played. The invariable end to an encounter at Scholl's is a slight scratch, a jovial breakfast, and the arm-in-arm departure of the belligerents for the Grands boulevard and the offices of their respective journals. The only kind of duel which is barred in the gardens of the Rue Clichy is a "duel to the death," as a duel with pistols might turn out to be. Pistols are forbidden, because the master of the house was once threatened with expulsion if ever again the sound of shots was heard from his garden. And Scholl is fond of his house, which, through the ramblings of politicians, journalists, artists, poets and foreign celebrities which have taken place there, has become, as it were, a part of the history of Paris.

There are one or two cafes in the very heart of the city whose proprietors, for a consideration, allow an encounter in a long bare upper room on an emergency. But such impromptu unadorned affairs are not favorably looked upon by the beau monde, which likes its dueling to be decorative in setting and festive in its finale.

STEPHEN MACKENNA.

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DON GONZALO.

A SCHOOL TEACHER'S STORY BROUGHT FROM MEXICO.

By a Special Contributor.

FOR the "bachelor maid," even a jolly, independent, self-supporting one like myself, life has a certain second-hand flavor, particularly at this holiday season, but so many romances are better read than lived, that I can afford to call it even.

Last fall I developed a bad cough, with an occasional theatrical display of blood on my handkerchief. My friends quite unceremoniously hustled me off to Mexico, and I found myself in dear, quaint, little Jalapa, rather dizzy at the sudden change and the inroad on my small savings. My cough proved to be an angel in disguise, for as soon as it had conducted me to this lovely spot, it made its bow and departed. Merely to keep up appearances with myself, I tried to cough sometimes, but it was no use, and I soon lost all shame and abandoned myself to loafing and inviting my soul and watching the lazy life of the plaza.

Jalapa clings to the mountain side above Vera Cruz, just below the edge of the plateau. The streets are so steep that carriages are out of the question, so narrow that the wide-projecting eaves almost meet overhead, and every doorway opens into a patio bright with flowers and merry with birds.

But my dearest recollections cluster around Doña Ines Loper y Torrea. Some one gave me a letter to her, and she was kindness itself. A daily English lesson was the least of our intercourse, but furnished a flimsy pretext for my spending every afternoon on her hospitable corridor, where we chatted in broken English and Spanish, to the accompaniment of fountain and bird music. She was a rich widow, pretty yet, with a son who idolized her, and a mother whom she still obeyed implicitly, and there was no apparent reason for the sadness in her beautiful dark eyes. It could not be for the husband, dead so many years, because she confided to me once that he was old and learned, and she had to confess over and over to the good father that her pulses would dance with the gladness of youth, even before she had put by her widow's veil.

Her sad little romance came to light very unexpectedly on her saint's day. The invitations had been issued by families, and young and old were gathered in the drawing-room, the young people dancing, their elders looking on. A pretty scene it was, and the courtly Spanish was music to my ears. Right in the midst of this gaiety there appeared in the doorway a strange and incongruous figure, a bent and wasted old man, head and hands shaking as with palsy. He was dressed in cheap, ill-fitting clothes, his linen was frayed and dirty. A ragged moustache stood behind him. He mumbled and muttered inarticulately, but his bleared eyes were searching the room with a certain purpose, and his trembling hands held a little bunch of yellow marigolds, such as the very poor buy for a cent to put on the graves of their dead. Just then there was a pause in the music, and all eyes turned to the forlorn, grotesque figure in the doorway. Only Doña Ines had her back to the door, and noticed nothing till I touched her on the arm.

She turned so white I thought she would fall, but the blood rushed back, flooding neck and forehead. She rose in her place like a queen, and said to the mope, "Pancho, be so kind as to conduct your master to the library." The mope led the old man away, while Doña Ines swept the

room with a glance of haughty defiance, burning to challenge the least disrespect to her strange guest.

But Mexican politeness is equal to any emergency, apparently no one felt any curiosity or had even anything unusual—except myself. She caught me frankly at the retreating figure, and yet something in her expression softened the blaze in her eyes, and she bowed to me, excused herself quietly, and, slipping behind through mine, took me with her to the library.

Here the poor man was sitting, his head fallen forward on his breast, while Pancho stood over him, pronouncing "He would come, senora," the mope said humbly and entered.

"It is well, Pancho," she answered with dignity. "My house is always honored by his presence. We have other days when he was the Governor of Vera Cruz, and there was none so high but was proud to call himself a friend of Don Gonzalo."

Don Gonzalo looked up, and managed to hold out a flower. "Doña Ines," he began, but the rest of his words were lost in a feeble mumble. He roused himself to a greater effort. "Doña Ines, tu recuerdas," and he second a man's soul looked out of the faded eyes, but was no use. The broken instrument could not respond to tears of baffled helplessness ran down his cheeks.

Doña Ines took the flowers. "Yes, Don Gonzalo," she answered, gently, "I understand, and I remember. I never forget. You know that I can never forget."

"How does he seem now, Pancho?" she asked, smiling.

"Always the same señora, always the same. Sometimes I think he grows weaker, but it is hard to tell."

"And the woman whom the world calls his wife, Pancho, tell me of her. Is she not a little kinder now?"

"She, kind! This morning I was walking with Don Gonzalo in the garden, and she called from the window, 'Pancho, remove that cochine from my sight. Do not tell you to keep him in the kitchen?'"

"God will punish her hard heart in his own good time. Now she thinks of nothing but to spend the money the government pays her every year on account of the great and distinguished services of this man whom she reviles and abuses."

"Si, señora, and she gives me a few paltry centimes. I can only buy him food that a beggar would scorn."

"Good, faithful Pancho," alighting money into his hand, "buy with this what he needs, and something for me. And now lead him away, for my heart breaks to see an old friend in such a plight. Adios, Gonzalo, adios, my friend."

When they were gone she sobbed piteously, and when I would have slipped away, she made a sudden detain me, and soon regained her composure.

"Do not go, dear, little friend. You do not laugh at me, will you? My heart to tell you all. He is not really old though he appears so, and only a few years ago he was tall and straight and strong and handsome, and his friends—only friends, though my heart beat as he thought he must hear it whenever he came near me, gloried in his manhood, and I knew by his eyes he pleased him well, and yet even this was a sin, he was married. Every one knows the story of his marriage, was his mother's dying wish that he should marry, and the ceremony was performed at her side. She died blessing him as a dutiful son, but the wife had given him was cold and selfish, and cared only for his wealth and power, and he lived his life among thought nothing of love till he met me."

"But he spoke no word to me that the angels might have heard. Only when he was leaving Jalapa to go to many months he held my hand in farewell, and said, 'the battle hard for these also, little one?'"

"I soon received a letter, asking if I would write to him sometimes, on condition that no word of earthly love fell from his pen. Surely soul communion might be, though all else was denied me."

"I showed the letter to my mother. She said, 'It belongs to God, the rest to his wife. I forbid you writing any answer. But in my wicked heart I would write once only, just once, and then never again.'"

"That night my boy tossed and raved in fever. I thought he would not live till morning, and I knew it was the will of God. All night I prayed to the virgin to forgive me, and I offered her a solemn vow that if his life was spared I would not write. My son lived, and I kept my word."

"A year later, in a railway accident, Don Gonzalo was injured that changed him to what you see. His wife with the past in this visit on my saint's day. He brought a little flower, and tries to ask me if I remember the marigolds, and slipped them into a drawer in her rosewood desk."

"We must go back to the drawing-room," she said, and in a few minutes she was once more the gracious hostess.

That was a year ago, and today is her saint's day. I am wondering if poor Don Gonzalo is waiting in the library with his little bunch of marigolds. QUINCY AMANDA NATHAN.

BEYOND THE ALPS LIES ITALY.

Oh, upward traveler, look not back,
Though hard thy fare and rough the track,
Go higher yet, and yet more high,
Beyond the Alps lies Italy.

Turn not thine eyes to look below,
The future comes, the past must go,
Toll bravely on, thou soon shalt see
Beyond the Alps thy Italy.

Think not to reach a place of rest,
With evils conquered, troubles past,
Even there do toil and dangers be,
Beyond the Alps in Italy.

But still, O traveler, look not back,
Heed not the roughness of the track,
Though not all rest, there peace shall be
Beyond the Alps in Italy.

JEAN MACKENNA.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Rather a Personal Remark.

SOME years ago George Jay Gould and a companion came downtown one day on the elevated road and were standing on the platform of the car. Mr. Gould, after selecting a cigarette from his case, offered the case to the guard. That worthy took a cigarette, and with a "Thank you" stowed it away in his pocket. "Oh, take more than that," Mr. Gould urged, good-naturedly. "Take a half dozen." "No, thanks," returned the guard, "one will do me. It's lucky though," he added, as an afterthought, "that I'm not old Gould. You wouldn't have got off so easy. He'd probably have taken all you have, and the case as well."

Gould and his friend looked at each other silently for a moment and then burst into uncontrollable shrieks of laughter. The guard looked suspiciously first at one and then at the other of the laughing pair, and then apparently coming to the conclusion that he had fathered an unexpectedly witty speech, joined in the mirth, and at intervals said to one or the other, "That's a pretty good crack I made, wasn't it?" "It was," they both assured him. "However," called the guard, and this being their destination the other man said, "Give me one of your cards, George," which being done, he pressed it into the hand of the man as he got off the car. The guard said, "Thank you. Come and ride with me again." Then he glanced at the card, and from the brick red of his natural color he turned a pasty, nettled white, his jaw worked and he seemed to essay speech as the train drew out of the station.

"It seems like fate," commented the other man, "that out of the two million or more to whom he could have made that remark without ill effect he should have made it to one of the very few with whom it could work him harm. I hope you won't do anything to him." "Of course I won't," replied Mr. Gould. "He's punished enough as it is." And, sure enough, he didn't. —[New York Tribune.

Almost-Minded Men.

"A FUNNY thing about this business," said a man who runs the elevator in a big office building, "is the way people will sometimes call out whatever happens to be on their minds instead of the number of the floor at which they want to stop. Just a few moments ago a very good-looking lady got in the car, and, when we were about half way up, she called out suddenly: 'Two back teeth!' 'What?' said I, a little startled. 'I mean five,' she answered, turning red. Then she saw that made it worse than ever and she turned red some more. 'I mean please stop at the fifth floor,' she managed to say, very low, when we were nearly to the top. You see, she was on her way to the dentist's maybe to have two back teeth snatched out, and I suppose she couldn't think of anything else. The other day a fat, fussy old man rushed in with a bundle of papers in his hand. When we got near the fourth floor he burst out: 'He's a — rascal!' 'Very likely,' said I, and kept on going up. 'Hil there!' he yelled, 'why didn't you stop where I told you?' 'How did I know which floor you meant?' said I. 'What you remarked fits tenants on several floors.' It turned out that he wanted to see his lawyer. I don't know whether he was thinking about him or somebody he was in litigation with." —[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Mistaken Identity.

A STRANGER from the country rushed around the hotels all afternoon to catch a glimpse of the admiral and his staff. He ran into the Leland, and going up to the clerk, said, "Say, where are the big guns?"

"Over there," replied the clerk, pointing to a group of men in immaculate dress and silk hats. The stranger gazed.

"Nice looking crowd," he said to the clerk.

"Yep," answered the clerk.

The stranger sidled up to the distinguished visitors and made a remark about the weather. The man nearest him answered pleasantly. The man from the country swelled with pride. "Have a drink?" he asked. The man in broadcloth declined. The man from the country sidled back to the clerk.

"King of chilly crowd," he said.

"Yep," replied the clerk.

"Don't drink," said the man from the country.

"Naps," said the clerk.

"Naps gang of naval fellows," said the man.

"They ain't naval fellows," said the clerk; "they're Methodists."

"Great Scott!" said the man from the country. "And I asked that fellow to have a drink, and I bet he's a bishop. Say, here's where I sneaked." And he did.

"It's pretty hard," said the clerk, "to be in a city where there's a strike, a Methodist conference and a reception to a great man. A fellow can't tell whether he's bumping into a crowd of walking delegates, a lot of ministers or a gang of heroes." —[Nashville American.

Circumstantial Evidence.

DURING a discussion in regard to circumstantial evidence a lawyer told of a remarkable case, which, he said, appeared in the Virginia reports. It was this: "A man was discovered drawing a knife from the prostate form of another man near the roadside. The witnesses rushed upon him and took the weapon from him. It was still dripping with the warm blood of the victim. He was accused of the murder, but asserted his innocence. He claimed that he had happened along the road but a few moments before and saw his alleged victim struggling with another man. When he could come up, the unknown had driven his knife home and had fled into some brush close by. Seeing the knife still in the breast of the fallen man, he stooped over and drew it forth, just as his accusers came on the scene."

That was his story. The knife being identified as the property of the accused, no credence whatever was placed in his tale. He was tried, convicted and hanged. A year later the man who had really committed the crime, while on his deathbed confessed that he was the murderer and told how he had stolen the knife from the innocent man who had been sent to the gallows. —[Yonkers Herald.

Not a Wise Father.

THERE are not many men who are better known in Detroit than Detective Pat O'Neil. He has two boys, of whom he is justly proud. The other day he was walking with his two sons, and meeting several friends, he stopped to talk with them. The boys were dressed in exactly the same way, and to the outsider they looked as near alike as two grapes in a bunch.

"Are they twins, Pat?" asked one of the friends.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. O'Neil.

"Well, by George, I don't see how you tell them apart," ventured another of the friends.

"Oh that's easy," said Pat. "This one is 5, and the other is 6 years old."

"No, papa," exclaimed the latter of the two boys, "he's 6 and I'm 5." —[Detroit Free Press.

He Was Always After the Top Fig.

AN OLD lady sends to an English friend the following peculiarly characteristic story of Cecil Rhodes: "When he was a schoolboy he went sometimes to spend his holidays with two aunts, neighbors of ours in the north of London. My husband would occasionally invite the somewhat brusque boy to dinner, and gave orders to our parlor maid that his place at table should be laid close to his own. Like all good servants Hannah made it a point of honor to see that the particular weakness of each member of our family should be specially handy. Thus, dates were always at my end of the table and figs at my husband's. Accordingly Hannah carefully arranged that there should always be an ideal fig on the top of the little pile, and that the dish should be patronized first by her master. When young Rhodes had dined several times at our house it chanced that I told her myself that the boy was expected again that evening. The information produced such a very thunderous expression on Hannah's usually serene face that I said, seeking an explanation: "Isn't he a favorite of yours?"

"No, indeed, ma'am! Master Cecil always takes the top fig."

"Truly 'the child is father to the man,' for Master Cecil has continued to take the top fig in most connections." —[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Honors Were Easy.

A STORY, apropos of the visit of the Japanese Prince, is being told in Paris about a former Japanese Embassy which came to France to arrange about three free ports which were to be opened to trade in Japan and France, respectively. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs chose Yokohama, Yeddo and Han-Yang. The Japanese Minister smiled and went away. Soon afterward Japan signified that she had selected the three French ports of Havre, Marseilles and Southampton. The French Foreign Office went into fits of laughter at this blunder, and pointed out that Southampton was in England. "We are perfectly aware of it," replied the Japanese Ambassador, "and Han-Yang is in Korea." —[Kansas City Journal.

A Successful Bluff.

FRANCIS T. WALTON, known as "the plunger," opened his new hotel, the Victoria, at Twenty-seventh street and Broadway, a few weeks ago, and at the same time started in to starve himself. For twenty-one days he continued his fast, and when he broke it and ate two pounds of beefsteak in his own café, the rheumatism which had made him helpless, had left his body and only slight twinges remained in his feet.

A story told of him in the Presidential campaign of 1896 shows that he is a ready man in emergencies. He was in the Hoffman House with a party of friends from Saratoga, when a Brooklyn lawyer made a noisy argument about free silver. Walton turned and remarked that all free silver men were cranks or worse. The Brooklyn man resented this, and sharp words followed. Finally Walton said:

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to punch your head," returned the lawyer, excitedly.

"My friend, do you know who I am?" demanded the plunger.

"No, and I don't care," was the response.

"You have heard of John L. Sullivan?"

"Yes, and I've seen him. You are not the man."

"Perhaps you have also heard of Muldoon, who trained him and nearly broke his back? You have, eh? Perhaps you have seen him! No? Well, then, you see him now. I am Muldoon, and when you get ready to punch my head, just come right along."

The Brooklyn lawyer stammered a little, hesitated, and withdrew in good order.

"If he had known Muldoon by sight," said Walton, afterward, "I would have introduced myself as the man who trained Muldoon." —[New York Press.

Didn't Work as He Expected.

"I DON'T think I'll try any more practical jokes on my wife. They don't pan out well."

"Elucidate."

"You see, she has a habit of hoisting the window in our room every night. As I usually go to bed last, she depends on me to hoist it. Sometimes I forget it, and then there's a wild squabble. Frequently she wakes me up in the night and asks me to see if it is open. If I don't, she nags at me until morning. A night or two ago I resolved to give her a hard scare. I rolled up a lot of old newspapers into a long bundle and laid the package down by the window. Of course, she was asleep and didn't hear me. Then I opened the window a little ways and crept into bed. Some time after midnight she nudged me and said: 'Jim, I'm sure you didn't open that window; it's like a bake oven

in the room. Get up and see!' So I got up, went to the window and then hung my bundle down to the walk below. It struck with a dull thud, and I dodged behind the curtain to await developments. The room was very dark, and I couldn't see my wife but I heard her raise herself to a sitting posture. Then she spoke. 'Poor old Jim,' she quietly said; 'he's tumbled out of the window in his raggedest night shirt. What a spectacle he'll be when they find him in the morning!' Then she laid down again and went to sleep."

"What did you do?"

"Stood there shivering for a minute or two, and then sneaked into bed." —[Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Gibson's Novel Explanation.

REPRESENTATIVE GIBSON of Tennessee, a recent acquisition to the House, throws his head back while he is making a speech, and talks directly at the ceiling. He is not very well acquainted with the other members, and this circumstance caused him some embarrassment, last month, in his home district. He was a candidate for re-nomination, attending many primaries and meetings. At one of the latter he met a prominent Tennesseean, who knows everybody in Washington. The following dialogue ensued:

"Do you know your fellow-member, Mr. Smith of Kansas? He is quite prominent, I understand."

"No-o, I can't say that I do."

"Well, you must know Mr. Brown of Massachusetts, the celebrated Republican orator?"

"No, I really don't remember him."

"Strange! But you surely have met the celebrated Mr. Jones of Wyoming?"

"Well, I've seen him in the House, of course, but—the fact is, they all know me!" —[Success.

How Mrs. Palmer Was Snubbed.

THE name of the Infanta recalled the snub the young Spaniard gave Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago and the elite of the World's Fair city. Mrs. Palmer, exercising her undoubted right as a leader of Chicago society, arranged a reception in honor of the Infanta, and invited all of Chicago swiftdom. It was to have been the leading tribute to the social worth of Eulalia. Chicago ladies sent to Paris and Worth made dresses that cost thousands, for the reception to the Infanta.

The reception day came, and all the ladies and dresses were in line. But the Infanta, in whose honor all the merrymaking had been spent, was tardy. There was consternation, which increased to alarm in the mind of the hostess. Late in the day the Infanta did put in an appearance, but remained only a few minutes. She did not even line up, as she was expected to do. The explanation for her conduct came out later, when it was learned that she had remarked to a friend:

"I have been invited to a reception to be given by the innkeeper's wife; but I don't think I shall go."

Potter Palmer, the innkeeper, and the great Palmer House, "the inn," burst upon dated Chicago in a new light. —[Cleveland Leader.

Compromised With the Waiter.

IN THE offices of the American Commissioner to Paris there are ten or fifteen—they flit about so I've not been able to count them—all, young college boys, with brushes of football hair, yellow shoes, creased trousers and other appurtenances American. "They feel the dignity that weighs upon them as representatives of the land across the sea, and are doing all they can to spread the United States language in Paris. Underneath Mr. Peck's offices in the Avenue Rapp there is a big and now and spick-and-span café. It has become almost an annex to the offices above stairs. I dropped in there yesterday to see John B. Cauldwell, the head of the art department. He was chatting with some of his friends, so I sat down, ordered a cup of coffee and waited. A half dozen of the college boys came in and took a table near me. One of them wanted ginger ale. He asked for it calmly: 'Oh, give me a bottle of ginger ale.'"

"The unhappy waiter shook his head."

"Ginger ale," the young man repeated crushingly.

"The waiter waved his hands in helpless agony."

"Why, don't you talk French?" one of the young fellows asked; "I thought you could talk French."

"So I can," said the other indignantly; and he added, "Garsing, coffee!"

"It was a compromise." —[Paris Letter in Saturday Evening Post.

Leubet's Idea of Justice.

PRESIDENT LOUBET is a pessimist. While M. Constans, the artist, was spending a day with President Loubet at Rambouillet recently, he was asked by his host upon what subject he was now engaged. "M. le President," said the other, "I am painting a big canvas symbolizing Justice."

"Indeed! And how do you conceive her?"

"When the painter began to describe his ideal in glowing words, speaking from the heart as only an artist can when delivering his soul to a sympathetic listener. But the President quietly interrupted him with a twinkle in his eye.

"Is that how you conceive Justice?" he said. "Perfect! And now would you like to know what she really is, in point of fact, and in actual life?" He rummaged in his pocket and produced a coin, which he spun in the air. "Head or tail?" he said. "That is justice!" —[New York Telegraph.

Nothing Was Right There.

THE House Committee of a lunatic asylum had been visiting the institution on a certain occasion, and were afterwards standing talking in the grounds, when one of their number happened to glance at the asylum clock, cried, "Good gracious! Is that the time?" and, turning to a man who was just passing, he inquired: "Is that clock right?" "No," dryly replied the stranger, who turned out to be an inmate. "If it had been right it wadna' hae been here." —[Scottish American.

Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

IN PARANG-PARANG.

QUEER FEATURES OF LIFE AND NATURE ON THE SOUTHERN SHORES OF MINDANAO.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARANG-PARANG, April 5, 1900.—I am writing this letter in the beautiful harbor of Parang-Parang, more than seven hundred miles south of Manila, on the southern coast of the great island of Mindanao, in one of the strangest parts of Uncle Sam's strange world, the Philippine Islands. I am in a land of savages, a country of Moros, where every man I meet wears a turban and has a knife a yard long strapped to his waist. I have just had an interview with the famous Sultan of Mindanao, and have photographed the brown-skinned ladies of His Imperial harem. I have been hobnobbing with one of his dattos, a sort of prince and grand vizier, and, when I can persuade myself that my head is still on my shoulders by putting my hands to it, I imagine myself in the land of the Arabian Nights.

Among the Nature Worshipers.

Southern Mindanao has wilder people than any described in the stories of Haroun Al Raschid. It has queer Christians as well as Mohammedans, and it has nature worshipers who are more grotesque than were the people of Gulliver or Sinbad the Sailor. Our soldiers have just taken possession of the region, and it was only last week that they made their first trip into the mountains, going about

pine islands, and may at some time have a large population of Americans. It is known as the province of Cottabato; it lies east of Zamboanga and west of Davao, and includes a vast strip of rich land, running along the southern coast and far back into the interior. It is only about three hundred and fifty miles north of the equator, but it has an excellent climate. The air here today is not warmer than that of the average June day in Washington City, and I was quite cold last night when I slept, rolled up in an army blanket, on the deck of the steamer.

The most of Cottabato is rolling. The land rises from the coast in low foothills, which lose themselves in quite high mountains further inland. As you go toward the east the mountains increase in size, culminating in Mt. Apo, in the province of Davao, at an altitude of more than two miles. In the mountain regions the air is cold at night, and as you ascend the hills you find it full of ozone.

The Switzerland of the Tropics.

I despair being able to give you good pictures of the wonderful scenery of this part of the Philippines. It is the Switzerland of the tropics, and a Switzerland which is practically unknown to the traveler or the scientist.

Its resources are undeveloped; its mountains unprotected; its scenic beauties as yet unphotographed. I came to Parang-Parang from Zamboanga on the transport Port Stephens, which brought some mules and wagons for the use of the soldiers. Our transport is larger, I fancy, than any steamer which has ever been in these waters, and it is important for the captain to have a correct map of the coast. He tells me that there are no accurate charts, and

vapor stretched itself like a necktie below the heads of the hills, their blue tops peeping out over it and separating them from the dense blue walls below. The clouds hang very low in this part of the world. In some places they rest upon the water, and in others they just touch the tops of the hills. The sky above is always filled with masses of smoke-like clouds, which, like those of the hills, are always chasing one another.

In Pollok Harbor.

Passing through the great Bay of Illana, we came to the little harbor of Pollok, a harbor which is destined to be one of the chief shipping places of this part of the world. It is almost a perfect horseshoe, not over ten miles wide, and with such a narrow opening that it is protected entirely from the sea. The water is very deep, and at Parang-Parang, which lies on one side of the harbor, the transport, which drew seventeen feet, came within a few yards of the shore. The country about the harbor is rolling. The land rises gently, spotted with forest and patches of the greenest green. The whole country, although it is wild, looks like a beautiful garden. It makes one think of the coasts of Ireland, or the hills of Staten Island in June, except that there are blue mountains in the distance, and the only buildings here are thatched huts at wide distances apart, except at the two towns of Parang-Parang and Pollok, which lie on opposite sides of the bay. Both Pollok and Parang-Parang had garrisons of Spanish troops, and for this purpose they built forts and barracks, and other modern improvements. They found it necessary to have troops here in order to keep the Moros in check, and, if historical records are correct, they had plenty to do.

The Garden of the Philippines.

This region is one of the richest of the undeveloped parts of the Philippine Islands. It contains 3,000,000 acres, and has only 4000 people. At present it is cultivated only close to the coast and along the valley of the Rio Grande, but the soil is good, I am told, clear to the tops of the mountains, and it is said there are rolling lands and plains in the interior. The coffee tree grows as luxuriantly as in the region about Zamboanga, and the hills might be covered with plantations. The land will also produce sugar cane, cotton, cacao and hemp. As a rice-raising region there is none better anywhere. The Rio Grande is one of the largest of the Philippine rivers, and it has floods every year which fit the land for the rice crop. The river is, I have from the private notes of the Jesuit missionaries, who have been the only explorers of this island, 800 miles long, and of this 100 miles are navigable for small boats.

Cottabato, the capital of the province of Cottabato, is situated on this river, about six miles from where it flows into the Bay of Illana, and small steamers can sail with the tide up to it. There is a bar at the mouth which gives only five feet of water at low tide, which leads me to think that the future city will be on this Pollok Bay, where ships of the largest draft can have safe anchorage and be perfectly protected from the storms.

It would seem to me that this harbor will naturally be the great seaport for Southern Mindanao. It is far better than the harbor of Zamboanga, and better than that of Davao, which is at the eastern end of the island, some two hundred miles away. The Rio Grande Valley will eventually be the center of a large population, and the trade of the interior will come down the river by boat to be shipped abroad. One of the natural lines of the railroads which will some day be built to open up this great island will be through this valley. At present nearly everything goes down to Cottabato City, but on account of the bar the will be turned to the Bay of Pollok. There is now a military road eight miles long, built by the Spaniards, between the bay and Cottabato. It is in bad condition, but is being repaired by our troops.

For American Prospectors.

After the islands become settled, and it is possible to tell just how lands can be acquired and held, it will be well for Americans expecting to invest or settle in the Philippines to look into this part of the country. I am told that the most of the land about the bay belongs to the United States government, including the water front of Pollok and Parang-Parang.

On the northern side of the bay, reaching away for hundreds of miles into the interior, the land is all government property. It is made up of forests of the most valuable hard woods, interspersed with patches of natural pasture, covered with grass as high as your head. Such of the hills, lining the shore, are mountains, but the whole of the island of Mindanao is rolling, and there are plateaus and tablelands in the interior. As to these, and also as to the mineral resources, no prospecting has been done. Everywhere I have gone so far I have heard stories of gold existing in the sands of the rivers. In most cases no metal has been found in small quantities, but no one knows what there is. Capt. White, who is stationed at Cottabato, tells me he has washed some of the streams in the hills and has found black sand and small grains of gold. He says he found color in nearly every case.

At present a large part of the cultivated lands are in the hands of the Chinese, of whom there are about 100,000 in Cottabato, although there is one Spaniard who has 1700 acres of rice. The Chinese number about one-third of the population of Cottabato town. They do the mercantile business of the country, and have all the money. They are to be found everywhere in the Philippines, and I see them engaged in business at the two little towns of Pollok and Parang-Parang. The trade of the district amounts to \$1,000,000 silver per annum.

In Pollok.

I spent a day in the town of Pollok. This is across the bay, about six miles from Parang-Parang. The latter is a Moro settlement, but Pollok is almost altogether Chinese.



More Girls bathing



Pier and Harbor of Parang-Parang

fifteen miles inland. They met many people who were clad only in bracelets and leglets. The bracelets reached from their wrists to their elbows, and the anklets or leglets covered their legs from the foot to the knee. Further than this both sexes were naked. The women wore nose rings about as big around as trade dollars, and rings in their ears, running all along outside of the ears from the lobes to the tips. These rings were of brass, copper or buffalo horn, and in a few cases of silver. The people who live on the shore say that these savages are cannibals. They warned the soldiers not to go inland, telling them that they would be surely attacked from the mountains. Capt. White, who was with the expedition, tells me that they were very careful in their treatment of the people, and were not molested. He says the savages look very much like the Moros, except that they are darker and fiercer. They use spears and poisoned arrows. They have up houses, but live in the trees and move about from place to place.

King Southern Mindanao.

Before I describe my adventures with the Moros, let me tell you something of the region where I now am. It is situated in the richest parts of the Philip-

that he finds the coast line in places three miles and more out of the way.

We left Zamboanga at night, steaming slowly around the point on which the town lies, and then sailing due east, with the island of Basilan, the seat of the pearl fisheries, on our right. It rained as we left Zamboanga, and all night long the lightning played over the waters, now flashing out in great sheets and now cutting the clouds, darting this way and that. There was no thunder, and until after a short time no rain, nothing but these vivid flashes of light blaring out over the water.

We steamed slowly all night, and in the morning came to the great Bay of Illana, a vast curve in the southern coast of Mindanao, which is lined at the west with half a dozen or more hazy blue islands which rise like great mounds out of the sea. The shores in the distance seemed to rise up like a blue wall, upon which the clouds rested. As we went further into the bay the scenery grew wilder and wilder. We found the hills densely wooded, great bushy trees coating their sides, and silhouetting themselves against the sky line at the top. Back of the hills at our right were rolling mountains of navy blue, which apparently tumbled over one another, half washed with cloud masses of snowy white. Above a long strip of navy

and Chinese. It is a little tropical gem set into the harbor, with a stone pier reaching far out into the water. Near the shore are the barracks and buildings of the Spaniards, now occupied by our soldiers. They are surrounded by walls of stone, and include a well-shaded path and beautiful streets and walks. Entering the grounds from the sea is a little canal, formed of masonry, which leads to a dry dock about twenty feet wide and one hundred feet long. The barracks consist of many comfortable wooden buildings, roofed with galvanized iron. Back of them is the town proper, a collection of neat huts, over which hang great trees, loaded with coconuts. The most of the huts are built upon piles, the first floor, upon which the people live, being about six feet from the ground. There is one quite large church, now without a priest, a school and a school building. The soldiers have cleaned up the town, and have made gutters along its principal streets. Its population is not more than 500. It is chiefly Chinese, the people dressing and looking much like the inhabitants of Fanny and Lusa. They are very quiet, and are not at all like the Moros across the bay.

The Moros of the Moros.

The Moros of Cottabato are said to be the worst of all the Mohammedans of our new possessions. They have been fighting the Spaniards since 1890, and almost always successfully. They have a good organization, and thousands



THE DATTO OF COTTABATO.

of fighting men. Their chief datto is a man named Piang, who was originally a Chinese mestizo slave, but who, by his force of character, has raised himself to be a commander of his people. He has all the Chinese thrift, combined with all the Chinese cruelty. He is said to have made himself very rich, and to have added to his wealth by taxing each of his people as would not submit to his taxation. Last September he killed twelve of the leading insurgents. They were organized against the Americans, and had raised an army and had seized one of the towns. They were taxing the people, killing all who opposed them. The Chinese merchants appealed to Datto Piang. He came with his Moros, picked out the twelve insurgents, and shot of their heads.

At present Datto Piang is a friend of the Americans. When our troops came he sent word to Gen. Bates that he wanted to turn over the region to him, and he asked for an American flag. He appointed Christians as presidents of the various districts, and put in a Moro guard to carry out their orders.

Another datto of this same region is a bloodthirsty fellow named Uta, who fought the Spaniards for years, but who is now a friend of the Americans. He is an old fellow, having passed his three score and ten. He has one wife, the daughter of the Sultan of Mindanao, who is about 24 years old, and his concubines are said to number sixty. He will be kept in fine style. She has no end of diamonds, and walks in golden slippers.

Our American Citizens.

I wish I could take you through the crowd of American citizens whom we found awaiting us on the wharf at Pangasinan. They were queer creatures to be considered neighbors of our own Uncle Sam. I can tell you that I was glad that I had American soldiers with me as I passed among them. There were scores of dark-faced men, each wearing a great knife at his side. There were half-breed boys, with serpentine swords called kris, which are used by these people for disemboweling their enemies, and there were others who carried the long swords, known as cut-throats, which are especially used for cutting off heads. Some of the men were armed with spears of wood, with bamboo shafts, and others had bows and arrows, the latter tipped with steel and dipped in poison.

There was such a variety of weapons that I cannot describe them all. Every man and every boy had a sword stuck in his belt or fastened to his back. Some of them scowled at us, and others pointed to their knives and offered to sell them to us.

The picture was gay, as well as savage. The men and boys wore bright-colored turbans and waistcloths. One or two of the more distinguished citizens had on skin-tight trousers of red, yellow, blue and other colors, in some cases striped and in others mixed. A few had jackets, but most were bare to the waist, their brown skins shining like varnished mahogany under the sun. Some wore tall hats with tassels, and one little fellow, the son of a datto, was resplendent in tights of turkey-red calico, polka-dotted with white. Talk about the wild man of Borneo! You could see him on every side, and more savage and wild than Barnum's curiosity ever was.

Through this crowd we passed on our way up to the town, seeing Moro women and children looking out of the Spanish buildings at every window and every door. Some of the women had only cotton cloth wrapped about their breasts, under the armpits, and others were clad in strips of bright-colored cloth. All were bareheaded and frowny-looking, and all were barefooted.

A Dangerous Place for a Small Force.

We found the town full of Moros. They had taken possession of the fort and all of the buildings formerly held by the Spaniards, with the exception of the church, which is occupied by our soldiers. The soldiers are only ninety-five in number, and in an interview which I had with the datto he told me that he controlled about ten thousand men. If this is so, it would seem to me to be very dangerous to have so few troops at Pangasinan. By means of a conspiracy they could wipe out the garrison at any moment, and Col. Webb Hayes advised Capt. Gillenwater, who is in command, to put the Moros out of the fort and to hold it for our soldiers. Care is especially necessary among the Moros of Cottabato, who, as I have already said, are noted as being bad citizens. They have no regard for life, and they believe that killing a Christian is a sure passport to heaven. The fort is well formed for defense. It covers about an acre of ground, and has heavy stone walls, on the top of which is a picket fence made of palm. It has good water, and its arrangements for the soldiers are of the best.

During our stay we have bought numerous weapons of the Moros. They are good traders, but are anxious for money, and beautiful kris, barongs and camlans were offered us at from \$2 to \$5 each. Col. Hayes bought a dozen or so swords and lances. Later on the Moros brought weapons to our steamer, and I made photographs of two of them fencing with kris. One wore a helmet and coat of mail, which were probably relics of their fights with the Spaniards centuries ago. They were of brass, beautifully made, but exceedingly heavy, and almost unbearable down here in the tropics. The man offered the armor for sale for \$10 in gold, but before he left was glad to sell it for \$5.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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WHAT OUR PRESIDENTS LOOKED LIKE.

Washington's own description of himself is the best one. When ordering a suit of clothes of a London tailor, he wrote that he was "a man 6 feet high and proportionately made; if anything rather slender for a person of that height." In those times it was a convenient thing to have a friend with a foot of the same size as your own, as Washington had in Col. Baile, when he availed himself in his directions across the water of that gentleman's last, "only a little wider over the instep." When Washington was in Barbadoes, West Indies, in 1751, where he spent the winter with his invalid brother, Lawrence, he had the smallpox and his face always bore faint traces of the disease.

John Adams was of middle height, vigorous florid and somewhat corpulent, quite like the typical John Bull. Vanity and loquacity, as he freely admitted, were his chief failings. Thomas Jefferson was very erect, agile and strong. He had strong features, with prominent chin and cheek bones.

James Madison was small of stature, modest and quiet, neat and refined, courteous and amiable. James Monroe was tall, well formed, with blue eyes and light complexion. John Quincy Adams was a great student and described by his friends as a noble fellow. He was cool, resolute and good humored, with a broad brow and a firm mouth.

Andrew Jackson stood 6 feet 1 inch in his stockings, far from handsome, with a long, thin, fair face, high and narrow forehead, abundant reddish, sandy hair falling low over it, eyes deep blue and brilliant when he was aroused. He had a slender, graceful figure. He was a bold rider and a capital shot, the sort of hero, when he became President, for whom people threw up their caps and shouted themselves hoarse.

Martin Van Buren was a very polished gentleman, "gentle, polite, always cheerful and self-possessed." It was charged against him by those not friendly to him that he dined too well, lived too well, kept too good company, had tastes too refined and a tone too elegant.

William Henry Harrison made few enemies, though the subject of hostility. His most pronounced feature was his serenity of the Roman order. His expression was always serene. John Tyler also was a gentleman of solemn mien. James K. Polk was of middle weight, rather spare; he had bright, expressive eyes and an ample, angular forehead. He was generous, benevolent and pious.

Zachary Taylor, old "rough and ready," had the almost warlike expression of an Indian chief. He was remarkable for the purity of his character and for his modesty.

Millard Fillmore was a cultured, agreeable man. Franklin Pierce had a frank, open face and was warm-hearted. He was more popular than any occupant of the White House after Washington. James Buchanan was the only bachelor President and one of the most polished in manner and attractive in appearance.

TO THE THEATER FOR STUDY.

[New York Tribune:] The director of the Irving Place Theater said, a few days ago, that he had noticed a decided increase in the student element at his theater during the

last season. "A few years ago," he said, "our audience were exclusively German, and it was an unusual thing to see an American in the theater. But for three years we have noticed a change in that respect, and this season there have been few performances at which there was not a liberal sprinkling of Americans in the audience. That the interest in the German drama is increasing is shown also by the many requests for admission to our rehearsals from young people who are anxious to study a play in that way before going to the performance. These requests are, of course, never granted. On the other hand, we have noticed also that the young German-Americans, the children of German parents, are not good patrons of the German theater, and although they understand the language perfectly, and should on that account come within the class of regular patrons, we see less of them in proportion than of Americans who are making the German language a study."

MR. BONAPARTE'S FAMOUS FUN.

[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post:] The most successful pun ever perpetrated at a commencement is attributed to Charles Jerome Bonaparte, the brilliant American member of that famous family, who is a trustee of Harvard, and who practices law in Baltimore. It was at the Johns Hopkins University, and there was a crowded and distinguished audience. Mr. Bonaparte presided. The address was to have been delivered by a member of the faculty, who was remarkably absent-minded. When introduced, he stood up and confessed to the large audience that he had forgotten entirely that he was to make an address; he recalled that something was on his mind, and he intended the night before to write out a speech, but instead of that it slipped his memory and he went to the opera. With that he sat down. Mr. Bonaparte arose and spoke these three words:

"Opera non verba."

There was a slight pause, and then a roar of laughter filled the hall.

DR. WARD'S PART IN THE AFFAIR.

[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post:] Among the successful smaller colleges of the country is the Western Maryland, located at Westminster. For years the president of it was the Rev. Dr. J. T. Ward. One night some of the mischief-makers stole the molasses cans from the kitchen and poured streams of the treacle down the whole of the banisters that led from the sky parlor to the basement. Dr. Ward got up very early the next morning and as he went down the steps he gathered a handful of the molasses. The faculty sat in solemn session, but not an inkling could they find as to the identity of the miscreants. Suddenly the humor of the thing broke upon the doctor, and he said:

"Gentlemen, I may as well confess. I had a hand in it."

PROPOSAL OF A PANTHEON TOMB FOR GAMBETTA.

[Paris Nouvelles:] A movement is on foot to remove the remains of Gambetta from his early home and last resting place, Nice, to Paris for interment in the Pantheon—that cemetery of the immortals of France, over whose portal is the inscription: "A Grateful Country to Her Greatest Sons." Whenever, hitherto, the project was suggested, the father of the illustrious tribune opposed the transfer, perhaps because he remembered the lessons of history, and dreaded the day when an inconstant populace might ravage the tombs of those who had been the idols of another age, as had been done with the tombs of the kings at St. Denis. But Gambetta's father is now dead, and the devotees of the son are clamoring to have the honored dust reposed in the Pantheon.

WONDERS OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

It is estimated that there are more than four hundred thousand different species of animals that have been studied and described, although there are only 150,000 different species of plants. There are 30,000 kinds of insects alone, 120,000 coleoptera, 50,000 lepidoptera and 35,000 hymenoptera. About one-thirtieth of the number of animals is furnished by the birds, of which there are 13,000 different kinds. There are 12,000 species of fishes, 800 kinds of reptiles, of which 1640 are snakes, only 300 being venomous. Besides there are some 1300 species of amphibians known, 20,000 kinds of arachnids, 50,000 species of mollusks, 8000 kinds of worms, and 3000 kinds of echinoderms. In the Museum of Natural History at Berlin, the largest collection in the world, there are some 200,000 species of animals, represented by about 1,800,000 specimens.

ETERNAL LOVE.

Today the glory of the Lord fades from my sight,
His power, His dread, His majesty and might
Only I find in all the heaven above,
One uncreated, indivisible, eternal love.

And now I know, what they who stand and wait
Without shall know, when, through the eternal gate
They pass, to lose their lives in His, to prove
The length, breadth, depth and fullness of His love.

This, His eternal peace, eternal rest,
Comes when, thy life laid down, the best
Is freely spread before Him, then
In His life, thou shalt find thy life again.

Eternal Peace, Eternal Love, Infinite Mind,
Short are the years thou toiled, yet the way
Is there and, seeking, thou shalt surely find
The path that leads to freedom from thy house of clay.

Oh, mighty Lord, behold, the sunrise comes,
The dewdrop in the ocean sinks to rest,
The wild beast seeks his lair, the beetle hums,
My soul has found its refuge and is blest.

G. N.

[Omaha Bee:] Aguinaldo has evidently recovered his typewriter, as another proclamation from him has appeared. It lacks the spice and force of some of his former communications.

Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke.

FICTION.

Tales from a Clergyman's Note-book.

LIFE passes in procession along a paragonage porch as it does before the eyes of a novelist. And a clergyman, according to the pretension of the book, looked upon it and sketched it out in a genial, quietly humorous and decidedly pathetic manner—in short, as it appeared to a kindly and thoroughly gentle-hearted man. So these seven stories of the collection are mere outline studies—photographs of a glimpse or a phase of life—mere notes on the larger study of man.

It begins with the biography of a misunderstood dog—decidedly the best of the collection, and there is something of a tender echo of Seton-Thompsonian sympathy through it all—and ends with a sketch of a misunderstood man, whose other name is, "undertaker."

Style is the man—so say the French. And the world is coming more and more to see the truth of the saying. And in reading this book you seem to forget the story—I mean the subject matter—the coloring thereof, and the pathos and half-tearful humor of it all, and you remember only what a genial person its writer must be. If those pages are not exactly literature, then the author may have the consolation of seeing how miraculously rare are the American writers whose works approach true literature as close as does his.

"One day Satan [that is the name of the dog in the first sketch] was washing the baby's face; yes, washing her face; he had often seen his mistress do it, and now he tried it himself. The baby was seated in the path outside the front gate, and was cooling and crowing and spluttering with delight during the process. To be sure, there was a little trace of molasses on the left cheek, and a flavor of butter down near the left corner of the mouth; and these added to the temporary sensations of pleasure to Satan's constant, unswerving feelings of affection and devotion. Just then, there came by one of those women who know everything. She knew everything about homes and children and dogs and horses and cattle upon the thousand hills; and knew it always in an instant. As soon, therefore, as her omniscient eye fell upon the scene, she knew that this blood-thirsty animal was trying to eat the child alive; and with a scream she swooped down upon them, to the great surprise and perplexity of Satan and the alarm and noisy resistance of the baby. She caught up the child in her arms, and the child filled the air with cries of protest; these cries, Satan understood to be an appeal to him for protection; and the next moment, with an angry growl, he had the woman's elbow in his strong jaws, and hung there swinging from side to side like a pendulum."

[The Paragonage Porch. By Bradley Gilman. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.]

HISTORY.

The History of Presidential Elections.

From the Washington elections down to the McKinley-Bryan contest, the record of them all is here, with the stories of conventions, their platforms, the statistics of votes, etc.

The political and economic life of the nation rises into a vortex at its quadrennial election. Also in the election activities, the nation seems to hang out a huge mirror wherein you see reflected the epitome of what the people are thinking and longing and praying. Moreover the President of the United States is a trifle more than a king in many ways. From these you can see at once that the history of the elections, when it is well done, is one of the most valuable contributions to the political history of the nation.

And Col. McClure is happy in giving us just such a book. The traditional and old-time classic dullness of many-volumed historical works has gone into the pages of the historical romances of the day and, to make the matter even, doubtless, the goodly Providence seems to have decreed that the vivid interest of the work of fiction should enter between the covers of history. Parkman, Ridpath, Woodrow, Wilson, Frederick Bancroft, and now Mr. McClure—these are an entertaining company. There is something more than entertaining about it, however, in these pages before us. A remarkable thing about it is that the author has taken an active and decidedly prominent part in fourteen elections—that is to say one-half of the entire number. There must be a difference between a scholarly historian and the best he can do is to be skillful and accurate in the handling of the materials in his hand—and a recorder of the events and time wherein he himself was an actor, a prominent actor and the fashioner of history.

There must be a vast deal of consolation for some one in the few pages—for example—on the nomination of Abraham Lincoln. Heaven only knows just how many romances and legends have been told on how, why, and by whom he was nominated at Chicago. And the author's statement, simple, conviction-compelling, falls upon the chaos as conclusive. Lincoln once said that Col. McClure is the most brilliant man he had ever seen. And here is the author's impression of the greatest American:

"Lincoln was the most notable combination of sadness and mirth that I ever met with in any of our public men. His face in repose, under all circumstances was one of the saddest I ever beheld. It would brighten in conversation, and at times would portray a measure of sorrow that could not be surpassed. . . . Strange as it may seem, he was always a hopeful man, never pessimistic, and always inclined, when discussing any question, to take the bright side. He was severely conscientious in his convictions and in his actions. He had faith in the present and greater faith in the future. . . . In a single sentence to be found in Lincoln's second inaugural address, the country and the world have the most complete portrayal of his character. . . . 'With malice toward none; with charity for all.' . . . No one could know Lincoln well without seeing some features of his home life. I have seen him in

grave conversation with public men on the most momentous subjects, when 'Tad' Lincoln, his favorite boy, would rush into the room, bounce onto his father's lap, throw his arms around his neck, and play hobby-horse on his foot regardless of all the sacred affairs of state. There never was a frown from his father, and the fretting questions of even the great war seemed to perish until 'Tad' had completed his romp."

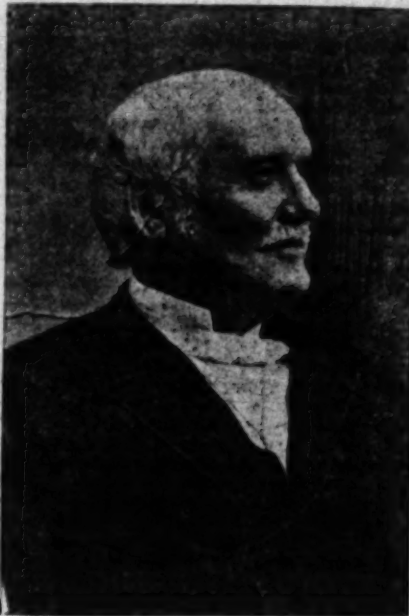
Col. McClure was born, so says the introduction by C. E. Smith, at Center, Perry county, Pa., January 9, 1858. A tanner's apprentice at 15—and his education was very limited—the editor of the Juniata Sentinel at 19; at 25, the Whig nominee for Auditor-General; elected to the Legislature at 29; and, as I have said, a prominent member of the Republican National Convention of 1860; then, settled down in Philadelphia in the practice of the law; a leading spirit in the Republican revolt of 1872; returned to the Legislature and finally founded the Philadelphia Times, which proved to be his life work and "for twenty-five years, with ripened experience and mellowed spirit, but with unabated passion for political movements, Col. McClure has been both the actor and the critic in the great and constantly changing drama of public events."

[Our Presidents; and How We Make Them. By Col. A. K. McClure. Harper & Co., New York. Price \$2.]

BIOGRAPHY.

Rev. Charles A. Berry.

"And who is this Mr. Berry?" asked the pious on both sides of the Atlantic. And that was toward the close of 1887. The reason of it was that on March 8 of that year Beecher died and Mr. Berry was offered the famous pulpit. Not a few were surprised when the offer was declined and it was not possible that so unexpected a refusal should keep his name from a certain notoriety. But it was not



COL. ALEXANDER MCCLURE.
(From The Critic.)

for notoriety—nor even for fame—that Berry came to his decision. He who would read the biography before us will see that at once. The young minister thought that he had a larger work at home; and this record of his life seems to agree with him well. A pulpit orator, one, by no means to be ignored in the political and social life, a leader of the "free churches," a liberal theologian, and as the center of religious influences in and about Wolverhampton—all these, and yet he was a young man of 46 when he died. A brilliant life with a vastly more brilliant promise. The author of the memoir was the fellow-student and co-pastor of Dr. Berry's, and in as much as Mrs. Berry helped him all she could, one may feel very comfortable in taking this book as the authentic record of a man to know whom is a good thing for a young man.

[Charles A. Berry, D.D. By James S. Drummond. Cassel & Co., London. Price \$1.50. For sale by Fowler & Colwell.]

BOER WAR.

A Critical Book on Transvaal Affairs.

The author was in South Africa—in the Transvaal and Cape Colony; it was in the summer and autumn of 1899—that is to say, at the critical time—and in that comparatively short time, he seems to have seen a large portion of things and events. And in this volume, sober and not lacking in dignity, he offers the world the result of what he has seen and thought. In part I he sums up the condition of the Boer republic in 1899—the diverse forces in the Transvaal politics, the personality of Krüger and other prominent persons, the official corruption and incompetency, the need of a financial reform, the Dutch feeling, the diplomacy which led the matters to the present crisis, and incidentally he touches upon the political position of the Cape Colony, race conflict in South Africa, etc. He does not see a saint in the Boer nor a kingdom of heaven in the South African Republic, nor indeed an Eden in the veldt. But the scars of the rough-hewn and struggle-callous people do not quite fill his horizon, so that he cannot see anything else. "The Boer is not," to him, "by

nature a warlike animal; he wants to be left alone and to lead a leisurely and somewhat lazy life upon his farm. He can and will fight for what he calls independence. Taken as a whole, the people had no desire to fight with another white race unless they were driven into it by a conviction of its necessity for self-defense."

Says the justifier of England: "First, the misgovernment of the Outlander population was so oppressive that any interference with the internal affairs of the Transvaal, though expressly excluded by convention, was justified in the last resort; secondly, that no adequate redress could have been obtained either by voluntary concessions, or by the moral influence of diplomatic representations; thirdly, a successful war will be followed by a peaceful settlement, which will speedily restore political and social tranquility to the Transvaal and to the rest of South Africa."

The author marshals a decently formidable array of facts that he may show, I mean that the facts may force upon a fair mind the conclusion that none of the prophecies made by the advocate of the British cause is valid.

In Part II, the author asks an inconvenient and hard question—for whom and for what are we fighting? That England is shedding so much blood and is rating her as flower of young manhood so cheaply that she might furnish and oil the financial schemes of a certain number of Jewish financiers in South Africa, does not seem to the author to be the height of the ambition of British policy. That Great Britain is fighting to simplify the geography south of Zambesi and to the north of it, too, is not an amazingly new and impossible thing for her to do, of course. But the author has but poor taste for the tradition of the sort.

In conclusion, the author presents many analytical studies of the economic and political problems of the land. He does not claim that he has solved them all, that he has arrived at a difficulty which would insure the stable settlement of the difficulties. No, at the same time, he thinks that the careful and studious solution of the economic and political problems will do very much more toward the peace and prosperity of the future of South Africa than war or diplomacy. And his chapter on "Federation of States" is very suggestive and significant.

It deals with war, this book, the war wherein the author's own country is involved. And war is, as a general thing, an exciting thing. Still, the words and the rhetoric of the author have not the faintest shadow of a hysteria. It is a sober work; scholarship—I mean that quiet thoroughness of investigation and thought—seems to have stamped dignity on almost every page of it. I daresay there are some mistakes in these 300 pages; none can read a note aright in the course of "several months." At the same time, there is that something which inspires in the mind of the reader a certain amount of confidence in the conclusions of the author. It is singular also that the views of this author—a British subject—should so well coincide with those of the Boer as we found in "The Story of the Boer." Some may call this book the literature of "infamy for dissemination of treason." But then, one ought to remember that rhetoric with a certain eloquent writer, is more intoxicating than whisky, art, or love. And more than our fearless defender of his convention and of what he thinks is just and true, have been called traitors. Amid the maelstrom of literature on the war, this book holds a high and sane place.

[The War in South Africa: Its Causes and Effects. By J. A. Hobson. Macmillan: New York. Price \$2.]

GUIDE BOOK.

For an American Lady Who Would Visit Paris.

Since Paris is beckoning with such a magic wand to pilgrims who would turn their faces toward her in so many kinds. Many are as nervous as lightning and of haste and proceed with all the most becoming modesty of intention of doing an empire in a few weeks. There are others, to whom the Quartier Latin is a Mecca, and disturbing the final sleep of the great in letters and art is a delight unknown to a throne or to a lover. Now the present volume is not meant for them. There are a number of American ladies who are not as an irritable flame not, indeed, art mad, exactly, and who would visit Paris and joy life and things there generally, and would know beforehand what there are for them to do and see and what it would be better for them not to see and do—for them, this little book. It covers many things, channel routes, hotels, choice of living, servants, language, marketing, money, pourboire, cabs, sight-seeing, galleries, museums, churches, theaters, shops, money, streets, dressmakers, society, sport, and, of course, the exposition, among many other things.

Cleverly written, concise, handy, and so far as it goes one ought to find this a pleasant companion in her wanderings.

[A Woman's Paris. Small, Maynard & Co.: Boston. Price \$1.25.]

MINING LIFE.

With the Klondike Gold-Seekers.

The correspondent of Harper's Weekly in Klondike has just gathered into a rather imposing volume the record of his experiences and observations and not a few of the good and marvelous and always entertaining, of which he heard. He tells you the dark, awe, almost hideous life of the Skagway trail, where the horse leaves the marks which are like unto the work of chisels, of mud, of muddy depth, of dead horses and holes whose depth of good Lord alone knows.

"Every man we meet tells of the trials of the trail. Anxious and weary are they. I saw one-half way up the hill, asleep on his pack, with his closed eyes toward the sky and the rain pattering on his face, which was as pale as death. It gave me a start, until I noticed his

laughing. A little way on, three horses lie dead, two of them half buried in the black quagmire, and the horses step over their bodies, without a look and painfully struggle on."

The tales of storms and the wrecked on Lake Bennett, of an Indian village and the trading there, of the life in Dawson and Klondike "City," of the dangers and trials from the floating ice and from the below-zero weather—many, if the apostle to the Gentiles could have heard them in his day, he certainly would have been much more content in his famous parading of his trials. Then the author gives you an extensive account of dogs and dog-driving, of the finest dog team in Klondike, and the chapter on mining and the different methods thereof, as well as the different forms in which the gold is being found. Also the history of the discovery of gold in Klondike; and the opinions of the dwellers at Forty-Mile over the report; the pathetic tale of Henderson's ill luck; and the noisome howling of some one else's luck, who by accident put up a few of fairy inscriptions along Bonanza Creek, of the life in Dawson, of its newspapers and theaters which incidentally is a dancing hall, too, of its restaurants and of the eggs at \$1.50 apiece, etc., are all to be found here and what an entertaining reading this would make for one who had never heard of all these things before!

[The Klondike Stampede. By Tappan Adney. Harpers: New York. Price \$3.]

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Gentleman Pensioner," by Albert Lee (Appletons, New York), is a romance of love and adventure of the time of Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. It is alive with trickeries, attempted assassinations, narrow escapes, and the kidnapping of a girl. But in the end all comes out well for the chief character of the romance.

"Patents and How to Make Money Out of Them," by W. B. Hutchinson (D. Van Nostrand Co., New York), is a book devoted to the interests of inventors and deals with the business side of invention. It gives one a brief historical account of patents and tells him who can obtain them and what are patentable, what are the laws regarding them, etc.

"Guide to Mexico," by Christobal Hidalgo (Whitaker, Ray & Co., San Francisco; price \$1) is a booklet which is emphatic in its profession of being entirely independent of railway and real estate interests and has a modest pretension of being "the only guide that gives correct and reliable information about all sections of Mexico, and how to go there and secure desirable homes or good situations."

E. R. Russell announces that he has purchased from M. Bismarck the American copyright of his new play "Aragon," and will publish the English translation in America simultaneously with the publication of the book in England and in Paris.

"The Banker and the Bear, a Story of a 'Corner' in Lard," is the title of a novel by Henry K. Webster, which the Macmillan Company will publish on June 1.

"No greater contrast between personality and work can be imagined," says the writer of "Feminine News and News" is the New York Evening Sun, "than in the case of Miss Mary Johnston, whose 'To Have and To Hold' has won the hearts both of the general public and the capricious editor. Miss Johnston looks as if she had stepped straight out of Miss Wilkins's books. She is small and slight, brown-haired, and in manner extremely unassuming. Sherlock Holmes himself would be likely to size her up as a Yankee school-marm rather than as the author of the most warm-blooded romance of the hour, full not alone of swag and sword play and top boots, but tenderness and tragedy and passion. It is another proof of how many a great one fails to look his part—a significant point when we recall the many aspirants for honor of one sort or another, who start out by raising heaven and earth, not in achieving something, but in looking the part they would like to achieve. 'First get your self suit' is the motto of more than one kind of sportsman." Annie Kendrick Walker, in the New York Times Saturday Review, says of Miss Johnston: "She is not very tall and her figure is slender and agile. She carries herself well, and has that high-bred air that gives her a distinctive charm in any assembly. Her eyes are large and brown, with little flecks of gold. Her light brown hair is soft and wavy, and she wears it simply. She dresses quietly and fashionably. Her tastes are those of a charming woman, who, although unconventional, respects every propriety."

"The Education of the Young, in the Republic of Plato," is a translation by Bernard Bosanquet, M.A., LL.D., of that portion of the educational scheme which Plato sets forth in the republic as a whole.

"The Farringtons," the new novel by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," is pronounced by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and other English critics, the best and most brilliant book which this successful author has written.

The Macmillan Company will publish within the next few weeks, seven novels, some of which are sure to claim a very wide attention on their appearance. James Lane Allen's "The Reign of Law; a Story of the Kentucky Hemp Fields," for instance, and Mrs. Flora Annie Steel's "Voices of the Night; a Chromatic Fantasia," also will be welcome to those who have read her successful novel, "On the Face of the Waters." "As the Light Led," by James Newton Reddick, author of "At You All's House," is another book by this novelist of Missouri life. "The Banker and the Bear; a Story of a 'Corner' in Lard," by H. K. Webster, is a strong romantic love story which runs its course through some exciting episodes in the Chicago Chamber of Commerce. "A Friend of Caesar" is an historical novel by William Stearns Davis, who, by the by, is a grandson of the late President Davis of Amherst College, and at the only age of six has written a book in which scholarship is blended with skill as a novel writer, in a rather remarkable way. "A Breaker of Laws," by W. Pett Ridge, and "The Sunset Twins," by Grace Marguerite Hurd, complete the list.

Benny Wilton Thomas, whose brilliant novel of Italian life in New York, "The Last Lady of Mulberry," is the latest instance of a successful first book, is a young New York journalist and writer of short stories. He has lived in Italy as well as in New York, and is therefore peculiarly fitted to realize the atmosphere of Italian life.

MRS. CHARLES ROHLFS. ANNA KATHERINE GREEN TALKS OF HER LITERARY WORK.

From a Special Correspondent.

BUFFALO, May 21.—Seated in the pleasant ground-floor room of her cozy home on Norwood avenue, in which she does her writing, Mrs. Charles Rohlf (Anna Katherine Green) told a friend today how she began the production of the remarkable series of "criminal romances" which have made her one of the most widely-read fiction writers of the present day.

Her passion for writing first manifested itself when she was literally a mere child, but her earliest literary ambitions were all in the direction of verse. Indeed, a complete edition of her books would include a volume of poems, first published some years ago, and fairly successful, though not to be compared with her stories. She began to write in rhyme and measure when only 7 or 8 years old, and her brother, three or four years older, who owned a toy printing press and a font of type, used to take great delight in setting up and printing her girlish productions, the two children playing "author and publisher" to their own great satisfaction and the infinite amusement of the older members of the family. Most of the impressions from the boy's little machine have long since been destroyed, but Mrs. Rohlf has preserved a few, which she sometimes shows to her intimate friends. They were all short, and most of them were inspired by the beauties of nature—the fragrant flowers, the blue sky, the fleecy clouds, the bright sunshine, etc. One, entitled "The Marriage," had for its theme, not a wedding, but the meeting of day and night at the moment of dawn.

After a while her pieces of verse were longer and more ambitious, and by and by the narrative element crept into them. Then, on the advice of her stepmother, the young girl attempted a story in prose, over which she labored long and earnestly, only to destroy it at last as altogether unworthy. Yet it must have had some merit, for, as she now remembers it, the plot contained the germs of "The Leavenworth Case," which was the solid foundation of her present fame. Though neither she nor any one else was aware of it at the time, that period of her life was an important link in her mental development. She seemed fairly possessed with the impulse to construct stories, and much of the time which she would otherwise have devoted to play was given up to lonely walks, during which she told long and ingenious tales to herself. Beyond a doubt, the framework of more than one of her later works was then planned and set up, destined to forgetfulness for years, but ultimately to be of great use. Writing "The Leavenworth Case."

At 15 she was sent to the Ripley Female College in Vermont, and her school duties occupied her time and energy until after she was graduated. Then she returned to her home in Brooklyn, where she at once set about the collection and revision of her verses. Having accomplished that task, she tried to find a publisher, but failed. Then the suggestion that she turn from poetry to fiction was renewed.

Remembering that in a previous effort she had failed to please herself, the young writer hesitated a long time before taking the offered advice. At last, however, she concluded to make the attempt, and from that time till a date quite two years later she lived in a little world of her own. She had the plot all mapped out before she began, but it had to be changed and modified as the work progressed, and much of the writing had to be done over and over again. Thus chapter after chapter was recast and rewritten, and on several occasions she felt sorely tempted to burn the manuscript and forget it. It was not until the story was two-thirds written that she dared to say anything about it to any one.

Technical Revision.

Then she showed the copy to her father, who read it, saw that she had struck a vein, and encouraged her to finish the tale, albeit he suggested many modifications. These the daughter accepted without question, for her father was a lawyer, and his suggestions were all along the line of practicality, logical development and conformity to the legal technicalities in the parts which had to do with the courts.

"I felt grateful to my father for his kindness in helping me," says Mrs. Rohlf, when talking of the circumstances now, "but I must confess that the way he tore some of my most cherished construction all to pieces was almost disheartening. However, I reconstructed and pieced together the parts which he had condemned, and set about completing my work. I had already written about one hundred thousand words, and the story seemed to me not more than half developed, but, as my father warned me against making it too long, I compressed the remainder, and when at last the manuscript was completed the story exceeded 150,000 words by only a few hundred."

"I was then eager to take the copy to a publisher, but my father suggested that it ought to be revised again, and by a judge. So to a judge of our acquaintance the copy was taken, and he waded through it most patiently. I say this advisedly, for, as it then stood, the manuscript of "The Leavenworth Case" was the strangest-looking mass of paper you ever saw. You see, I had written part of it at home in Brooklyn, part of it at the seashore, part of it in the mountains, and other parts wherever I had chanced to be as a guest, on journeys, and so on. I had procured my paper and ink from the nearest dealer in every case, without a thought of uniformity. Chromatically, the copy was more like Joseph's coat of many colors than anything else I can compare it to, for some of the paper was white, some blue, some pink, and some buff. But the judge made no comments on the motley appearance of the manuscript, and was very encouraging in his report on the work as a whole. It had held his interest from first to last, he said, and the only technical criticism that he could offer was on

my use in one place of the word 'equity.' So far as the word's ordinary meaning was concerned I had used it properly, but it had a significance in legal parlance which I had failed to grasp.

Seeking a Publisher.

"Well, I fixed up the word 'equity,' and took the much-scarred manuscript to the head of a well-known publishing house. He didn't mind the appearance of the copy—though I'll confess I'd hesitate to offer such manuscript to any one nowadays—and had it read. He warned me, though, that 150,000 words was altogether too long, and, further, that he wasn't very hopeful that a story of the sort I had described to him, particularly if written by a young woman, would please the public at all.

"The reports of the readers were favorable in the main, but the publisher would not regard them as conclusive. 'Now,' he said, 'you cut out 50,000 words and then get Rosamond Johnson to read it. If he reports favorably we'll bring out your book.' It had been hard enough work to write the story in the first place, but it was harder still to cut out one-third of what had cost me so much time and effort, but I shut my eyes, so to speak, and after several days of hard work the excisions were performed.

"Mr. Johnson, as it chanced, was a friend of our family, and, though a very busy man, he was willing to pass on the story. He came to our house in Brooklyn for that purpose, and in view of the condition of the copy I volunteered to read it to him. So he settled himself comfortably in his chair, and I began. He said that if it were very bad I needn't read it all, and, though he said it more as a joke than anything else, this filled me with a terror that I had read two or three chapters I noticed with alarm that his eyes were closed, and, thinking that possibly he might have fallen asleep through sheer lack of interest, I stopped. There was a pause of perhaps half a minute—then, without opening his eyes, he said the one word, 'More!' So I went on till midnight or later, when the reading was suspended till next day. After it was all read Mr. Johnson was good enough to give the story his approval. In due time the book came out, and that is how I made my start as a story writer."

Mrs. Rohlf at Home.

All the manuscript Mrs. Rohlf writes now is read aloud, as was that of "The Leavenworth Case," but the author is rarely the reader. When she is producing a story she devotes the major part of the day to the work, writing rapidly for several hours, after which she devotes some time to correction. In the evening, when the lamps have been lighted, she and her husband and the governess of their children gather about the table in her writing-room. Mr. Rohlf reads and the others listen, until one of the three has a criticism to make. In the nature of things, the criticisms are oftentimes made by the author herself, and she is constantly making notes of the way the story strikes her as the reading progresses. At the same time she plans the work of the coming day, and in the pauses Mr. Rohlf goes over the finished copy and crosses the t's and dots the i's.

Mrs. Rohlf is essentially a home woman, despite her calling, which in a sense is a subordinate consideration with her. When she is writing, however, she devotes herself very closely to the work, beginning at 9 o'clock in the morning and sometimes writing or recasting well into the night, after the regular evening's reading has been accomplished. It takes days to adjust herself to a new piece of work, but once she has begun, nothing can drive it out of her mind. This does not mean that everything else must give way to the story; indeed, she often acts as hostess or as guest, and goes out to entertainments and social functions while she is writing a piece of fiction, the same as at other times. But whatever she does she never lets go of the thread of her story, and thus in a way she almost leads a double existence from the beginning of the work to its finish.

There are three children in the Rohlf family: Rosamond, 15; Sterling, 13; and Roland, 8. Out of study hours they spend much of their time in the writing-room of the author and much in the studio, where their father constructs the chairs and tables and other artistic articles of household use and adornment that have attracted the attention of those who appreciate such things. Each of the children has already displayed special aptitude in a special line. Rosamond and Sterling are artistic, the girl showing greater preference for color and the boy for drawing and modeling in clay. Roland, the youngest, seems to have inherited both the dramatic and mechanical likings of his father, and all three children take delight in the cultivation of growing things, in which they are encouraged by their mother, herself an expert gardener and a scientific botanist.

Mrs. Rohlf is a deeply-religious woman, who believes faith should be chiefly manifested in works, and there are many in Buffalo whose worldly success has not been marked that can testify to her practical charity and helpfulness.

J. D. P.

SHE WON THE CANDY.

A correspondent is responsible for the following: "I was amused at the neat way a chic miss took down a would-be-real-smart young fellow at the La Grande Station the other day. They were awaiting the arrival of the Overland, and as the train came in sight the girl exclaimed, 'Here she comes!' 'You should say, 'Here he comes,' and I'll bet a box of candy I can prove it by your own admission,' was the reply. She accepted the bet, and her dapper escort launched out with, 'Well, you see you'll have to admit it is of the masculine gender, inasmuch as it is a mail train.' 'Oh—I—don't—know,' was the rejoinder, 'it strikes me that it is a Santa Fe-mail train.' She got her candy—after his recovery."

PILLS VS. BILLS.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "Which school does the new doctor belong to?" "Some commercial school, I guess." "Eh?" "Where they teach making big bills."

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Two World's Fairs.

PERHAPS nine-tenths of the Americans who are coming to Paris this year were at Chicago in 1893, and their first impulse will be to institute comparisons—which is commendable for its patriotism, at least. It is well to reflect at such a time, however, that the first impressions at Chicago were not uniformly of a pleasing order. This applies to most of those who went to Jackson Park by railroad or street car, and arrived at the unsightly back door of the fair. Nothing like an impressive entrance was attempted by the architects excepting on the lake side, and fortunate was he whose first glimpse of the White City was from the lake.

Looking back at it now, as I saw it first on a summer's evening from the water-side, with its lights and gleaming palaces, it seemed a fairyland, a dream-city by the waves. I have never seen anything that remotely suggested its marvelous beauty except the illumination of the North River and harbor at New York during the Dewey celebration. By day the view from the lake was hardly less inspiring. It was like discovering a veritable Atlantis. Landing at the Water Gate, its simple perfection scarcely preparing us for the burst of beauty from the Court of Honor within, that unrivaled production of artistic genius, peerless to this day among the artificial delights upon which the most favored eye has feasted, we found this inscription: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them."—[Edward Inley, in Harper's Weekly.]

Wears a Silk Hat and Sack Coat.

IT ISN'T every day that a new member of Congress will stop all over the proprieties by sauntering forth from his hotel attired in a tall hat of latest pattern and a last year's hand-me-down sack coat. But that is what Mr. Littlefield of Maine has done upon several occasions lately, and he seems to enjoy it. A few mornings since he got aboard a street car at the peace monument to ride around to the top of Capitol Hill on the House side.

His silk tie was stunning, and in the warm April sunshine it shone like a freshly-blackened baseburner. But his coat was a sight. The lining hung down full length, just as it did when the coat was new, but the cloth on the outside had crawled upward an average of half an inch all around, and presented evidence of wear and tear. One pocket was filled to overflowing with heavy papers packed in on top of a handkerchief, and it hung down on one side like the end of a piece of ham sausage, unsmoked.

But the Maine giant didn't seem to know or care anything about the sensation he was creating. He got off the car at the top of the hill and walked across the wide expanse of paved street to the House entrance with the carriage of a lord; and he looked the part, too, but for that coat. As he was about to enter the Capitol he was met by Senator Hale of Maine, who was also attired in shining tile and sack coat, which leads one to wonder whether this is the prevailing mode up in Maine.—[H. Gilson Gardner in Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Maine's Woodchuck Man.

IF I DON'T wake up before the bluebirds come," said Cyrus Brown, on the evening of December 13, 1899, "burn a match under my nose and stick a needle in my arm. I want to be out in the woods by the time the sap gets to running."

Mr. Brown of Eagle Lake is known locally as the "woodchuck man," so-called because he has slept continuously through the winter months for the past eleven years, beginning his long nap before the middle of December and coming out about March 30. He is nearly 70 years old, and until he was hit in the head by a falling limb while working in the woods in the winter of 1888, he had been a very robust man.

He was falling legs on a lot some distance from camp, and when he did not come into supper men went out and found him lying senseless under a fallen limb, with a scalp wound on the top of his head.

After lying in a comatose condition for three days he was wrapped in warm blankets, and put in a keghead filled with straw to be carried fifty miles to the nearest railroad station. Everybody expected he would be dead when he reached home, but there was no apparent change in his condition. He remained in a deathlike sleep all winter.

About once a week he took a half pint of brandy and four raw eggs and then fell asleep again as if it was the only thing for him to do. The doctors who visited him tried many experiments in the hope of waking him up, but without any success.

Meanwhile his body had turned to a chalky white color and his temperature had fallen to near the freezing point. One doctor, who had come on from New Brunswick to see him, told his family that he was dead beyond question, and that the faint agitation that could be felt over his heart was no more than a reflex action of the muscles.

A coffin was ordered and the burial robes were made ready, when his body heat began to go up. It rose two or three degrees during the day, and fell back a degree or less in the night, but though the gain was so small, it was in the right direction, so the family postponed the funeral and waited.

After the animal heat in the body had reached 70 deg., pulsations were felt in his wrists, and his chest rose and fell from twelve to fifteen times an hour, indicating that respiration had set in. The coffin was put out of sight, and on March 31 the sick man opened his eyes and called for food. He ate a hearty meal, slept three days longer, and then got up and went about his work as if nothing had happened.

Every year since then he has dropped off to sleep at the beginning of settled cold weather, and has not wakened until the early spring birds come north. In the warm weather he seems as active and vigorous as he ever was,

although his memory has failed of late, and at times he complains of headache.

The doctors give no name to the malady, but say that it is due to a torpid condition of the body which is allied to the hibernation of animals. For want of a better title the people have named him the woodchuck man.—[New York Sun.]

Quicksilver Fountain.

THE quicksilver fountain displayed in London to draw attention to a leading product of Queensland, uses two and a half tons of mercury or quicksilver, which falls from a bowl four feet in diameter to one seven feet below, having a diameter of seven and a half feet. From the lower bowl a drain pipe eighty feet long conducts the mercury to a tank, from which buckets on an endless belt raise it to a pipe leading back to the upper bowl. To minimize the use of mercury, each basin is nearly filled with cement, yet the value of the precious liquid required to cover the surface of the basins and keep the fountain in operation is nearly \$3000. Under the electric light, the spray of quicksilver, falling at the rate of seven tons an hour, is fairylike and brilliant.—[Baltimore American.]

Miraculous Gift of Blind Boy.

MASON CITY, Iowa, has produced a wonderful musical prodigy in the person of little Cecil Emaley Gale, a child who was born totally blind. Cecil has never taken a lesson in music, but when he was but 16 months old he began to pick out harmonious chords upon the piano. Before he was a year old he startled his parents by playing through without a mistake "A Hot Time in the Old Town." Almost simultaneously with his first achievement, he began to play many popular airs and hymns. If he hears a selection once, whether vocal or instrumental, he reproduces it upon the piano. He now plays sixty different hymns and songs, and has never had a hint or suggestion from an instructor or his parents. What he does he does by instinct; the rhythm of his childish soul directs the tiny fingers and they glide gracefully over the keyboard, producing perfect harmony, while the handsome little fellow prattles on about his dog and toys, apparently unconscious of the music.

Many musicians have visited the home of the child genius to see and hear him play, and many have begged for the privilege of training him. Others have sought the consent of his parents to make a tour with him. But his parents are carefully harboring his strength for the future, when they will give him every opportunity to develop his remarkable genius. If his present power is at all prophetic he will become one of the musical marvels of the age.—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

A Boy's Bright Idea Squeezed.

A PROPOS of inventions," said a New Orleans lawyer, "who does a good deal of Patent Office business, 'I'll tell you a curious little story, which is absolutely true, and has never been printed. Nearly a quarter of a century ago a twelve-year-old boy was watching the moving of a heavy piece of furniture at his home in this city, when it occurred to him that the castors upon which it rolled were very clumsy contrivances, and might be improved. He was a bright boy, with a taste for mechanics and drawing, and turning the matter over in his mind, he hit on the scheme of using a metal ball, instead of a wheel. The ball, he argued, could turn in any direction in a socket, and would be a great improvement over the old-fashioned castor. So he proceeded to make a drawing of the device and showed it to his father, who thought so well of it that he went to see a lawyer with a view of having it patented."

"The lawyer was an eminent man in his profession and an advocate of great ability, but he knew nothing whatever of mechanics, and when he looked at the drawing the ever of mechanics, and when he looked at the drawing the thing struck him as being impracticable. 'Why, this will never work in the world,' he said. 'The pressure on top of the ball would keep it from turning.' If he had stopped to think, he might have realized that the same argument could be applied to the axle of a wheel, but his off-hand opinion nipped the patent in the bud, and the father told his son that the plan wasn't feasible. That ended it, and four or five years later some fellow in New England patented exactly the same idea, and proceeded to make a huge fortune. The device which the boy originally thought out is known as the 'ball-bearing,' and is unquestionably one of the greatest and most useful mechanical inventions of the age. It is employed in everything, from bicycles to 12-inch gun-mounts. The lawyer who said it wouldn't work is now dead, and the boy himself is a clerk at perhaps \$1000 a year. He still has the drawing, and showed it to me the other day."

"Now that the government has placed a definite order for the Holland submarine boats," said a man who takes an interest in scientific novelties, "I suppose that the inventor will make a little money. He certainly deserves it. I know Mr. Holland fairly well, and am personally cognizant of some of his struggles to obtain recognition from the powers that be. He has been working on the submarine boat idea for fully twenty-five years, and if he had taken the thing to Europe, as Hiram Maxim did his gun, he would be rolling in riches and shingled all over with decorations. As it is, he is rolling in poverty, and would have been obliged to suspend work on his invention long ago had it not been for the opportune aid of a woman who had faith in his genius and put up the necessary money to see the original experiments through to a successful conclusion. She is now a considerable stockholder in the submarine boat company, and will probably reap a reward for her liberality and foresight."

"That reminds me, by the way, of an amusing incident which I heard recently at first hand. When George Westinghouse was trying to raise a few hundred dollars to put his now famous air-brake before the public, he applied to

everybody he could think of, including Joe Jefferson, the actor, and was turned down by all hands. Then some one suggested a certain wealthy lady of Philadelphia, and he offered her a half interest for \$500. She thought well of the project, and promised to invest, but when he called to close the deal she told him she had changed her mind, and had decided to put her spare funds in another and more practical invention. Westinghouse went away disappointed, but eventually raised the cash, and is now a millionnaire. It afterward leaked out that the Philadelphia lady had invested in the Keely motor."—[New York Times-Democrat.]

Professional Shoe Stretchers.

WHEN the woman said she wanted a pair of shoes to follow-eyed clerk did not ask, "what size, madam?" but said, instead, "new or second-hand?"

The woman hesitated, not quite grasping the significance of the question. "Why, new, of course," she said at length. "The reason I asked," said the clerk, "was that we had several pairs of shoes of different sizes that have been worn a little, just enough to stretch them, and I didn't know but that you would like a pair that your feet would slip right into and that you'd never have any trouble with."

"They have been worn long enough by professional shoe stretchers to take the stiffness and newness away. When thinking of making these stretched shoes a permanent prominent feature of our stock. Anybody who has ever endured the torment incident to stretching a new pair of shoes would be willing to pay 50 cents more a pair in order to be relieved of the discomfort of getting them out to the foot. The custom of offering stretched shoes to patrons has already been introduced into several stores in town and is certainly ought to become very popular."—[New York Times.]

Bugs Cause Fire Alarm.

THIS is the bug in whose behalf the town of Trenton had the laugh on all the engines and the trucks that turned out with riot and with rancor when at midnight, ghastly hour to fight a fire in a tower.

It was in State street, full of people. A man looked in and saw the steeple of the Fourth Presbyterian Church a-shake with what appeared to be a column of mighty lively smoke.

"Fire!" he yelled. The alarms were sounded in every fire engine house, and soon a large crowd was watching the firemen preparing to put out an invisible fire.

It wasn't a fire at all, but just this bug, with some millions and quintillions and decillions of his brothers coming about that steeple.

Trenton has had bugs before, but it claims that this particular brand of bug is a new one on Trenton. It is about the size of an ant, to which sluggards are invited to go in it has a pair of very strong and servicable wings. Troublesome have been sent to the Smithsonian Institution for identification.—[New York Journal.]

His Teeth Were His Own.

FOUR or five traveling men around the hotel stove had been talking about teeth, when one of them got up and saying "Good night," went off to bed.

"Did you notice what fine teeth that party had?" said a man from St. Louis. "He won't acknowledge they are his, or rather he insists that they are his own, and yet he doesn't quite tell the truth. My brother is a dentist in Kansas City and this man lives there, and my brother has his work for him. Not that he tells me anything, merely as an incident, for everybody who knows the man knows the circumstances. His teeth are his own, and at the same time they are false. You don't understand, do you? explain. He always had unusually fine teeth, but five years ago they showed signs of Riggs's disease, an affection which causes the gums to recede from the teeth, leaving them exposed some distance down from the gummed surface. In aggravated cases, or where the gum is very sensitive, the disease is very painful, and it is almost impossible to relieve it. To cure it is practically impossible, for the gums will not grow back again. This man was of the sensitive kind and, although physicians and dentists tried their skill on him, they could do nothing, he suffered so that at last he told my brother to examine every tooth in his mouth and put false ones in for him. As nothing else could be done, my brother followed him home and pulled every tooth. They were all in perfect condition and, as my brother looked them over, reported that his patient was forced to give them up, a novel occurrence to him, which he at once told to the other men who agreed to it willingly. This was that, instead of making artificial teeth, as was the usual custom, the same teeth he used exactly as if they were artificial. My brother, who is a first-class dentist always, was more than ordinarily careful on this job, and when he had mounted the teeth in a plate measured to a hair's breadth and slipped them into his patient's mouth, they fitted as if they had grown there, as it were, and now there isn't one man in a thousand can tell that they are false, if, indeed, false they are. At the same time there isn't any more Riggs's disease to trouble him."—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Automobiles Used for Towing.

THE haulage of boats by automobile along the coast between Brussels and Charleroi has demonstrated, after a long trial, that the new method of towing is three times quicker than horse traction. The automobile hauled energy from a railway composed of six lines, three of tension (5000 volts), and three of low tension, on which trolleys run. The electricity is furnished by three dynamos of 220 horse power.—[Philadelphia Record.]

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

The Possibilities of a Painted Dining-room.

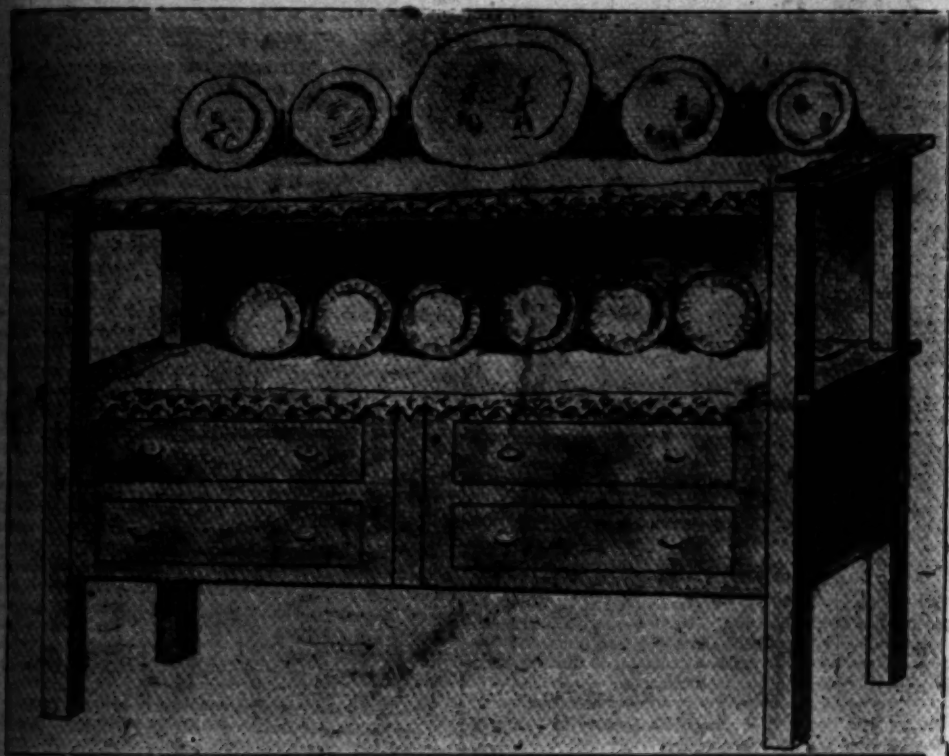
M. J.: YOU write that you wish to give "character" to your dining-room, but cannot afford a large expenditure. Your taste lies in the direction of the old carved Dutch and Flemish furniture, rich tapestries on the walls, etc., but these things are far beyond your means, and I see that you wish me to suggest to you an artistic compromise. I did not answer your letter last week because I had not succeeded in finding just what you want. I finally remembered, however, having seen, some

respond with the color of the furniture, and this color be skrewdly harmonized with the coloring of the walls, the floor, and the hangings, it is surprising what a very effective and pleasing room can be worked out. Imagine such a room with walls of rich pomegranate burlap, the ceiling of some leafy paper, in which the green is strong and not afraid. The furniture is green, a dark, rich, yellow-green. The woodwork, too, is painted with the same. Small cushions of velours, pomegranate, too, are tied upon the chairs; a tablecloth of the same shade and stuff is edged with narrow gold galloon. A square of green terry is held down firmly by copper nails, with monster heads. In the corner is a cupboard with glass doors above and diamond sash; below are chests of drawers with oval brass knobs for pulls. This, too, is green. The mantel shelf is one straight board of green.

"The fire-breast is of red pressed brick not much away in color from the pomegranate of the walls, and we contrasting with the glint of the brass andirons upon it

break the tone but the gleam of quaint brass knobs, they would furnish most beautifully.
A Cheerful Bedroom for an Elderly Couple.

Mrs. C. S. W., Claremont: You write that you have a second-story room facing south. It has four windows in the round of a tower, two of which are casement style. And you wish me to give you a scheme of color and furnishing which will make the most of its advantage. As your alcove containing windows faces your door from hall, it is right here, of course, that interest will at once center when any one enters the room. A window is always worth a good deal of thought, for toward it the eye involuntarily

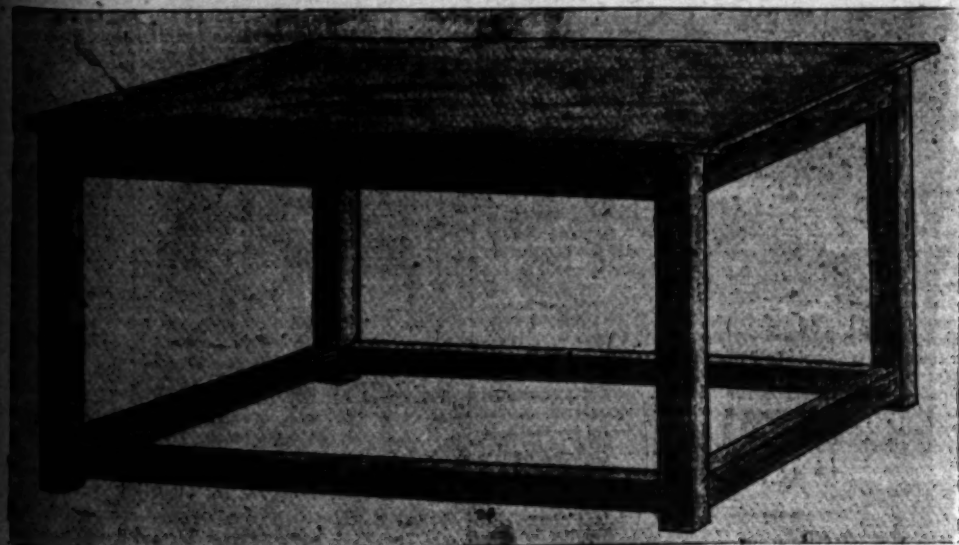


DESIGN FOR SIDEBOARD.

one's eye, a description of a dining-room which had struck me at the time of reading as being absolutely ideal for just such a case as yours. As the introductory remarks had little line completely with my own views on this subject, I will give it to you in full: "A little point goes a long way," some wise man once remarked. It is to painted furniture that I would now refer as belonging to a class of possibilities. One may often, by diligent search among the marts of commerce, discover chairs and tables, and even sideboards of simple, good design. Even sideboards, if used advisedly, as upon this inoffensive and highly useful article, the devilry of the mad designer is always vented with unstinted fury. These pieces, when so done, are usually lacquered over with some species of

hearth. A dresser at the wall, with crisp white linen pieces, edged with heavy lace, carries the china treasures of the house while in the drawers below, the table linen is in easy reach. Upon the walls are English sporting prints, brave riders in red coats and baying hounds. These are framed in green. On either side there hangs a plate rack two tiers high. In one are dark blue plates, whose edges here and there proclaim them Delft, while in the other are the crackled rabbit plates.

Within the corner closet gleam the few choice pieces of old silver which the house affords. White curtains at the diamond mullioned sash show back of pink azaleas, blooming on the window ledge. All this is done by paint. It covers over a soft, easily worked wood and lends itself to



DESIGN FOR TABLE.

yellow shellac and varnish, which makes them unfit for any substantial purpose. But paint will cover all, and if the design is only fairly good a really pleasing article can be secured. If time and labor and patience are not of too much account, for about the same expenditure of money, it is frequently possible to have a carpenter make out of white wood after one's own ideas. Patience is here very requisite, because the carpenter will know it all, of course, and unless closely watched, will slip in some little scroll just to live it up.

The woodwork of the dining-room be painted to cor-

the general color scheme of a room with absolute reliability. It once was used freely by all who did not own mahogany, but was long since forgotten in the rush for natural woods. It is well then to consider these possibilities, and to have the courage to strike out from the beaten highways of commercial furniture." The designs accompanying the above article, for chairs, table, sideboard and corner cupboard, are so strongly artistic, and delightfully effective in their simple lines that I am glad to publish them for you. One can imagine their lending themselves to the soft rich color which can be attained by fine paint. With nothing to



DESIGN FOR CORNER CUPBOARD.

travel. So here I would center my prettiest effect. It seems to me that this large alcove calls for a small center table. An old-fashioned mahogany stand, rather low, or perhaps a low, broad wicker stand. Cover this with a handsome white embroidered linen cloth, and in the center of it place a bowl or vase of flowers. In just this position flowers will catch the light from all sides and if you arrange them, long stemmed and airy, so there is plenty of atmosphere between foliage and blossoms, you can, the year round, have one beautiful object in your room. If there is room between the two front windows for a slender palm or a sword fern, place one there on a low stool. You should have room on your center table for books, work basket and perhaps a reading lamp. A comfortable low rocking chair should be placed beside it. I like the twin beds kept purely white with dimity valance over it to a tape and put under mattress, then white Marseilles spreads laid over. I would hang the windows with ruffled curtains of white muslin and over them curtains, also ruffled, of a yellow cotton having roses or chrysanthemums with brown in it. Tie all back together. Your walls could then be a soft rich yellow, either paper or paint, and your ceiling



DESIGN FOR DINING-ROOM CHAIR.

down to a low set picture mold, flowered. A very handsome effect is often secure, when the walls are plain, by dropping the picture mold three feet from ceiling and papering over all and down to mold with flowered paper. This is particularly pretty when the furniture is mahogany. Your dark woodwork will carry out the effect. Do your lounge in brown corduroy, with yellow silk cushions, and have one handsome wicker arm chair all cushioned in soft yellow silk. One light, delicate and beautifully colored piece like this will offset the dark furniture.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

CLOTHES FOR THE COUNTRY.

MAISIE TELLS OF THE TREASURES THAT FILL HER TRUNKS FOR THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, May 21, 1900.—"I went, I saw, and I admit I purchased all three, and now that they are at home, swathed in tissue paper wrappings, packed and ready for our flight to the country, I feel my head at least is going to be decently clothed."

"Maisie, what are you talking about?" inquired the hostess, coming forward to pour the yellow cream and sprinkle the snowy sugar on a saucer full of the reddest, sweetest berries.

"Why, my new hats," was the answer, as thirty-two faultless white teeth met in the center of a giant berry. "They are simply stunning, and I shall carry your kind soul with envy while I tell you of their beauties. One is for the morning, a turban toque, the crown of dead gold straw, and the billowy brim, made in two great rolls like the sides of a high caste Brahmin's turban, of pleated oat straw colored crim. Through the mesh of the crim you can see, if you observe closely, a stuffing of palest yellow tulle, and then massed at one side of the crown is a handful of mixed red and black cherries with purple gooseberries. When I skillfully place this handsome crest on top of a toilet of stitched mauve tulle decorated with a tailored vest and skirt straps of lilly half queen, I must admit the impression is strangely flattering to my already highly-cultivated sense of vanity."

"Don't my dear Pauline, insist that I am not vain," went on Maisie with a mischievous smile, "and one of the reasons of my weakness is the effect of hat No. 2. I am going to wear that hat to luncheons and golf games and yacht races and fill every woman who sees it with envy and despair, because it is such a pure capeline in form and made wholly of pleated silk muslin, in Malmaison pink, stitched upon a foundation of white mohair. Directly in the front of the crown is a carefully graceful cluster of fine white double spirea flowers, with their green foliage, and above this four white Mercury wings, tipped with black, are poised, light as a butterfly on a rose."

"Papa calls it a song without words, a spring song, you know, and when a hat of mine actually enchains the attention and extracts a compliment from my unpoetic parent, I know that it possesses beauty of no common quality. Now, in my own mind, my affections are divided between the radiant capeline and my Marie Antoinette, which enlaved me on sight, and was bought especially for embroidered batiste toilets, painted muslin frocks and Watteau occasions. The crown is panne of a silvery blue, girt by five folds of stitched silk muslin of a deeper shade of blue, and fastened every one by wee turquoise set buckles. Up the side of the crown climbs a wreath of white Scotch briar roses, all made of silk muslin, and then the graceful bent brim is of pastel blue silk muslin drawn upon a wide wire frame and finished all about with a full moss roll of the muslin. This novel completion for the hat brim is made by picking up the muslin in very close set tucks run with darker blue sewing silk and fastened in the fluffy oaves of this hat. Directly in front is a gorgeous buckle of gold and blue enamel, in which azure field infinitesimal brilliants are sunk."

"You will look an angel, Maisie, and play the part of a little demon, I know," said the hostess, confidently, "for when you are most aware of your becoming clothes you are most dangerous to the peace of mind of any unlucky man who crosses your path. Who is to be the victim of those hats, I wonder?"

"Now, Pauline, you perfectly well know your accusa-



CHARMING FROCK FOR A CHILD.

A dainty little red lawn, dotted with white, is the fabric used for this charming frock. The gimp is of tuck muslin, the belt of white satin, and much lace is used in effective decoration. The model is from Arnold & Constable, New York City.

tions are wholly unjust. One must be decently dressed, and it's my belief that a becoming hat is the vital point in every woman's toilet. You may wear a faultless gown and be an extremely pretty woman withal, but if your hat is gloomy or grotesque or out of turn or not becoming, all your effort is in vain. The French may continue to say that with good shoes and gloves and a bit of lace any woman is well dressed, but profound consideration has persuaded me that the hat is the thing."

Miss Chicago's Simple Wardrobe.

"Well, here comes our girl from the West. What does she say?" asked the hostess, as Miss San Francisco kissed them both and turned hungrily to the cake basket.

"Hats?" inquired the girl. "Ah, they are not at all in my line this summer. I'm booked for some quiet springs, where all the girls go in for an Arcadian season of sun-burned beauty, gingham gowns and mild flirtations. My most formal hat is a sailor, just a plain white sailor, with a high crown band of lusterless white cloth drawn through a white and gilt buckle on one side, but I make no secret of the fact that the price of many hats has gone into my parasols."

"You see, most days at the springs we go bare-headed and when I shake my carefully-pompadoured locks and assure my young man that I hate the expensive artificiality of a heavy, costly hat and dotted veil, that I love to have the sun in my face and that I wouldn't mind in the least being a farmer's wife, he utterly fails to notice that I have seven new and charming parasols, and that every one is frilled with chiffon and lined with the thinnest rose-tinted Florence silk."

"Beside my parasols for my campaign at the springs I have laid in a series of captivating shirt waists. All of them are bloused in front and in the morning I wear percale bodies, with stiff cuffs and high white turn-over collars and tiny white lawn butterfly ties. Most of my shirts are white figured with rings or crescents or diamonds or horseshoe patterns in crimson, yellow, blue or lavender. Stiffly starched sail cloth, toile and pique skirts I wear with these in the morning, or an unlined skirt of heavy cream flannel very much tucked is tremendously modish. My belts are of white suede or heaviest white gros grain silk, mounted on buckram, and shaped wider at the back than in the front, and fastened, not by a buckle, but by a length of ribbon run through two rings and tying in a small trig bow."

Neck Scarfs.

"In the afternoon I propose to wear, in place of the stiff collar, a long neck scarf of the softest white mainsook or liberty silk, frilled at either end, wound twice about the neck and tied under the chin in a bow, with ends that flutter to the waist line. My afternoon shirt waists are of figured white chambray with very short, full white frills at the wrist, and then my skirt is of sheer white lawn with plenty of lace and ruffles at the foot."

"When over all this I hold a parasol of cream liberty satin, having a big black velvet bow at the ferrule end and a pink crystal ball at the tip of its white enamel stick, I am arrayed for any event of the afternoon and the picture of cool comfort."

For a Garden Party.

"Oh, you young girls?" sighed the hostess. "What privileges have you? Now listen to an account of my best

garden party and ladies' luncheon gown. A man's waist in Wotan blue, stitched in pastel green silk, nearly as high as the knees, and then garnished with big flowers of ecru batiste embroidery. The waist is stitched buttoned up to the bust, then incrustated with flowers of batiste, and a big scarf of black liberty satin is drawn from the waist up under the arms to fasten just above the bust with a big black silk muslin bow, in which a tiny turquoise and brilliant buckle is buried. How formal and expensive it was, after this shirt waists and Swiss muslin talk!"

"No, my dear Pauline, it sounds most attractive," said Maisie, "but I must be off. I've got to stop dressing and get a skeleton silver horseshoe brooch for my belt and hook up a set of shirt waist studs in the gown. These are trifles no summer wardrobe should be without."

MARY HENRY.

PARIS SHOPKEEPERS.

THE SMALL FRY DO BUSINESS ALL DAY LONG AND HAVE A HUNDRED ARTFUL METHODS.

From a Special Correspondent.

PARIS, May 16, 1900.—It requires cast-iron resolution, allied to a New England conscience, and combined with a Franciscan monk's indifference to the vanity of the moment, for an American woman to visit Paris and withstand the temptations to shop. She may go prepared to turn all her powers, physical and financial, to churches and picture galleries, but the Parisian purveyor of finery has been hatching advertising plots and studying the feminine nature for nothing. He knows enough to realize that it isn't through big announcements in the newspapers that he is going to gather his proper harvest of American dollars. Women, he has discovered, never read newspapers when they travel, which accounts for the pitiful paucity of advertising in the daily journals. To make up for this, any enterprising corsetiere, milliner, or modiste, employs, if possible, a clever young woman whose business it is to pick up daily the published lists of newsmen to Paris and examine the registers of the hotels and pensions. This employe then sends out through the mail cards and letters of advertisement, and follows up that maneuver by calling in person on many of the travelers. Such advertising is contrary to the American precedent, but it works like a charm in Paris.

Parisian Methods.

The little solicitor of patronage is always selected for her good looks and for the possession of a convincing, persuasive manner that disguises delightfully a not enormous amount of cheek. She usually speaks French with an accent that makes it worth while to listen to, and if she is a solicitor for a corset maker, her figure will carry to the heart of the beholder, while, if a milliner's agent, her hat is a silent but none the less aggressive advertisement for the house she represents. There is no trying to avoid her because, with the meekness of a nun and the obstinacy of a mule, she gains admission and interview sooner or later; sometimes with only the most firm to dispense, but often enough with a tidy brass bound little case in her hand that holds an example of her stock in trade.

She will whip upstairs, alide past the servant of a door, delicately intrude even into a sick room and there capture the victim she has in chase. Often enough in the head of her own establishment, spends her morning thus drumming up a clientele and the afternoon slaving her shop or sitting room. It is by these two methods that dressmakers and the dealers in specialties advertise themselves, while the big department stores, of which there are about ten in Paris, ignore the scheme of newspaper advertising for the director means of announcing the new openings and special sales on gorgeous posters.



A HANDSOME WRAP.

This captivating little wrap for summer evenings is of black chiffon, trimmed with white lace.



A BEAUTIFUL BODICE.

The foundation of the bodice illustrated above is of heavy black net, on which white silk figures are appliqued, the whole being mounted on an underwaist of lavender satin. Both collar and girdle are suggestive of pretty fashion novelties.



LEARNING LOYALTY.

Little Miss Liberty counting the stars on her Uncle Sam's flag on Memorial day.

When, as the French call them, are got up with all the white lace given those put out by the publishers, the actual managers and patent medicine sellers, and they tally the money and labor spent on them, particularly as the foreigner in Paris invariably halts to "take in" the scenes everywhere as part of the city sights.

Paris Shop Windows.

Having taken all these particularly clever precautions for displaying the American woman, the Parisian can confidently let his shop windows do the rest. In the United States we have larger windows, dressed with greater gusto and system, we light them better and give a more suggestive spread of plate-glass, but the results are not nearly so fascinating and effective as with the hundreds of little windows, some of them not more than five feet wide and six feet high, that line the tree-shaded festive boulevards of Paris.

A walk along the stately Avenue de l'Opera, through the famous quaint Rue de Bac, or down the splendid Boulevard des Capucines, has the same charm as strolling through an outdoor bazaar. Every window is small, tidy and displays only one type of ware, watches and chains in one, ball slippers next door, handkerchiefs after that, then parasols, following this purses and a step further are artistic bonbonnières. Corsets and writing paper, artificial flowers and little shoes, jewelry and bathing dresses are not elaborately laid forth, cheek by jowl, as in the extensive windows at home, and along the boulevards even very high-class shops don't hesitate to write the prices very clearly on top attached to every article displayed. All this, allied to the fact that the life and gaiety of the shopping streets of Paris is quite uniquely interesting and inspiring, and that the Parisians themselves are devoted to the habit of window gazing, works wonders for the till of the man or woman behind the counter.

The Shopkeepers.

One inside a French shop, be it a tiny depot for one small delicacy or a big department magasin, the affability of the employees and the proprietor often clinch a bargain. Each has an uncertain estimate as to the value of American patronage, and in consequence there are few shops where rough English, helped out with infinite French courtesy and quickness of intuition, can't conclude a purchase satisfactorily, while in eight out of ten establishments the American will be answered in her own language spoken with perfect fluency. The linguist is either some salesman or a woman imported from England, else a member of the shopkeeper's firm or family, who has made it a business to acquire the ever-extending Anglo-Saxon tongue, and aside from the comfort of negotiating her purchases in her own language, the American woman likes the flattering attention and courteous gratitude that attends her smallest purchase.

In Paris the politest salutations between purchaser and salesman or woman are exchanged, and this is expected in the big, as well as the little shops, and what at first shocks the American, while it eventually pleases the traveler from the States, is the possibility of beating down prices on one occasion and the temptation to buy on Sunday. It is along the Rue de Rivoli and the Palais Royale, where the latest imitation jewelry, photographs, etc., are sold, that the keen thrill of getting a thing at less than its ticketed price may be enjoyed and haggling is reduced to a fine art. As long as there is a possible buyer floating along the street the dealers in a small way keep open; until 9 o'clock every night if there comes in a customer, and most of them are prepared to sell all day Sunday.

There is no law in France against Sunday selling and, though merchants who can afford employees, put up their shutters and take a holiday, the jewel dealers around the Louvre waste no precious hours idling. They are usually stout, city-voiced women who keep these little shops, wear their hair in huge pompadour coiffures, heavily powder their fat faces, rouge their lips and when a lay pedestrian stops to admire the twinkling ornaments in the windows, jump out like spiders on their prey, to coax the potential customer in.

Their Complicated Ways.

"What the traveler in France quickly learns is to shop in the morning, if she wishes to do so in peace and quiet, and in the afternoon if she wishes to see the Parisians

abroad. It is well on toward 9 o'clock before the stores in Paris are open and ready for customers, but not until she has had her midday breakfast does the native sally forth to bargain and visit her dressmaker. In the afternoon the Parisian department stores are a seething tempest of eager women and overworked clerks, and to the American woman's idea the business of buying and selling is conducted on a very much simpler and easier plan at home.

There is one huge store in Paris where it is possible to secure at the door a bookful of little tickets that serve exactly the same purpose as the convenient transfer card, but at all other stores of an equal size, when the clerk concludes a sale, he carries the article purchased to the nearest caisse or desk and, followed by the customer, recites the amount and nature of the purchase to the book-keeper, who puts it all down in his big ledger, makes the change and then waves madam and the clerk off to the parcel counter, where the article is wrapped up. It is an amazingly complicated system, but the Parisians regard it as an evolution of genius, just as they are perfectly satisfied with lifts that move at a snail's pace and think it not in the least queer that the factor or delivery man who brings a hat from a milliner or a gown from the modiste, wishes a pourboire of at least 5 cents for his effort. He will stand at the top of the stairs, a quiet rack strung with bonnet boxes strapped to his back, and fight for his pourboire like a good fellow. He does not, like the salaried deliveryman from the American department store, ride around inside a big wagon, but trails all over Paris on foot and the biggest part of his pay is the fee he expects from the ladies whose things he brings home and who, as Americans, he regards as his legitimate prey.

This is a most annoying species of beggary, yet there are compensations, such, for example, as the willingness with which a tradesman will send home hats or gowns for approval. So keen is the average shopkeeper to win the good will of a customer that she will gladly send a dozen bonnets to the hotel or pension for madam to try on and think over, and in all the stores of high standing an article that has failed to please will be taken back and the money refunded. One woman this spring had the interesting experience of returning a card case she bought eight years ago in Paris. She had never liked the color and as it had lain unused in its theme paper and box all the while, she dared ask an exchange at the shop where it had been purchased. In ten minutes the book-keeper had ordered it back into the stock and paid out to her the amount to a penny of its original price, and the woman went away feeling that her trip to Paris was worth that experience alone.

Paris Prices Are High.

Cheap shopping to a large class of American women is, after all, one of the prime reasons of their visit to Paris, and it is the belief of many who now go abroad on bargains hunt, that the day of economical shopping in the French capital has passed away. So it has to a large extent and the great dressmakers and milliners of the Rue de la Paix, Rue Royale, Boulevard Haussmann, etc., whose fame is world wide and whose models set the fashions, undersell but by a few dollars their fellow-traders on the other side of the Atlantic. They can count on the patronage of the enormously rich American and Englishwoman, the European royalties and the smart extravagant actresses, and their bargain days are few and far between, and while the fashionable shopping season is on it is just as cheap to buy a wardrobe in America. Long-headed and patient French women of small means have taught the moderately well-to-do American that the science of economical shopping lies in waiting until that season is over, until the 15th of June. At that date the sales begin and then even the most important creators of delicate confections, at a tremendous sacrifice, clean out their dress closets, hat cupboards, etc., of every last left-over article.

There are thrifty women in Paris, whose business is to be in first when the sales begin and buy up all the best bargains offered. Dresses that in May would sell for \$25 they secure for \$20 and then in their own little shops, chiefly situated along the Rue de Provence, they cater to a large number of customers to whom they sell at a profit of from 25 to 50 on every gown.

Every season in Paris there are sales of the wardrobes and bric-a-brac of great ladies and bankrupt actresses, closely attended by these bargain vendors. Furs, laces, jewelry, exquisitely fine underwear, napsy and toilet articles in ivory and silver are what they buy up and sell again in their remarkable shops, where even if nothing is bought a delightful hour may be spent examining the curios and often valuable collections there brought together and filling the small dusky room with artistic disorder.

In such places and in the little out of the way streets of old Paris, downright cheap shopping can be done, but, as a general rule and with the exception of gloves and a few other articles, specialties of French art, simple clothes, custom-made gowns, cotton underwear, shoes, handkerchiefs, stockings, etc., are actually cheaper in the United States. Low-priced French labor cannot do so well, so abundantly or so economically the work of American machinery; besides Frenchwomen of but one class dress as well as the average American woman or care one-half so much about fine raiment.

American Women Lead the World.

In spite of the fact that the fashions of Paris lead the world, the women seen daily on streets are dressed with an economical simplicity that serves as a striking contrast when the traveler comes directly from an American city. To tell the truth, with the exception of the distinctly rich women and the actresses, the average Parisienne cares very little what she wears, provided her costume is tidy. The wife of a small tradesman is too keen about hoarding to waste the family's income in foolish fine feathers. She likes a good black gown and a plain dark bonnet, while the laboring classes cling to dark dresses and crisp white caps and a gorgeously gowned woman in a bus or footing it along a dusty street is sure to be from America or England.

A Frenchwoman begins to cherish a fondness for fine plumage as soon as she is able to ride in her carriage, and when she reaches that point she seems to wear ready-made frocks. The good dressmakers of various prices are too

plenteous for that, and when a Frenchwoman is distinctly rich, one-half her shopping is done at home. It is possible to shop around for years in Paris and never lay eyes on one of the great social or theatrical lights. They go, of course, occasionally to the great modistes, sit in big arm chairs and, after watching the models solemnly parade up and down in the newest costumes, make their selections, but all the work of fitting is done in madam's own boudoir, and every morning madam devotes an hour or two to a corps of keen-eyed women, carrying black boxes or baskets, who are purveyors, to a private and valuable clientele, of delicate specialties.

One of the most prosperous dealers in handkerchiefs and laces in Paris, who sells often hundreds of dollars' worth of goods daily, has no shop at all. Her shop really is a square case that looks like an English dispatch box, and every morning this is filled with samples of novelties, and Mme. Max goes the rounds of her wealthy and luxurious patrons to receive orders and deliver goods and display new models. She takes all the output of the hand-organ and hand-woven linen from one province and keeps a number of expert needle women constantly at work in her top floor rooms on the Rue des Petites Champs.

In exactly the same case are numbers of lingieres, for if there is one extravagance the Frenchwoman of every class leans toward it is not only fine, but exceedingly elaborate under linen. A woman who allows herself but one new gown a year is willing to spend the price of half a dozen more costumes on white petticoats covered with lace, and night robes fit for a duchess. There is the lingiere who whips real lace onto hand-woven linen for the ladies of the Champs Elysees district, and down along such unfashionable thoroughfares as the Boulevard St. Michael there are shops presided over by fierce-looking, heavily-mustached old women, who sell marvels of complicated needle work and cheap imitation lace to poor actresses and frivolous dressmakers' girls, who share with the great ladies this love of delicate dressing. This is what makes Paris the most famous spot in the world for cheap and beautiful muslin underwear; not manufactured in noisy workrooms to the music of hundreds of sewing machines, but in the badly-lighted back closets of the shops and in the garrets, by needle women, who put in every stitch by hand and receive for a lace loaded night dress, that requires two days and half a night to make, no more than 35 cents.

EMILY HOLT.

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OSTRICH FEATHERS ON SUMMER HATS.

[Millinery Trade Review:] The neglect to which the ostrich was subjected at the commencement of the season did not last long. True, there is no large demand for them yet, but models trimmed with feathers are beginning to be placed on show. So far they are strictly confined to black and white, ostrich tips enjoying equal favor with amasins. I have seen several Leghorn and black rice-straw hats trimmed with eight or ten black or white tips, some curving over the crown so as almost to conceal it; others lying on the brim. On a very elegant Spanish hat—amasin style, the brim bent down front and back—a black and a white amason sweep back from the front, while a black tip is fixed under the left side of the brim. This hat is composed of dull yellow braids, with folds of black tulle between.

THE STYLISH SUMMER HAT.

[Millinery Trade Review:] There is a type of hat that is likely to be much affected by fashionables this summer—namely, the broad-brimmed Leghorn, or rice-straw hat, bent down over the ears, and so naturally forming a sort of poke in front. Very fine straws are necessary for this style—the more supple the better.

A Leghorn hat of this sort is trimmed with the new shaded poppies and a white amason. It has a domed crown, on the left side of which are placed two huge poppies, with petals shaded from pink to lilac. The feather is fastened under these, and sweeps around the crown on the right. Beneath the brim, at the sides, and squeezed between it and the hair, are clusters of poppy petals.

PARIS DECLARES FOR RED HATS.

[Millinery Trade Review:] The output of hats, especially toques, turbans, and miller hats in cherry red, is unprecedentedly extensive. These red hats are mostly of fiber braid, and, with velvet in some wise, generally for trimming, drapery and great rosettes of red tulle trim many of them. Except in the leaves belonging to fruit or flowers, with which they may be garnished, they have been singular thus far in being wholly en cerise.

AMERICA'S SILK CONSUMPTION.

[New York Tribune:] The United States of America has now become the greatest raw silk consuming country in the world (excepting, of course, China and perhaps Japan, where correct statistics of home consumption are not yet available.) In other words, New York City, the only raw silk market in America, holds now the first place among all the raw silk markets of the world, Shanghai alone excepted. In New York City more raw silk is now sold than is consumed in France, which is still the largest raw silk consuming country in Europe.

A ST. LOUIS EPISODE.

[Chicago News:] Lady. I would like "Rienzi's Address," if you have it. Bookseller. Well, there's the city directory. You can look it up.

CURSE OF DRINK
—CURED BY—
White Ribbon Remedy.

Can Be Given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee Without Patient's Knowledge.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, "a tippler," social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for any one to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy. Los Angeles: Owl Drug Co., 250 South Spring St. By mail \$1.00 Trial package free by writing MRS. T. C. MOORE, President W. C. T. U., Ventura, California.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THINGS ALL AROUND US.

NATURE SERIES—XXVIII. SOME WONDERFUL THINGS IN THE LIFE OF THE INSECTS.

By a Staff Writer.

THIS is the time of year, in our northern climate, when the insect tribe are beginning to make their appearance. They are not yet here in full force, but a large number of them have shown up, and the other sorts are rapidly getting ready for the summer season. Beetles of various kinds are at work in the fields, carrying on their regular industries, many of them very useful to mankind as well as to themselves, although human beings are, for the most part, unaware of the favors they confer and show themselves, in this, as in many other cases, extremely ungrateful. Now and then a butterfly flits across our path, as we wheel or walk along the roads a little out of the busier part of the city; or even sometimes alights on the sidewalk in the very midst of the hurrying crowds at the shop doors. The advance guard of the army of grasshoppers is skirmishing among the young, green plants in the fields and gardens. The water insects are skimming along the surface of the ponds and streams, and to the people in their homes all over the country there comes—alas!—a mosquito or two, the first of that relentless band of solo singers, whose evening songs will keep the sleepiest mortal awake.

And speaking of mosquitoes, do you know that the doctors are now telling us that one of the most disagreeable of illnesses, malaria, is caused by these little insects—that they inject the disease into the blood with the itching poison which is so uncomfortable? So that they are not only unpleasant household companions, but even dangerous to health, and the more quickly we find a way to get rid of them entirely, the better.

They are not the only insects that carry poison, as we all know; and as insect life reaches away back in the history of the earth, our very distant ancestors had an acquaintance with many kinds, and, at a time when they lived mostly in the open air or in caves or rudely made houses and knew little of cures for poisons, must have suffered a great deal of harm from poisonous sorts. This may be the reason why we are all of us naturally a little afraid of creeping, crawling, and squirming things, of spiders, caterpillars, centipedes, or flying creatures, which may have stings, and of all manner of "bugs."

Yet there are a great many insects, as I said above, that are our good friends. I have already mentioned some of the beetles as such. And among these are to be named especially the scavengers, that is those that feed upon decaying matter and so dispose of a great deal of stuff that is a danger to health if it is left to lie about. There are some kinds of beetles that have a very keen scent for anything dead, and will come hurrying from quite a distance if anything of the sort is to be found, to bury it. This they do by digging out the earth from under it, and later heaping this over the body. A small animal like a field mouse or a little bird they can usually get quite underground in a day. They then feast on the dead animal until it is eaten up, laying their eggs in it, too, so that the young may have it for food when they are hatched. I presume a good many of you have seen these beetles, and probably some of you, with that feeling of dislike that I spoke of above, have stepped on them or crushed them with stones, as disagreeable unknown "bugs." It is just as well not to be too ready to kill things that we do not know anything about; otherwise, we are likely to get rid of many creatures that do us real services.

And if we were not quite so ready to step on living things or stone them and a little ready to spend a few minutes, now and then, to watch their habits without disturbing them, we should discover so many interesting things about them that there are few of them we should want to kill. It is a misfortune that some of the most interesting insects, however, are among the creatures that are, at one part of their existence, very harmful to our crops.

For the wonderful thing about insects is the changes of form that they go through in the course of their usually short life. Among land animals there is perhaps nothing as remarkable as these changes. Most of you know that the caterpillars spin themselves up in cocoons and turn into butterflies. Did you ever stop to think what a great difference there is, at least in appearance, between the caterpillar and the butterfly? So great that it seems hardly possible that the one can become the other. Moreover, the difference is not one of outside form alone. On the contrary, the whole make-up of the animal changes while it is resting quietly in the cocoon. The parts with which it digests its food, the parts with which it feels, its nervous system as we call these parts taken all together, all change with the general change in outer shape, and the chewing mouth, which did so much harm to our young plants, grows into a sucking tube. It is because of these changes that the caterpillar needs to pack itself up in a case and stay quiet for so long; because all things that move about must have a great deal of food; but while these changes are going on, while the mouth and the parts that digest are altering, growing from one shape to another and getting ready for an entirely different sort of food, the insect would hardly be able either to eat or digest.

A great many of you also know, I have no doubt, that wasps and bees, as well as caterpillars, go through a great many changes in the course of their life, and some of you have probably examined the young insects in their cells. Fewer of you are likely to know that mosquitoes pass the earlier part of their life in the water, and that quite a number of other winged things live at first in the water. So, too, you may never have discovered that grasshoppers are not winged when they are first hatched, or that the busy ants, which you probably think of only as creepers,

toiling slowly over a little bit of ground, have wings at one part of their life and may, perhaps, have annoyed you by flying in your face in droves, in the early summer.

So very interesting and strange are many of these changes in the lives of the insects that I intend to spend some time, now, in telling you more about them, taking up particular kinds of insects, one by one.

THE CONTRITE COWARD.

A STORY OF TWO WARS APPROPRIATE FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

By a Special Contributor.

"Abel went to war one day,
Dropped his gun and ran away!"

The children cried after him the jingling doggerel. Abel Tutt went on his road, and would not look at them, nor seem to hear them. The insult was a very old one to his ears. These were not the first children to molest him in the village street, as the schools were dismissed. The parents of some of them had yelled at him years ago, parents who were the first concoctors of the rhyme. The elder brothers and sisters of these present babes had chaunted it in their turn, and still the mocking words were relished by the urchin mob. For nearly thirty-four years the now gray-bearded and solitary man had been the butt of his native township. No girl had in that time walked with him or danced with him, although he had been a straight and handsome youth, nor had he been a sharer in the sports of the young men. As he grew older he was allowed no part in the councils of the village. If he desired to vote at a Presidential election he did it only by running the gauntlet of a thousand sneers. Manifestly, it seemed absurd that a man who had deserted in the face of his country's enemy should have a say in the choice of his country's chief. He was taboo; he was ostracized; he was outside the camp.

As the lonely years passed by, and many of the soldiers who had fought while he ran dropped out of life, his punishment became softened to a great extent. He lived so consistently apart, and was so long suffering under torture, and, also, so many new and interesting events happened, that people began to forget if they never forgave. For a large part of the year, therefore, Abel Tutt could now come into the market place from his patch of a farm and be contemptuously ignored. But on one day of each year, even of those years when a new generation was springing up, his humiliation was freshened and complete, his agony of shame peculiarly acute. This always happened on Memorial day. When the schools were closed and flags were displayed; when war-scarred veterans limped to life and drum, and rosy cadets claimed their fathers' cheers; when wreaths of laurel and the best-loved flowers were piled on heroes' graves, and the modest monument on the green was surrounded by the swaying crowd, who listened to the orators—then Abel hid himself away. May and springtime were to him no season for rejoicing, but a period of penance and remorse. Then the story of his shame was certain to be retold, his ears must hear the old refrain:

"Abel went to war one day,
Dropped his gun and ran away!"

He was young when first he had been called "coward"—a lad of 18. Now he was stooped and grayer than some men older than he, but his hard-working life in the open and almost necessitated abstinence from all revels had kept him strong and active. He had suffered in soul, but not in body. Now, when he was over 50, an old, familiar call came to his solitude, a call unheard for many years, a call which rang out until every citizen from the Atlantic to the Pacific heard it—the bugle call to arms. Abel heard in the store and saw in the paper what had occurred and he fell on his knees in his lonely house and sobbed and prayed.

"If I am permitted another trial," he cried, "give me strength, O Lord! give me courage!"

There was a recruiting station in a large town not far from the village, and there gathered many of the region who desired to enlist for the war against Spain. Thither went Abel Tutt, telling no man of his mission. A sergeant, selected for the service because of his smart and prosperous figure stood at the door of the offices and to him Abel applied. Many young fellows were hanging about, and when the gray-beard arrived his presence occasioned curiosity and smiles. The sergeant, however, was sufficiently cordial in his manner.

"I've come to 'list," said Abel, straightening up.

"I guess," said the sergeant, not unkindly, "this war can be fixed without calling on the veterans. The doctor's only passing young men and hearty. How old are you?"

"Fifty-odd."

"Grand Army?"

"No, sir."

"Thought maybe you'd been in the civil war."

"I—I was in the army."

"Well, it's great to see the way you veterans are eager to fight again!" the sergeant said, with an approving smile.

"You shame lots of the young chaps. But you old hands at the trade have had your fill of glory, so don't grudge the new boys their chance."

"Glory!" cried a voice in the little crowd, and a youngster from Abel's township pushed forward with a loud laugh. "Glory! Him! Great Scott, but that's good. It's Abel Tutt, the deserter, who would have been shot for running away if President Lincoln hadn't pardoned him when his mother went to him crying. Him want to enlist! That's good. You ain't as spry on your feet as you used to be, Abel. You couldn't run fast enough now to get away safe. Best stay at home."

"Abel went to war one day,
Dropped his gun and ran away!"

"Is that true?" the sergeant asked coldly, looking up and down the man's lank form with a sneer.

"That's why I want to join," said Abel, with pathetic

appeal. "I want a chance to wipe it out. Can I see the officer?"

"No good," the soldier answered, turning sharply. "The captain wouldn't speak to you. He never lets me see a deserter."

Abel, with a white face and down-looking shoulders, slipped away through the jeering crowd and went to his farm. He sat there, silent and sorrowing, until after dark, and then sprang to his feet.

"I must go!" he cried. "I can bear it no longer. It's my only chance—I must go."

II.

From many transports the American soldiers pushed to Cuba. The regulars and volunteers, white and black, paused but a little while and then plunged into the theater to do speedy battle. But besides there were others to be landed. With shouts and yells, the neighboring islands and the clamorous brays of mules, the four-footed members of the army were forced overboard and guided swimming. With them were their immediate masters, attendants the necessary but far-from-ornamental waiters. These were so smart uniform, nor did they march shore to sound of band or bugle. They were, to the men of notes, a disfiguring blot on the picture. They were rough and undisciplined, and shaggy-bearded and red-tongued. The trained battalions drew out in orderly columns, as though leaving the familiar home parade. The mules followed, a tumultuous herd, ready to stampede at a front of and behind them and watching their feet, rode the whackers, every man garbed and equipped as he thought best. The inexperienced observer would have regretted their unwelcome and vagabond looks, but the pack officers, who knew their value, watched them anxiously as with as lively an interest as they did the troops, for the mule was laden down with ammunition, and upon the coarse-looking, coarse-tongued mule whackers depended perhaps, the fate of the army, should that ammunition be on hand at a critical moment. These, also, therefore, took their lives in hand. Not all heroes are dressed in the part.

Among them, doing his hard work silently and without complaint, under a glaring sun, rode the coward, Abel Tutt. All his efforts to enlist in the ranks had been absolutely vain. Despairing of carrying a rifle, then, but determined to wipe out his disgrace by some means, he had gone down to Florida, and there at Tampa he had found means to follow the army he had once deserted. He knew little of the special work of a mule packer, but he was accustomed to horses and mules, and his persistence gained him a place as assistant.

No one knew the misery the man was in. No one but of the fear which oppressed him. The village boys were quite right in their judgment of him. Abel was a coward as people judge cowards. His flesh shivered at the thought of a wound. He shrank and cowered instinctively at the crack of a rifle or the distant rum of heavy guns. In his boyhood he had not realized the peril, and, carried away by the contagious enthusiasm of comrades, had enlisted, only to run, panic-stricken, at the first gleam of the enemy's bayonets. Now he was walking up to death's domain with his eyes open, knowing and understanding the imminent danger, and he was afraid, horribly afraid. Yet he followed on, and closed his teeth and prayed. The soul of the man had at last succeeded in ruling the body.

III.

The aide-de-camp spurred his horse and rode at a gallop down the forest road. There the shells were falling and bursting among the trees, when they had finished shrieking flight from the guns on the hill. As the officer rode on his life was momentarily threatened by Spanish sharpshooters in bushy tree tops.

The battle had stubbornly raged all the morning, now, when the tropical sun was at its height, the weary, perspiring invaders of the isle were praying for either else the command to rush the trenches. As it was they were only grimly holding their own, scattered in long lines of skirmishers, hugging shelter, rained on by bullets shocked by shattering shells.

The aide-de-camp broke out of the jungle strip and gained the open. Here he found himself several hundred yards from his objective—a battalion of regular infantry, who were slowly advancing up a hill, pouring hot fire on the Spaniards, who held the entrenched position. Their fire was heavy, but the Spanish fire, backed by artillery, was a deadly one, and here and there lay many prostrated soldiers stiffening in the long grass. The aide charged through the hail and drew up beside the major's command.

"The brigade general's compliments, sir," he panted, "it is vital that you keep the enemy busy at this point for at least another hour, when the reinforcements coming will permit a general advance. The general desires to know if you can do this with your present force. He will spare the men, but if necessary you can have more company. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him," said the major, coolly, "that a company will make no difference. I've men enough, I guess, but what moment, please."

He walked along the rear of the skirmish line as he did as if drilling on the target range, and asked questions of number of non-commissioned officers and men, while the bullets spat round him.

"Please ask the general not to mind sending me," told the aide, "but, for heaven's sake, to send me ammunition. We don't average twenty rounds left per man, he can't, why—I must fall back."

"I can promise it in half an hour," said the aide.

The battalion continued its dogged advance, step by step, the men throwing aside one by one every

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to fight them and make the heat less in-
tense. The minutes passed until ten, fifteen, twenty
and at last the half hour. The major chafed.
"Come, boys, easy!" he cried. "Don't throw away a shot.
That's wrong, Corp. Kado?"
"A cartridge left, sir."
The major frowned.
"I'll back," he growled, "those beggars will charge
and—oh! Is that them? Yes—go it, boys, here comes
an ammunition! Non-commissioned officers, fall out
and be ready to distribute ammunition."
At the edge of the jungle straggled two pack mules.
The men, mounted on other mules, drove them forward.
The Spaniards cheered, but the sharp-eyed Spaniards also
saw the newcomers, and at once realized on what errand
they came. The fire of three guns on the hill was directed
continuously upon the mules, who were at once crased
by the shell and shrapnel which screamed at them while
they fled in the trench seemed to be aimed at the devoted
mule drivers.
One of the muleteers, a gray-bearded, round-shouldered
man, was white with the agony of his fear, but the other,
a dark, moon-bell-headed young fellow of the bulldog
type, was aroused by his danger to passionate wrath and
unflinching recklessness. As the tornado of iron
and lead broke upon him he yelled to his comrade with a
stare of crowded oaths to come on.
"The white-faced dummy!" cried he. "What are you
doing about? Round up that mule—get a move on you—
the cartridges have got to get to the major, see? They've
got to. Ram your heels into that brute of yours and fol-
low me by the saints I'll plug you so full of holes folks'll
say you're an open door! Come on!"
The coward's weaker part was nearly the conqueror.
He gave in his body, every instinct, prompted him to
run and run to shelter. He was in exactly the same de-
plorable physical condition as he was when, years ago,
he slipped away from the ranks, unnerved by the roar of
war. His face was wet with cold perspiration; his hands
were shaking; his knees gripped his mount's flanks con-
spicuously. In another moment he would have abandoned
his post and added greater disgrace to his name, when a
young man whispered to him. He saw, by the light of one
of the flash of memory, his village street. He saw himself
sneaking through more than thirty years a dishonored life.
He felt again the slow torture of shame. He heard the
singing voice of the children:
"Abel went to war one day,
Dropped his gun and ran away!"
Abel Tuit cried out aloud:
"Anything but that! Sooner death! Give me strength,
God! Give me courage!"
The incident passed in less than a minute. Then the
two muleteers leaped on the packed mules. The distance
to the battalion was but a few hundred yards, but these
mules were each black with the shadow of grinning death.
The pack mules also were so mad with the noise and the
cloud of earth shot up by shells that they ran here and
there and made the distance twice as long. The younger
muleteer was aflame with rage and excitement. He rode like
a thunderbolt. He circled like an Indian. He kept his
pack mule pretty straight; shouting, cursing, cheering with
every breath. Abel followed silently, but he was no ex-
cept. His charge broke hither and thither, and every mo-
ment the bullets seemed to fall faster. At last the young
man was in his stirrups with a triumphant yell, and waved
his hat at the Spaniards with a gesture of contempt. Too
near he was. He was but seventy or eighty yards from
them, and which could shelter him, where the soldiers were
quietly waiting and cheering him on. The pack mule
was immediately in front of him, and Abel
was yards behind. The ordained shell
arrived. It crashed fairly into the boxes of ammunition
packed on the mule. A rock-rending explosion followed.
Then the earth cloud vanished the mules and the muleteer
lay in a ghastly heap and the ammunition was scattered
in all directions. It had taken part in the explosion. Then
the major and the men were aghast with horror and disap-
pointment, and a moan of sorrow swept the ranks. They
closed their eyes to Abel, their only hope. The coward
had run, and his pulses almost ceased to beat. Round
the muleteers were falling thick. In another minute
it would be like that unhappy fellow of his—torn, bloody,
mangled. He turned faint, and his impulse was to drop
from his saddle and creep away in the long grass and hide,
and shelter his poor coward flesh. Roaring noises were in
his ears; things swam before his eyes. With a mighty
dash he broke away and cried again with a martyr's cry:
"Give me strength, O Lord! Give me courage!"
He moved it. He spurred his mule; he guided the stam-
ping pack mule. He charged through the hell in front
of him. He saw the cheering soldiers before him and very
soon. Then something shrieked in the air, fell and burst,
and in the pack mule was caught by the soldiers and the
mangled cartridges were torn from its back, Abel sank,
gloriously torn by a piece of the bursting shell, into the
arms of the major.
"Thank you, thank you, my man!" cried the jubilant
major. "You've saved the position. That last dash was
good, magnificent! You're a hero, and the folks at home
shall know of it, I promise you."
Abel tried to speak.
"Please, sir," he gasped. "Will you—will you tell the
children?"
He lived awhile and was sent home, and in the village
which had snatched him died of his wound. There was no
mention then, but much honor was paid the coward, for the
major made good his word, and the newspapers spoke much
of the obscure muleteer's timely bravery.
Several days came after Abel was laid in his grave.
For long, long lonely years the day had been the unhappi-
est day to him of all. Now the veterans of the civil war
and the returned volunteers of the Spanish war stopped
at his headstone and sorrowed that they had
passed at him. And the children came in little crowds,
glad and tearful, and the scornful rhyme was forever
changed from their lips, and Abel Tuit's mound was hid-
den by very many best-loved flowers. Thus he, too, was
remembered at last to take part in the solemn celebration.
There are divers sorts of bravery, but he who is bravest
of all is the coward who conquers his cowardice.
P. Y. BLACK.

BLOOD WILL TELL
HOW AMERICAN BOYS WON THEIR SPURS AT
SANTIAGO.
By a Special Contributor.

When war is on it is cruel to make a stay-at-home of a
likely lad who first saw the light of day in garrison quar-
ters out on the plains, with the stirring rat-a-plan of the
martial drum for a lullaby. So thought Theodore H. Bald-
win, Jr., when Baldwin, Sr., marshalled his black troopers
of the Tenth Cavalry at Tampa and sent the usual message
to his wife and son, saying he'd write home full particulars
of the fighting in Cuba for the delectation of the boy, and
as a reward for having passed an examination for West
Point. Mothers may imagine the scene when the lad de-
clared that he couldn't stay at home, for papa might be
wounded and need his care, or if killed, he, young as he
was, must carry the family name in the army until victory
should be won. That mother yielded as would the true
wife of any army officer. So Col. Baldwin welcomed the
boy at Tampa and took him along to Cuba just to look on
and see the Spaniards run.
The Tenth reached San Juan River in a strung out line
about 11 o'clock on July 1, with the colonel's pride, in his
borrowed and cut-down khaki suit, trudging along at the
head of the column. At the first wire fence the negroes
halted and attacked the savage barricade with musket
stocks and bare hands. The colonel's boy had no musket
then, but he pushed and pulled at the posts and coiled the
parted wires out of the path.
Mauers were flying, even then, along the San Juan, and
suddenly a black trooper working beside the boy, fell dead.
At last the fence was cleared, the blacks gave a yell, then
dashed into the jungle to hunt for Spaniards. The boy
turned for a last glance at his dead comrade. His Krag car-
bine lay alongside with no hand to pick it up and avenge
the owner's death—no hand but a schoolboy's—for the col-
onel's son knew instinctively that there would be fighting
before the Spanish races came off. He seized the rifle and
rushed on with the line, at which the blacks grinned and
cheered, giving way to let the boy soldier reach the front,
beside his father. When the blacks halted and fired at the
Spanish trenches on Kettle Hill, the colonel's boy handled
his carbine with the best of them; when they charged and
cheered he was up with the foremost and stood on the crest
where the Tenth's flag was planted to stay. He likewise
heard Col. Leonard Wood praise his father's regiment for
its gallant work in that charge. Could a soldier's boy, with
his blood up, stop at that while San Juan ridge lay in
front, swarming with Spaniards? Never; and mingling his
piping shouts with the growls of the excited negroes, he
rushed the hill, way to the second crest.
It all seemed as simple as a football game to the school-
boy in uniform, but the men and officers of Wood's brigade
declared that it was serious business, and that the colonel's
boy was a war hero. Some one sent a dispatch of that
purport to President McKinley, and he appointed Theodore
H. Baldwin, Jr., lieutenant in the Twenty-fourth Infantry,
one of the regiments of Shafter's Brunette Brigade. And
this transformed schoolboy is now serving in the Philip-
pines, the youngest commissioned officer of the regular
army.
Another San Juan Hill Boy.
On the rolls of the Seventy-first New York stands the
name of Austin Pardee. He is the son of a former officer
of the Thirteenth Regulars, who lost his life on the plains.
Young Pardee lived with his mother in New York City
when the war broke out, and begged to be allowed to enlist
in the old Thirteenth, so as to follow the flag of his soldier
father. But his mother opposed it, as he is an only son,
and Austin compromised by going with the Seventy-first.
Now in the mix-up of troops at the crossing of San Juan
River—all histories tell the story—the Seventy-first stood
still after coming under fire, and the Thirteenth passed to
the front through its ranks. When Austin recognised the
flag he had seen in babyhood on the plains, and saw the
veteran comrades of his father around it, he rushed to the
head of the company his father once commanded, and asked
the captain to let him fight there in the ranks. "Certainly,
my boy," said the captain. "You're the kind we're look-
ing for. Fall in."
War histories tell, too, how the Thirteenth charged the
blockhouse and captured the Spanish flag. After the battle
the captain sought out his volunteer recruit and asked him
if he would like to stay with his father's old company and
be transferred to the regular rolls. "Yes, captain, I'd
like it," said the boy. "But I promised mother that I
would stick by the Seventy-first and march home with it,
and I shall keep my word." Austin kept his word, and
it was at Camp Wikoff that I learned his story as he lay in
the hospital. The officers of the Thirteenth went to the
hospital and praised the lad as a "chip of the old block,"
and a worthy son of Capt. Pardee.
Young Baldwin.
From Lieut. Barnum of the Tenth Cavalry, I learned the
story of young Baldwin. Lieut. Barnum told so many in-
teresting things about the regiment that the fact of his
bearing a noble army name didn't occur to me, until, in the
course of his narrative it became necessary to indulge in a
personal mention. "The incidents of the trench fighting
after the morning of July 1," said he, "you must get from
other sources. I was wounded, early that day and carried
to the hospital."
I inquired as to the particulars of his wound, for it was
his first, since he is but a boy, the nature of it and the
sensations accompanying it. He was wounded in the hip.
Said he: "My first sensation was that I had been suddenly
knocked flat, and the next was the sudden recollection that
thirty-six years previously to a day, or on July 2, 1862, my
father lay on the battlefield at Malvern Hill, Va., hopelessly
wounded, as then supposed."
"Then you are the son of Gen. Henry A. Barnum?"
"Yes," said he, blushing, "but how did you guess that?"
"Because," said I, "I happened to know the particulars of
the Malvern Hill incident, and that Henry A. Barnum,
then a captain of volunteers, lay on the field there on the
morning of July 2, 1862, with a wound which tortured him

to the end of his life, and that occurred only a few years
ago. May I have your full name, Lieutenant, for I will
make a story of this? Barnum, father and son, in the two
hill fights."
"My name is Malvern Hill Barnum."
Small wonder that a boy so named climbed to the very
crest of San Juan Hill before the Mauser got him.
A Boy Led the Charge.
The story of the rush of a handful of Thirteenth men
upon the San Juan blockhouse and the capture of the
Spanish flag, all under the leadership of a boy lieutenant,
is an unwritten gem of Spanish war history. When Secre-
tary Alger visited Camp Wikoff last year to inspect the
condition of the Santiago troops, his very first act was to
review the effectiveness of the Thirteenth Regulars, 108 men—
not out of an original muster of 425—who were able to
stand in the ranks, Krag-Jorgensen in hand, as they had
stood in the fighting line at Santiago. That was done as
he passed down the row of officers' tents and sat upon an
upturned box by the side of the camp cot where lay the
young hero of the memorable rush and flag capture. He
talked with the boy a few minutes, but that interview, al-
though of a pathetic interest, has no direct bearing upon
the story given me later from the hero's lips. After the
Secretary had been escorted to his carriage, the colonel of
the Thirteenth returned to the tent and introduced me to
Lieut. Anderson, saying: "I hope you'll have better luck
in making this boy talk of the battle than did his last in-
terviewer."
"Well, there isn't really much to tell," responded the
fever-stricken soldier, shaking off his languor with much
effort. "The Thirteenth fared hard in climbing that hill.
We were the only troops to cross the broad open field in
front of the fort, and were checked by the awful Mauser
fire, which struck us just short of the crest. I was in the
front line and when I got face to face with the blockhouse
and the Spaniards in it, I called out, 'Advance rapidly!'
and rushed for the door. About a dozen men within the
sound of my voice rushed with me, all firing as we ad-
vanced."
"When I got to the blockhouse I saw but one Spaniard
on his legs and he was running to get away. All the rest
lay dead or wounded in and around the trenches. We got
the flag down from the roof and while the boys were look-
ing at it two of those having hold of it were hit by Mauers
fired from the trees or the Spanish second line. The men
then said that the flag was a Jonah and tore it into bits."
"Please give the men all the credit for what was done.
They were very brave. The losses among their comrades
while crossing that open field spurred them on. As I told
you all I did was to call out, 'Advance rapidly!' and rush
for it. The men did the rest."
"I'll print the exact words you have given to me," said
I, "and now, to make the story complete, may I ask your
name in full?"
"Thomas M. Anderson, Jr., sir."
"Why, there's a general by that name now fighting Span-
iards in the Philippines."
"He is my father, sir," said the boy with more fire than
he had shown before the Secretary or in telling about the
charge up San Juan Hill.
"Gen. Anderson's record is a matter of history. How about
your own?"
"It is nothing. I enlisted in 1894 as private in the Fourth
Cavalry and served three years in the ranks as private, cor-
poral and sergeant. I passed two examinations for a com-
mission and was appointed just a year ago second lieutenant
in this regiment. That is all there is of it up to the charge
at San Juan Hill."
As though that were not enough. The son of a colonel
in the regular army serving three years in the ranks and
working up for two examinations in order to keep the
family name bright on the roll of honor. After all is it re-
markable that there were so many blooded young heroes at
Santiago?
BABY'S VOYAGE.
Hush-a-by, little one, sailing away,
We're on a voyage to Dreamland today.
Out on the ocean of Sleep will we glide,
Drifting along with the wind and the tide;
Kissed by the breezes that waft us along;
Lulled by the strains of a sweet fairy song;
Guided by hands that are tender and true,
Sailing away o'er the ocean of blue.
Lullaby, sweet, my little one!
Hush-a-by, sweet, my pretty one!
Over the deep, while you slumber and sleep,
Dreamily drifting, slowly we creep—
Lullaby, lullaby, low!
Hush-a-by, little one, drifting away,
Off to the Dreamland at close of the day.
Little pink hands lying clasped on her breast;
Bonny blue eyes, deeply folded in rest;
Sweet, dimpled face, framed in ringlets of gold,
Such is the picture the Dream-sprites behold,
As, past the harbor of Wakeland we creep,
Dropping our anchor at Port Sound Asleep.
Lullaby, sweet, my little one!
Hush-a-by, sweet, my pretty one!
Over the deep, while you slumber and sleep,
Dreamily drifting, slowly we creep—
Lullaby, lullaby, low!
Hush-a-by, little one, rocking away,
Anchored at rest in the Dreamland today.
Safe was the voyage from Cradletown through,
Over the billowy ocean of blue;
Deep was her slumber and sweet was her rest,
Lulled by the Dream-fairies, watched and caressed.
Here, with these minions, she'll wander and play,
Out in the beautiful Dreamland today.
Lullaby, sweet, my little one!
Hush-a-by, sweet, my pretty one!
Over the deep, while you slumber and sleep,
Dreamily drifting, slowly we creep—
Lullaby, lullaby, low!
K. A. BRINNISTOOL.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By a Staff Writer.

ONE of the signs of the ever-increasing speed with which modern progress moves is the eagerness everywhere manifested in the adoption and practical application of every new invention that commends itself to the general public. It is but a little over four years since the X rays were discovered by Prof. Roentgen, and they are today one of the most valued and common aids of the surgeon. The invention of liquid air is much more recent, and already plants for its manufacture are springing up all over the world. Three years ago an automobile of any sort was a novelty even in New York and Washington, and now automotor vehicles of every imaginable variety are in use in this country, in France and to some extent in England and Germany. They have rapidly changed their nature, in the regard of the public, from a luxury to a utility and are threatening soon to take on even the character of a necessity. At first manufactured only as pleasure-conveyances of the wealthy, they are now put to every conceivable use for which vehicles drawn by horses were employed before their advent and to a few new ones besides. And in addition to their practical application, they are now beginning to be introduced into sport.

The latest development of this latter sort is an auto race arranged for this coming Wednesday, from New York to Philadelphia. Two cars of radically different construction will be used, and their respective owners, John Brisben Walker, editor and proprietor of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, and Dr. William T. Jenkins, former Health Officer of New York, will play the part of their jockeys. Each will carry along a friend to share the pleasure of the journey and assist in the management of the machine. No stops are to be made except for the replenishing of batteries. The cars will be of the highest grade and speed, and both of the contestants are confident that they will be able to beat the old coaching record by many hours. The loser of the race will furnish a supper at the end of the line.

The new form of sport, thus carried out, commends itself for its ethetic, hygienic and genuine pleasure values. The skill required for the handling of the machines is not of a degree sufficient to call for professionals, and the sport is thus not likely to pass beyond the hands of amateurs, wealthy men and women who will ride and direct their own vehicles. It promises to be as exhilarating as ice-boating and may be made even as companionable as tobogganing. Indeed, since the machine is not made too predominant, the companionability could probably be increased without a diminution of the exhilaration. And supposing that this idea of speed is not pushed to too great an extreme, what could be more agreeable than bowling along at a good rate over green-bordered country roads, in pleasant company, with the hope of a good dinner, to be settled for by someone else, awaiting one at the end of the course. These will doubtless be the conditions under which two such men as John Brisben Walker and Dr. William T. Jenkins will carry out their race; good fellowship and enjoyment of the course taking precedent of the feeling of rivalry for the prize.

On the other hand, with the idea of speed in the foreground, it is not difficult to conceive what dire results might be achieved along the ordinarily quiet country roads between town and town, with the proverbially obstructive cow and other live stock taking a surprised and involuntary part in the entertainment. In the days when the automobile race through farm and village districts becomes the fashion, it is to be feared that there will be no more mud-pie making by the roadside, and the hen, with her perverse ideas about road crossing, will have to be restrained of her former liberty.

An organization of women in one of our eastern cities is setting out to cultivate the speaking voice. It is alleged that a large number of Americans have a very disagreeable inflection and manner of speaking, and the organization of women referred to purposes correcting this as far as its members are concerned, hoping to set a good example and establish a standard for others. A considerable amount of adverse criticism has been called forth by the announcement of this intention, a number of writers seeming to regard the implied acknowledgment of an inferiority in the American accent as offensive.

However, if such an inferiority actually exists, it would probably be more patriotic and better every way to acknowledge and get rid of it than to attempt to cover it up, and it can hardly be denied that a considerable number of people born on this side of the Atlantic have their disagreeable peculiarities of speech. Of course these peculiarities were likely to be first discovered by foreigners, and it was natural that they should be especially noticeable to foreigners speaking our own language. It was natural that they should more easily escape the notice of people raised in the midst of them and hearing them from infancy—just as it is natural that the crudeness of accent found among a large number of Englishmen and women should escape the notice of the inhabitants of the British Isles. For there is a voice, an accent, that might be termed the English business voice, which quite equals, if it does not excel, the American nasal accent in its disagreeable effect upon a musical ear. I use the term "business voice" not because it is used distinctively in the transaction of business matters or especially among business people, but because of its harsh, common sound, absolutely devoid of any quality of feeling, and suggestive of topics such as the price of breakfast bacon and the comparative merits of kippered herring and fried sole. It is probable that a large number of voices in all lands would be benefited by some cultivation in their conversational tones. Of course there may be danger of running a good thing into the ground, if too much attention is called to tone and manner. A crude natural voice is always preferable to the affectation of those people now already to be met with occasionally whose every accent is studied, and whose love of their own sweet tones

is only too evident in the tenderness with which they linger over favorite vowels and melodious syllables. We of this country are somewhat surfeited with directions of the fashion journals that tend to the cultivation of outward manner rather than of inward character—of warnings to women that they ought to cultivate sweetness of temper because ill temper brings wrinkles, and admonitions that a cheerful disposition is desirable because it renders its possessor, particularly, if she is a woman, attractive. Such advice is not wholesome because it makes that the chief end which should be only a desirable accessory. It is one of the causes of that artificiality of manner which used to dominate women of fashion, but from which the modern American woman is freer than the woman of any other nation. The saccharinity assumed only for the sake of a smooth skin is not very reliable in trying moments. There is, however, no reason why distinctly disagreeable personal traits should be ignored, and certainly a harsh voice is such a trait. If only the innovators of the new voice-education will let alone manner, in order that it may retain its naturalness, and confine their efforts to the cultivation of purity of tone and clearness of pronunciation, with full rendering of all values, they will undoubtedly do a good work and leave society as a whole their debtor.

AUROCHS AND BISON.

STRANGE EUROPEAN CATTLE THAT HAVE BECOME VIRTUALLY EXTINCT.

[London Standard:] Dr. Nehring's recent description of a horn of the aurochs, or urus, discovered in a Pomeranian peat bog, has again attracted attention to a form of big game which, since history began, has disappeared before the hunter. Popular report often confuses two species of wild cattle, the one called in science *Bos primigenius*, and the other the European bison. Their remains are found under similar circumstances in caverns and various superficial deposits, the bison also occurring in the forest bed of Norfolk, and having, therefore, reached this part of Europe before the so-called glacial epoch began. But while the aurochs is extinct the bison survives, leading a protected existence in certain forests of Lithuania, but being really wild in the Caucasus. Once, however, it ranged over Europe, and in Asia extended as far as Siberia, while its bones have been found in the frozen soil of Escholtz Bay, in Alaska.

These animals were not uncommon in Central Europe in the sixteenth century, and about that time were regarded as royal game in Poland, not less than sixty being killed in one great hunt so late as 1753. Even then, however, they appear to have been restricted to Lithuania, where, as we have said, they still survive, though in greatly diminished numbers. Bison Bonassus or European bears a general resemblance to, but is specifically different from, his American cousin, named after that continent, which also has almost disappeared from the earth during the last fifty or sixty years. The American beast wandered over the prairies, while the European species is a lover of the forest. But the aurochs, or urus, was a very different creature, and must have been not very unlike one of the long-horned oxen which may be seen today in the lowlands of Italy. It was a large and formidable beast; its horns had a slight double curvature, and attained to a great length, for skulls have been found in which the bony cores measure forty-two inches from tip to tip. That, as Mr. Lydekker states in the pages of "The Royal Natural History," would mean that the points of the sheaths, the horns proper, must have been rather over four feet apart, and a greater length than this was sometimes attained. They appear to have been occasionally used as drinking cups, and such a "horn of ale" would not be quickly drained.

The aurochs is related to certain Asiatic forms of oxen, and makes its appearance in Europe, if not at the same epoch, only a little later than the bison, but not less widely spread, for it wandered as far north as Scandinavia and Russia, and southward to Italy, Greece and even Algeria. It has been found in Palestine, where some writers have identified it with the reem or unicorn of the Authorized Version; but how far eastward it extended has not yet been ascertained. Its remains, especially in caves, are associated with the wild horse, the brown and the grizzly bears, the lion, the spotted hyena, two species both of rhinoceros and of elephant, and a number of other animals, some still living in Europe. Such as were good for food man hunted; such as were eaters of flesh, perhaps, sometimes hunted him. A savage armed with nothing better than rudely chipped spearheads must have often fared badly when the lion was roaring after his prey, and at first the struggle for existence between man and the wild beasts must have been protracted and severe. But that he could slay the aurochs we learn from remains found at Laugerie Basse. These cave men of Central France, though they were not so far advanced in mechanical arts as to smooth their weapons of stone, could carve bones or antlers into shapes of animals, or incise on them outline sketches, rude, but fairly accurate. One such shows an aurochs quietly feeding, while a hunter, who has crept up behind him, is just throwing his spear. The form of the horns identifies the animal, but that the bison was also known is proved by an equally characteristic sketch of two heads on a second carving. On the other side of it a hunter is attacking a wild horse.

Some of the big game which these early races of men hunted apparently vanished from Europe almost simultaneously with them, for what was their fate and where on earth they are now represented, unless by the Esquimaux, we cannot tell. The next race, at any rate, the neolithic folk, as they are now called, whose weapons and tools, made after more elaborate patterns, are often polished, seem to have come as conquerors. Perhaps the newcomers foresaw that the aborigines might give rise to inconvenient racial questions, so, as Tacitus says, "they made a solitude, and called it peace." But with the older race several of the larger wild animals disappeared, at any rate from the British Isles if not from Northwestern Europe—the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the saber-toothed tiger, which had already become extremely rare, if not extinct; perhaps, also, the lion and hyena.

They may have disappeared from our islands because a

general sinking of the land replaced many broad or tree-clad plains with shallow seas, and the severance of Britain from the Continent. This change the incoming of a better-armed and more cunning hunters may have turned the scale distinctly in favor. Still, some big game remained, for the bison that age was very different from that which we know. No towns, only scattered villages; large districts of marsh and marish land, such as were the backwoods of America and still are some parts of Central Africa. The animals found ample protection, and had no need to fear man from the wolf or the lynx. The deer remained, at any rate in the north; perhaps the so-called Irish elk, together with the bison and the reindeer. Some thirty years ago a skull of the latter was found of a Cambridgeshire fen, and in it a stone axe was embedded in the forehead. It was broken off, apparently snapped by striking against the heavy eye, as if the animal had been struck by a stone delivered from one side.

SPAT UPON THE FAIR AMERICAN.

A GIRL FROM THE STATES WAS MISTAKEN FOR AN ENGLISH WOMAN IN PARIS AND INSULTED.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, May 21.—French politeness is a thing warmed over from the last century, or it is an ancient custom left out of the education of the lower classes, marked an American girl just back from the other side. It was not for the exposition and the necessity of making it pay out of the pockets of foreigners. I don't know if Paris would soon become too warm to hold many of the speaking individuals who have a natural objection to being held up on the street and catechized as to their nation and sympathies in the South African affair.

"That is a common, every-day occurrence in the famous for good manners, where ninety-nine out of a hundred citizens detest England. Of course, they are goodly number out of any ninety-nine who are too busy and too politic to stop and 'conquer' every Englishman. Anglo-Saxon race they meet, but down among the shopkeepers and in the humbler quarters of Paris there is a degree of ill-feeling toward the English displayed frankly and too frequently to be overlooked.

"Natural enough, the American girl is often the victim of slights and insults offered by people who are sympathizers, who read the Parisian yellow journals, and regard all English-speaking persons as British subjects, who don't mind assailing an American, anyway, because such by-gones as the Spanish war and the feeling of the United States for Dreyfus.

"Then the American girl takes the risk of these slights by her fondness for running about in couples, alone, prowling into out of the way shops and window and indulging her appetite for the picturesque by being the quaint and narrow streets of ancient Paris. There where she is daily and sometimes hourly called by the hot-headed loafers, whose favorite diversion is to suddenly in her way and insolently demand:

"Vous etes Anglaise?" or dramatically his, "A Anglaise."

"As a rule he repeats these phrases for a few days, then slouches off or goes back to his glass of absinthe, sometimes he is not discouraged by frigid contempt, but is hardly a comfortable sensation to be dogged a quarter of a mile, through some street where cab rarely passes, and Anglo-Saxon chivalry is unknown, by an insolent, fiery-eyed creature, who shakes his fist at you while he indulges in language of which you happily don't know the translation.

"It is useless to stop and explain that you are not English, and euphemistically suggest that he mind his business, because that is so much oil on the flame, and crowd gathers, and if the woman of his class arrives he will resort to that fearsome weapon of the Parisian, the spitting.

"A charming girl from home, stopping in our grounds, caught in one of these melées. She was a handsome creature of a distinctly English type of good looks, walking in one of the parks with a girl friend, also a working woman hanging on the arm of a man, an escort. They eyed her severely as she passed and made some sweepingly uncomplimentary remark about things English. Then, a moment later, the woman, hurrying back along the path, spat fairly and squarely at the pretty American's face and whisked away through shrubbery.

"For my own part, what annoyed me most was the failing query in the big shops: 'Is madame English American?' and 'What does madame think about the war?' Such questions were certainly irrelevant to business and conversation about spring hats and pink frocks, but I could not help noticing an increase of will in the salesmen's or woman's manner as soon as I announced my nationality. It is off the beaten track of the sign shoppers that these questions must be answered discreetly.

"When an old woman on a little street off the Avenue du Suffrin asked which way my sympathies were given, I recklessly said I thought the British were right, and bundled out of her dusty den in short order and told there was nothing there for me to buy.

"Of course, France could not and would not go to war with England, but for all that, any visitor to Paris will see sufficiently violent feeling displayed by the lower classes to require all the common sense of the upper keep it under control. Just for curiosity, I would occasionally buy a copy of La Patrie, the little yellow sheet, sold broadcast among the poorer and working classes, bought chiefly to read Francois Coppee's editorials. You, he is representative of all that is best in modern French literature and cultivation, and his powerful argument runs that all who fail to sympathize with the French are friends of England; all friendly to England must believe in Dreyfus, and all supporters of Dreyfus are enemies of France.

"It is arguments of this sort, coming from so high a source, that work like madness in the brains of French who are so excitable and so pitifully ignorant that a woman assured me the United States lay right next to Transvaal. This is what renders it unpleasant for Americans and English in Paris, while as for native Parisians it is distinctly dangerous to profess but one way of

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

...of osteopathy say that it requires no effort to forestall the part osteopathy is to fill in the scientific treatment of disease and in the field of the osteopaths, Rothand, Zeigenspeck, Thure and others, and gynecologists of world-wide reputation, the principles that form the basis of the new methods are in harmony with the laws of nature. The osteopaths eventually supersede those formerly practiced, and do not the mere use of the scalpel. From the treatment given by modern encyclopedias, it is the treatment of disease either mechanically or by manipulation. The osteopaths' treatment of disease rests upon the fact that certain essential conditions for the repair of the body are that these conditions can be best supplied by attention to the physiological needs of the part affected. The old-school physician treats disease to the best of his knowledge and no doubt believes that he has done the right thing, when he binds up a fractured limb or treats a wound without permitting the slightest movement, allowing the joint to become fixed. After the synovial fluid no longer secretes the lubricating fluid it becomes thickened and nothing can restore mobility to the joint. The benefits secured by arranging the spinals on a sound limb so that limited motion may be given to the joints involved is obvious to any one who has even read a little intelligently. Every physician knows that when a limb is fixed it begins at once to atrophy. If a strong man was placed in bed for several weeks, the muscles would lose their tone and become so weakened that they could not support the body in an erect position. It is essential that a diseased limb should have motion and a free and constant blood supply. Life means motion and activity, and when these are lost death soon follows. This is just as true of the living tissue cells of the body as it is of the body as a whole. The physician would not think of leaving a delicate plant without a sufficient supply of water—which is of the same importance to the plant as the blood is to the tissue cells. Many surgeons overlook the necessity of providing for blood supply to the part affected. It sometimes happens that a limb is bound up in such manner that an important artery is impinged upon and constantly irritated, causing contraction of the muscular tissue through which the blood vessels pass. It will be readily seen how the contraction presses against the walls of the blood vessels would tend to diminish the flow of blood to the parts so that it is inefficient to rebuild or to carry away the waste matter from the rapidly breaking down tissues. Thus we have substances combining to form the different poisons which are found in the blood in pathological conditions. There must be a constant supply of blood circulating through the synovial membrane or it cannot secrete the necessary amount of fluid to lubricate the joint. When this is lacking arthritis takes place and absorption of articular cartilage and ankylosis is the result. To prevent this by seeing to it that the nerves are not impinged upon and that a free supply of blood reaches the joint is one of the cardinal principles of osteopathy.

OSTEOPATH.

...in Food.

It is discovered that in some States nearly every farmer makes use, especially in the preparation of "ham-bone stock," of preserving chemicals, including sulphide of arsenic, a compound which checks fermentation, and retards the action of the meat. This chemical is used by medical students to preserve cadavers, and by physicians to infect houses where there have been smallpox patients. The use of salicylic acid as a food preservative has been forbidden by several European governments, it is still in use to a large extent in this country, both by native and foreign, who take advantage of the laxity of the American provisions for the health of the people. An official committee in Chicago found that the chemical was found in twenty samples of string beans, in ten samples of baked beans, and in twenty-four samples of corn. Salicylic acid has been prohibited by the Paris Academy of Medicine especially in cases of dyspepsia. Salts of zinc or copper in a dish of food (put in to give a bright green color) may cause a sleepless night, colic, headache, loss of a day's work, and general misery. This may go on indefinitely, rendering the patient a burden, without any suspicion in the victim of the cause. Last summer a western hotel lost hundreds of dollars, who left, one after the other, because they became violently ill. The water and the ice were blamed, but eventually it was proved that the illness was due to the use in the kitchen of cheap coal-tar flavoring extracts. In the kitchen by buying this stuff, the proprietor of the hotel lost business. Coal-tar extracts, which to many people are extremely poisonous, are used to a great extent in confectionery, ice cream, soda water, etc. Stringent legislation is needed for the suppression of this and other food abuses. A good deal of a remedy is suggested in the action of the city corporation. In that city, the law that only hops and malt must be used in the manufacture of beer was as long as the brewers were simply fined, they found it was more profitable to make poor beer and pay a fine than to make good beer and pay no fine. When the government began to imprison the rich brewers they began to make honest beer.

Principle of Voluntary Movement.

...R. R. WOODWORTH has embodied in a paper the results of fatigue of movement in reference to the loss of energy, in accuracy, and in speed. In each of these respects experiments show that a movement may be constantly repeated for hundreds and even thousands of times

with only a comparatively slight loss of efficiency. One of the great causes of fatigue in force (and also in speed) of movement is the failure of the muscles to relax completely between successive contractions. Pianoforte players of the modern school have utilized this fact in producing not only a vastly more comprehensive technique, but also greatly increased endurance. The old style of securing strength by severe muscular effort is no longer followed by the best masters of the instrument, and light exercises, made with plenty of time for the perfect relaxation of the muscle between, are the most fertile of good results. If care is taken to secure this relaxation, 100 to 1500 maximal ergographic contractions can be made with a loss of only 20 per cent. of the initial force. It is probable that the fatigue of nerve centers is not rapid; in fact, tests of prolonged hard and monotonous work of a mental kind would indicate that this fatigue is slow in progress. The quick and overmastering fatigue of common experience is not so much actual inability, and loss of function as it is disinclination, resulting from disagreeable sensations and emotions and from impulses to change.

Walking as a Tonic.

WALKING, with shoulders thrown back, lungs expanded, and head well poised, is the best tonic that can be prescribed for exhausted brains, weakened muscles and worn-out nerves. It strengthens the digestive organs, drives the blood away from the tired brain, and is one of the best cures for nervousness. Many doctors recommend a walk in warm weather as a specific for rheumatism, and stubborn forms of indigestion, aggravated cases of insomnia, and subtle nervous diseases have been entirely cured by exercise in breathing and walking. In walking the leg should be swung from the hip. This gives the strain to the strongest muscles and lengthens the stride by several inches. A German doctor has acquired a wide reputation through formulating a system of breathing and walking by which asthmatic patients are taught to walk without using their breath, and sufferers from weakness of the heart and persons nervously exhausted are cured. The exercises are graduated to the strength of the patient, and no one is allowed to "get out of breath," the breathing and walking being timed to each other. Many people, unaccustomed to walking, feel tired after a short walk, but after a few weeks' continued practice, this feeling works off, and is succeeded by one of strength and exhilaration. The walking should be done at regular times, and with as much vigor as the strength of the patient will allow. It is recommended that in ascending a stair or path, one breath should be taken for every step, and the fuller the breath the better. In walking along a level stretch, two steps should be taken to every breath, so that the inhalation and exhalation always begins as the same foot touches the ground.

The Open Bedroom Window.

A HYGIENIC journal speaks of the difficulty of ensuring a full and complete ventilation of the rooms in which people live and work, and have their daily being. To do this during a cold winter's day would often necessitate the wearing of an Arctic costume; but at night each man is his own master. For seven or eight hours out of the twenty-four most people can decide whether they will breathe the pure air or foul. Judging from the position of the window sashes as seen in a walk through the streets in the early morning, even in summer, the vast majority deliberately choose the four air rather than the pure. Doctors say that the amount of ill health caused by this exclusion of fresh air is incalculable. The idea that a room can be efficiently ventilated through such a mere chink as is afforded by lowering the sash about an inch is palpably erroneous. Unless there is a fire in the room nothing short of a widely open window will give ventilation enough to make the air inside a room equal to, or anything approaching the air of the street in purity. If any one has doubts of this let him fill the room with tobacco smoke, or any strong scent, and see how long it is before the pure air of the room is renewed. The impurity in the air of such a room must enter time after time into the lungs of those who sleep there. It is said that one of the results of the war in South Africa, and the return to England of a large number of men who have had actual experience of the advantage of sleeping in the open, is the dissipation of the prevailing belief in the injurious nature of the night air.

Cure of Alcohol Habit.

ACCORDING to Marandon de Momytel at least one-third of the number of drunkards are curable, the cure being based upon forced and prolonged total abstinence, which should be instituted at once, the only reaction from such treatment being headache and sweating. Delirium tremens does not result from a sudden cessation of alcohol.

"An essential element of this treatment is calm surroundings and discipline which is military in character and it is also important that some harmless drink be substituted for alcohol to quench thirst and also please the taste. Treatment should last at least a year and the strength of the patient's resistance should be frequently tested.

"When the treatment is concluded the patient should still be watched and if a certain trade or profession has been a causative factor of inebriety or is accompanied with great temptation, it should be abandoned for one less trying to the will power."

Diet and Tuberculosis.

A WRITER in the New York Tribune says: "An important feature of the 'fresh air' system of treating tuberculosis, as most readers of the Tribune are already aware, is ample feeding. The sanatorium at Nordach is famous for its requirement that the patients shall eat a certain amount of food at each meal and take their repasts in the presence of a medical supervisor. "Fresh illustrations of the benefits to be derived from an abundant diet, by persons who suffer from tuberculosis, are afforded by Dr. James H. Walker, physician to the New Hospital, in London, and superintendent of the East Anglian Sanatorium. A particularly striking case was that of a housemaid who was under Dr. Walker's care at one time. The maid exhibited some unusual symptoms. Her

temperature would run up to 105 or even 110 deg. without apparent cause, and then drop down to the normal level. The girl was exceedingly obstinate and difficult to manage, too. She was so determined to preserve her figure that she would not at first comply with the demand that she either relax or abandon her stays. However, she lost weight steadily for six weeks, and in other respects appeared to be losing ground. She then became alarmed, and consented to obey the doctor's orders. She left off her stays, began to eat heartily, and at the end of a single week had gained twenty-three pounds! Suspecting that there was some mistake, the physician caused the patient to be weighed on three different sets of scales. These figures were fully verified, however. During the next week she gained only six pounds. She improved in other ways also, and was soon afterward discharged. The girl is alive and well today, and hard at work in her old place.

"Dr. Walker expresses the opinion that the perceptible falling off in mortality from tuberculosis in England of late years is due to the fact that the working classes there are better paid, and consequently better nourished than formerly. It is probable, however, that they are also housed more comfortably and amid better sanitary surroundings. Possibly more than one cause operates to produce the observed effect."



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MISS FANNIE COLLINS.

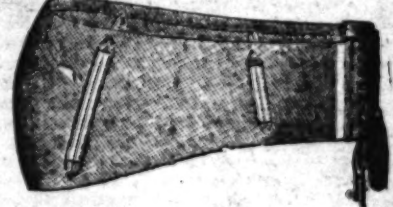
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The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

Mineral in Antelope Valley.

B. L. COOKINS of Fairmont recently gave the Mining Review the following particulars regarding mineral development in the Antelope Valley:

"There have recently been some strikes of gold ore made in the Rosamond Buttes, south of Tehachapi Peak, in Kern county. Assays of some of the ore showed high gold values. From one pocket several thousands of dollars were lately taken. If the district were better prospected Mr. Cookins believes that many valuable ledges of paying gold ore would be found.

"At the Borax works, owned by Gall Borden and others of Los Angeles, more than a dozen teams are kept busy hauling the product to Bakersfield.

"Speaking of the oil indications in his neighborhood, he said they were excellent, evidences of oil deposits being apparent in a great number of places, and that they offered a good opportunity for profitable working if Los Angeles men would only make locations or leases of the land and begin drilling. Mr. Melick, the Pasadena editor, is, he thought, interested in a large section of oil territory at or near the property of the Tejon Ranch Company.

"Antelope Valley has fine soil, but is in need, he said, of water, which could be obtained by sinking wells. For obtaining artesian wells the chances are good, but he is of the opinion that the Tejon Ranch Company prefers not to encourage water development, not, at least, until the managers of the company have secured all the land that it is possible for them to obtain at the present low prices for it."

Coal Near San Pedro.

THE San Pedro News has the following:

"It has long been known that there is a more or less extensive deposit of coal in the Palos Verdes Hills, west of this city. In fact, Mr. Lamora, deceased, used to go out there thirty years ago and get coal to run his forge, but of late years the matter has almost dropped from the attention of our people. The present little stir in oil has had the effect to renew interest in the possible bonanza in coal that may be hidden there, and some men have been doing a little quiet prospecting. Two of them returned to Los Angeles yesterday carrying about a hundred pounds of samples with them. They were disposed to be somewhat reticent in the matter, but stated to a News representative that there was but little doubt as to the fact that the deposit was quite extensive; but as to the quality they were not quite so sure; and it is upon this point that they wish to assure themselves; also to make terms with the owners of the land."

Coal and Oil on the Desert.

SAMPLES of coal have been brought into San Diego from the Colorado Desert, and it is said that there is oil there also. The San Diego Tribune says:

"If samples of coal and oil taken from the surface indicate that these commodities exist in large quantities below, then Malcolm Matheson, his wife and nephew, M. R. Matheson, Mrs. Alice Durham and A. C. Cole, are in a fair way to acquire a fortune each. This party returned several days ago from a trip to the desert and, according to the samples which they have at their rooms at No. 3346 H street, have located extensive coal and oil fields. The story of how this discovery was made is best told in Mr. Matheson's own language: 'Our party started out from our camp on the San Bernardino Mountains,' said he, 'about two months ago on an exploring trip through the desert. My nephew had come on a visit to us from Boston, where he was engaged teaching school, and Mrs. Durham was visiting us from Kansas. I had been on the desert several times since 1896 and from the indications previously found was satisfied that coal existed there somewhere. This was the principal object of our trip. We had reached the desert one day and our party was scattered around looking for surface indications of a coal deposit, my wife came upon the oil. She was attracted to the place by the strong smell of kerosene, and a closer inspection showed us that the oil was floating on the surface of a bog.

"We devoted two or three days to inspecting the conditions and from my judgment I should say that the oil belt extends for an area of at least ten miles.

"The surface oil we found about the middle of an open valley and after exploring this for some distance we found several small springs of water near the head. These disappeared some distance down and my theory is that at the point where the oil comes to the surface it is forced up by the water. The bedrock projects at this point, contracting the width of the valley, thus forcing the water and oil to the surface. As you will see by the samples, it is much thinner than the petroleum found at most other points on the coast and the strong kerosene smell leads me to the conclusion that it can be refined at a big profit.

"This was evidently the beginning of our good fortune for two days later, at a distance of probably thirty miles from the oil discovery, we found the coal deposits, which I was particularly anxious to locate, and a well-defined seam thirty-five feet wide. This, of course, is nothing more than surface indications, but I am satisfied that a big seam of coal will be found below. Many people besides myself have found small-sized pieces of coal at different places on the

desert and I am convinced that the place I have located is their origin. If the big vein is equal to the small pieces, then San Diego county will soon become famed for its extensive high-grade coal deposits.

"Our party will remain here till July or August, and in the mean time get together the necessary plant for developing both the coal and oil deposits.

"We have decided not to incorporate any company. Each member of our party has their claim in their own name, and if the development shows up what the surface conditions indicate, we will not need the assistance of outside capital."

"The samples of coal and oil referred to by Mr. Matheson can be seen by any one interested and certainly support everything he has claimed in his interview. For the present Mr. Matheson declines to give the location of these properties, but says they are both in San Diego county."

To Make the Desert Blossom.

IT LOOKS as if the Colorado "Desert" will soon be a misnomer. In addition to the big irrigation scheme already described in these columns, it is now claimed that an abundance of artesian water may be obtained near Indio. The San Bernardino Sun says:

"The use of artesian water promises to make of the desert in and around Indio a veritable garden. This spot on the Colorado Desert, in Riverside county, lies far below the level of the sea and has been noted as a dry place where invalids, who feared moisture, could go and regain health, but owing to the lack of water, the place has made but a trifling growth.

"This is to be changed and where there formerly stood the dry Indio of other days there will soon be a veritable oasis in the desert that will become a noted spot on the line from Yuma to Colton. This is to be brought about by the discovery of artesian water that flows abundantly and which appears to be of unlimited quantity.

"Mrs. P. B. Ware of Chicago has purchased several hundred acres of the surrounding territory and is proceeding to develop its possibilities in a very practical manner. Her first care was for water and, after experimenting with the large wells without results, she turned her attention to putting down a number of smaller wells, with splendid success.

"These are from two to three inches in diameter and are put down by the hydraulic process. The first experimental well was in this manner sunk to a depth of 557 feet in twenty-four hours, and a steady flow of water shoots up far above the mouth of the well and on adding a twenty-foot pipe, the water went just as much above the top of that as the other.

"This well was sunk by George Huntington, formerly of Highland, but who moved to Indio two years ago, and he has a contract to put down fifteen more wells for Mrs. Ware. These wells are located about a mile north of the railroad station. The soil is not so sandy as at Palm Springs, but has more body and, with water, is very fertile, trees making a wonderful growth in comparison with other localities in Southern California.

"Grapes and apricots ripen here from six weeks to two months earlier than in this section, the latter being ripe enough now to ship, and grapes will soon be ready for market. With the development of artesian water with such ease, the whole Indio basin will soon be a garden spot on the desert and be more than ever in demand as a resort for invalids. The rainfall is very light at Indio and the air is dry both summer and winter. It may in time become a noted health resort and perhaps a pleasure resort for the winter, but would hardly do for the latter use in the summer.

"Mrs. George Huntington of Indio, who has made that her home for two years, since leaving Highland, is in the city with friends on an extended visit, and she speaks most enthusiastically of the possibilities of Indio when further development of artesian wells gives that place a good supply of never-failing water."

State Range Mining District.

A CORRESPONDENT writing to the Los Angeles Mining Review, gives the following particulars regarding a rich southwestern mining district:

"The following items of mining news in the State Range district, from where I have just returned, may prove of interest to your readers:

"Leaving Los Angeles at 9 a.m., by the Santa Fe, I arrived in Johannesburg at 7 p.m.; fare \$6.75. Left by stage next morning and arrived at Slate Range mining camp at 3 p.m.; distance forty miles, fare \$4. There are three quartz mills in the camp, the works of the California Borax Company, a pumping plant and a general merchandise store; no tents, cabins or saloons or outside annexes usually found in a mining camp; everybody is working, no idlers.

"The mines are in the mountains about one and one-half miles distant, with good down-grade roads to the mills.

"The mill of Dean & Jones, ten stamps working (ten stamps more are being put in), is in the foothills about a mile from the camp. They pump water for the mill from the camp to the mill, using a gasoline engine. The mill is a short distance from the mine. The ore is delivered at the mill by tramway carried by gravity over the grizzly through the rock breaker to the ore bin. After saving all they can by amalgamating, a value of from \$8 to \$12 is left in the tailings, which are partly saved by the cyanide process, leaving a value of from \$3 to \$4 still in the tailings. They are placing a new seventy-five-horse-power water pipe boiler at the mill. The borax in the water prevents scaling and fuel is expensive. It will be a fuel-saver. Coal is used for fuel, and costs \$16 to \$17 per ton at the mill. A 105-horse-power Baxter water pipe boiler is in use at Seales Borax Works, ten miles distant.

"Regarding the mines, twenty-eight years ago I was the superintendent of mines in Caribou, B. C., owned by Haggin and Hearst, and first had them described to me by

George Hearst. He stated then that when they were in operation could be had, these mines would come to the fore. They procured a United States patent and in 1882 they began to work. Time has brought cheaper ways of working, labor and transportation are less, Uncle George is the 'divide,' and these mines came by purchase. Dean's possession for a mere song. Hearst's estimate of the mines is correct—at least that is my opinion after talking them with Mr. Dean. Hearst never knew the value of the mines until they promised to be big producers. The fact that he ever owned the mine is enough to condemn it as was no small mining venture.

"At the Gordon Bros.' mines, now owned by the Range Milling Company, two miners and one engine out from five to six tons per day. When opened they will be a very valuable property. The mill, hauled by team over a good down-grade road a mile and a half. After the ore is passed through the rock breaker is carried by elevator into an ore bin, then by a mill, which is a slow speed roller mill, ten feet in diameter, speed twelve revolutions per minute, four to five-horse-power drives the mill and feeds 1000 pounds per hour, so that 24 per cent. will be eighty-mesh screen. They save the fine gold by amalgamation and the concentrates by a Wilfong mill crusher to a uniform grade of pulp, then the concentrator to do splendid work, the result being the assays of the superintendent (G. R. Dean) that only from 99 cents to \$1.37 is left in the tailings. Dean informed me that after stamping, amalgamating he had still left in his tailings from 10 to 15 per cent.

"The ores of this district carry silver, so that the value of the bullion is from \$6.50 to \$7 per ounce. The ore is very fine and hard to save in any mill. The free-milling gold ore like that in Randaburg, the only a slow speed roller mill ought not to exceed 75 cents a ton."

The Edison Gold Saving Plant.

THE experimental gold saving plant, which is being built at the mine of the San Diego Mining Company, according to the plans of Thomas A. Edison, is rapidly nearing completion. The New Mexican says:

"The building is practically finished, and the setting up of the machinery and electrical appliances is proceeding as fast as possible. The men are working ten hours per day, including Sundays, and it is expected the plant will be started up on May 1. No doubt success is entertained by those connected with the plant, and familiar with the immense gold values in the Ortiz mine grant. Mining men generally are waiting the results of the experimental run with daily interest."

California Shells.

IN AN article on California shells, in the San Diego C. R. Orcutt says:

"Haliotis Cracherodii, Leach, is one of the most beautiful shells, and is the common trade species so well known on the Pacific Coast as the abalone. Its more poetic name is the California pearl shell, from its clear white color, and its edges tinged with rose purple, more rarely showing tints of green or blue color. The epidermis is smooth, olive, hence this variety is commonly called the olive abalone in distinction from its larger congener, H. gigantea, known as the blue abalone. Monterey, Cal., was the original locality of the type. The shell may be 50-100 mm. long, 90-100 wide, about 40 high; umbones 5-15 mm. apart and 3-5 in diameter; interior white with rose iridescence; scars of the closed muscle showing nearly to the apex of the shell in perfect symmetry, and especially plain in polished specimens.

"Tens of these shells, along with H. splendidus, are usually collected by Chinese and other fishermen, upon the rocks at low tide off the west coast of Lower California. The shells are mostly shipped to Japan and there manufactured into buttons and articles. The shell is taken from the shells and meat usually shipped to China for food, where it is termed a great delicacy. The meat, when fresh and properly cooked, is certainly delicious, and is best when put to a pulpy mass and fried in butter.

"Some consider that there is great danger of these becoming practically extinct in the California waters, and legislation for their protection (so far ineffective) has passed in several of the coast counties. This species of times yields very beautiful pearls, but very rarely metrical in form, usually irregular, at times somewhat triangular or tusk-like shape that is very rare. These pearls are valuable as specimens, and the value often paid \$1 to \$5 apiece for unusually beautiful ones, and even as high as \$20 for a very perfect one men half an inch in diameter. But very pretty ones purchased in our stores for 25 cents to 50 cents will be valued in any collection."

Cementing a Ditch.

ACCORDING to the Santa Paula Chronicle the Farmers' Water Ditch, in consideration of the great loss of water by seepage from their ditches, have decided to cement it from its head to its tail. This will enable them to cover more land with water, and with the improvements which will be made the ditch can be kept open throughout the year. They also under contemplation the erection of a pumping station having a capacity of 300 miners' inches, to be placed at the southeast corner of the Limonera or near the born place. Many farmers have expressed a willingness to make ten-year contracts for water at a reasonable price, and the company will be in a position very soon to make the contracts.

SOU' SOU'WEST.

By Bill, the Bo'sun.

My writer readily recalls his second visit to Los Angeles, made four years after the Kern River excitement, detailed in last week's issue. I was then in the employ of the Alta California newspaper, and was sent there because nobody else in the office wanted the job. My salary was \$30 per week, and two of the older men, who had been offered the place at \$45, declined it, because they did not want to live here. Gould Bufum declared that Los Angeles "contained nothing but fleas and cockroaches," and Harry Livingston said he liked a Spanish dinner occasionally, but didn't want to live in any place where they made their cocktails out of masal and chicken tomatoes for breakfast every day. And that is how I came to get the place.

It was a beautiful and bright September afternoon that the passengers rolled away from the old El Dorado depot, opposite the Plaza, on one of Charles McLaughlin's Pullman coaches, driven by C. D. Wells, who was always known as "Dick" Wells. All the passengers but one were for San José and way points, and this was the last coach in the Overland line between San Francisco and Fort Smith, Ark., under the management of the Butte and Northern and George E. Chapman. The only through passenger was Matthew Wright Harmon of Oroville, Butte county, who occupied a seat next the driver, and I was alongside of him, bound for Los Angeles. Behind me sat the famous foot-racer, John Atbill, known all over the Coast as "Swamp John," bound for Visalia on a visit to his wife, the founder of that now flourishing town. At that time there was not one man in fifty called by its name. The man was going there, he said that he was bound for "Four Creeks." When I left the office, Mr. McCrellish told me:

"This is Thursday, and there will be no stage to Los Angeles till next Monday. You had better stop off at Butte and put in a couple of days there, and see what you can do. They tell me that is a rich country. You have your gun along, I see, and I suppose you will shoot 'nail tough' to feed yourself along the road."

The stage rattled merrily out of Butchertown, crossed the San Bruno grade, and reached San Mateo in time for supper. Old Jim de Peyster was alive in those days, and the San Mateo was the best roadside hotel in the State. Dan Cook kept it afterward. It stood across the main road from the Hobart Place, at that time owned by the late gambler, Stephen B. Whipple. After supper we started the stage again and reached San José at 9 p.m., and stayed about midnight. At that time Gilroy boasted of more than twenty houses. On we rode through the night, and when day broke, we were at a little cabin in the Indian Pass of the Coast Range, where we had tortillas, beef and peppers for breakfast, till Wright Harmon felt as if a torchlight procession had gone down his throat. At noon that day the stage stopped at a ramshackle-looking shack in Corral Hollow, where I ate the worst meal from the dirtiest table I ever saw. By then, we were out on the broad plains of the San Joaquin, which were sad and dingy enough. Not a house in sight for miles, the plains as "broad and unbroken as the sky," when, in their prison-caves, the winds lie dead. Above, an endless vista of cloudless blue, with a occasional pair of vultures careering proudly in mid-air, the body of a dying steer, and awaiting the death knell in his throat before descending to their gluttonous feast.

As I stumbled through the second night, the Lord knows how, and, by daylight, were wide awake and hungry again. Across miles and miles of open prairie we had no fence with neither fence nor ditch in sight. Where we were between the darkness and the dawn is now probably a solid system of vineyards and deciduous fruit orchards in the American continent. It competes with the peach orchards of the Delaware in Chicago, with the vineyards of Smyrna in New York, with the vineyards of Burgundy everywhere east of the Rocky Mountains. Its vines sprout as dried beneath the burning Tule sun, and are shipped to London, only to come back and make our acquaintance again in the guise of jams and jellies, bearing the names of Crosse & Blackwell. And yet all this magnificent expanse of fruit-bearing territory, producing now the best peaches grown between San Diego and the North Sea, was merely a cattle range, serving no higher purpose than the spontaneous increase of horned beasts. Sometimes we drove through vast herds of them, that shook their heads at us and sent forth clouds of vapory breath into the crisp autumn air. It was nearly 9 o'clock when we arrived at Visalia and put up at a funny-looking old hotel, built out of sugar-pine lumber, cut nearly seventy years out of there in the heart of the Sierras.

There is but little of the Visalia of that prior to be seen by the man who visits Visalia today. The big fruit orchards, the banks and stores, all belong to the new order of things, and are as different from the fixtures of former days as are the clustering umbrella trees of today from the straggling cottonwoods that Nat Viso planted with his own hands. Such a place for gambling as it was, nobody ever saw. There were six saloons in the town, and every one had a "clubroom" at one side, where the steady and athletic game of draw-poker was played at all hours of the day and night. Some of these sports were of comic characters, and were noted for their drill. One of these was a lanky fellow, named Aleck Tinsley, a North Carolina man by birth. Aleck went to California always once a year, on the anniversary of his father's death, or the Sunday nearest thereto. On the Sunday night previous to my arrival there, he went to "father's grave," but got up pretty early on Sunday morning and went to church, where he had scarcely sat down before he fell asleep. The minister was a sensational

preacher, by the name of Earle, but Aleck never woke during the sermon. Finally, Brother Earle said, "Now, all those who wish to go to heaven and enter into the fellowship of our beloved Lord, will please rise."

Everybody stood up but Aleck Tinsley. "Now, then," said Brother Earle, "if there be any here who wish to go to hell, and be cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, let them rise."

"Boy, git up thar," said two mischievous boys who sat behind Tinsley. Aleck rubbed his eyes, and then rose slowly. The consternation of Brother Earle was unspeakable.

"My brethren and friends, I am astonished that any man born in America, of Christian parents, should rise to respond to a proposition like this. What can have been his associates and surroundings to lead up to this?"

Now it was Aleck's turn. "Reverend father," he began, in a very deferential tone, "I don't know as I (hic) exactly understand the situation before this congregation. They seem to have been holding (hic) a sort of an election here while I was in a drowsy condition. I don't know as I understand (hic) the question before the house, but it seems to me that you and I (hic) are in a hopeless minority."

And then Brother Earle wished that he had sat down, too.

A still funnier incident than that happened there during the second year of the civil war, just as the conscription was in full force in those States which had not filled their quota of volunteers. They had a roaring big camp meeting at Visalia, and people had come there from all parts of the San Joaquin Valley. It began on Wednesday and closed Sunday night. At the Sunday morning service there was a immense crowd, and several old sports had been led up to the mourners' bench and professed a desire to turn from the error of their ways. Everybody was on tiptoe to see who would be the next one to walk up and "git relegin," as they called it, when in came a young gambler named Bill Wheeler, whom they called "Tule Dad." He could not have been over 27 years old at that time, but they have called him "Dad" from that hour to this. He came into the big tent with a flush upon his face and an unsteady gait, and stood for a moment in the aisle between the two rows of benches. He swayed about a moment and gave a "hic" that broke the stillness of the summer air. The parson looked at him a moment and then said, with a bland smile:

"My friend, will you come down here and make one of us? We are now engaged in the good work of enrolling recruits for the army of the Lord!"

"Well (hic) reverend father, I been a-counsellin' nemes down there on the mourners' bench," said "Tule Dad," after a respectful pause. "I see you've got Aleck Tinsley down, an' Ab Ellis, an' Swamp John, an' old Bill Fridge, the quarter-hoss sharp. And (hic) all I've got to say is, that if you want to git any more recruits here for the army of the Lord (hic) you'll have to draft 'em!"

The overland stages of that day were all drawn by American horses as far as the "Four Creeks," but there began the reign of the bronco. To see "the overland" start away from Visalia was a sight not to be forgotten very soon. Six horses were hitched in, all natives of that one locality, and the wheelers and leaders were the only ones that had ever seen any previous service. The horses of the coach on which I came down from Visalia to this city, after a sojourn of two days, were a case in point. The driver was a man with fiery red hair and beard, named Dan Hooker; and he gathered up his reins like a master workman, while four men held the leaders and the two "swing horses," the latter being blindfolded while being harnessed.

"Let 'em go," he cried, as the late A. O. Thoma, checked up the waybill. There was a crack of a whip, as long as a split-bamboo rod, and then, in a cloud of dust, as volatile as cigar smoke, the six horses dashed forward. The "green" nags in the swing wanted to back, but the leaders fairly snatched them off their feet, while the wheelers trampled on them and threatened to cut them down if they faltered in their stride. In an hour the orange and yellow cottonwoods of Visalia were far astern.

"Oh, you want to gallop, do you, you beggars afoat?" cried Dan Hooker. "Six miles an hour ain't fast enough for ye, you bummers from Bummerville, Bum county, Indiana. You wish you hadn't got off so brash, afore ye get through with it. Go it, you sons of Boelzebub. You'll be for backin' up in an hour from now, gaul dern yer palmoos hearts, ye're a-workin' for Uncle Sam now, don't you understand? Blast your pictures for a lot of yellow greasers, it's the Yankee whip that's over you now and the Gringo that's a-holdin' the ribbons. Pick it up there, Absalom!" And so he would run on for an hour after hitching in a new team. They would only last for about two and a half hours on the prairie and about three hours where there was any very hilly traveling.

We crossed Kern River some time that night, and arrived at Fort Tejon in time for breakfast. The garrison had dwindled down to one company, under the command of one lieutenant, and next year it was abandoned altogether. The only man now alive on that ranch who was there is Richard M. Pogson, grown white in forty-odd years' service of the Beale family. I do not know of a case parallel to it on the whole Coast. Most men of that era were migratory by habit, and seldom stayed three years in any one place.

No one went over the Tehachapi Pass at that time save a few vagrant prospectors and a few drovers who did not want to pay Col. Beale for pasturage at Tejon. Two-thirds of the travel went by Tejon, and Tehachapi never came into vogue until after the Southern Pacific was completed, in 1876. We toiled down slowly across the desert, coming down the Soledad Cañon all the way to Newhall, but coming across the Cahuenga Range at least ten miles west of where the railway now comes. It was just about dusk, on the fourth day, when we reached Los Angeles, and I found Wright Harmon on the porch of the Bella Union (now called the St. Charles), all dressed for his trip across the

plains. He wrote me twice after reaching Alabama, but I never heard of him after the civil war broke out. The most natural supposition is that he cast his fortunes with the ill-starred Confederacy, and found a soldier's grave.

I could see a great change in Los Angeles since my first visit here in 1855. It was gradually becoming more and more Americanized, but as unlike the Los Angeles of today as it was like the old adobe town that stood here "before the Gringo came." Of the men whom I knew at that time, only two are now alive, Col. Tom Mott and ex-Mayor Workman. At that period Col. Mott was County Clerk (if I remember aright,) and Mr. Workman was a compositor on the Daily Los Angeles Star, published by Henry Hamilton. William Dryden (afterward City Clerk) was here then, also, but I never happened to make his acquaintance. On the night that an overland stage got in here, there was no end of jollification, but I had no hand in it, for I was working on a big pile of eastern papers and editing copy so it could go into the hands of the printers as soon as it reached the Alta office. Midnight brought tamales and beer, with a big pipe for half an hour afterward; and then work was resumed till daylight. After the stage started off for San Francisco, I went off to bed and slept till a p.m. The next night, generally, saw me under cover at my room, over the stairway, in the old Bella Union, whenever 10 p.m. had arrived.

But if the overland stage's arrival made joy and hilarity on these streets, it was nothing to the return of a pack-train from Salt Lake. At that time all the military stores for the Mormon capital were shipped from San Francisco to San Pedro by the old Senator and Surprise, each of which made semi-monthly trips; then they were hauled up here on wagons; and then packed on mules for Salt Lake, each animal carrying from 180 to 200 pounds. Renny Hadeau had a big corral, just where stands the hotel that bears his name; and Alexander & Banning's yard was on Second street, about where the Hollenbeck restaurant now stands. The other big forwarding firm of that date was Tomlinson & Wood, afterward Goler & Tomlinson. John Goler was the man who, after forwarding business was all broken up by the building of the railroad, went out on the Mojave Desert and discovered the placer diggings which bear his name to the present day. It was "a hot time in the old town" when one of these Salt Lake pack-trains got back to Los Angeles. Champagne flowed like milk, and whisky was more abundant than water. Men rode into saloons on horseback, shot their pistols into the pictures on the walls, and did no end of bronco tricks. The Bella Union set a Spanish meal on one side of its dining-room and an American meal on the other. Everywhere else there was nothing but the old style of Castilian cookery, with chiles enough to roast you alive and garlic enough to constitute a breach of the peace in any other American city.

I wonder what some of the notables of that era, who have crossed the shadowy river, would say if they could come upon earth today and see the new Los Angeles, the Bradbury and Laughlin blocks, and the two elegant business buildings erected by T. D. Stimson, a man who was ready for anything that would tend to make business for this city, and who "should have died hereafter." I think their comments upon the present condition of this city would be favorable to the men who have been their successors in running the town. Still stranger it would be if some of those old-timers, like Phineas Banning, Jack Watson (who declared that "things is a-gittin' corky"), Ann Ellis, Robert S. Carlisle, Tom Moore, John Raines, Volney E. Howard, and others of thirty years ago, could be suddenly translated to earth again and landed at midnight in the middle of the oil regions beyond Westlake Park, where the creaking of pumps alone could be heard, while the ghostly forms of the massive walking-beams were depicted in the glow of an expiring moon. I am inclined to the belief that the Hon. Jack Watson's first exclamation would be, "Good Lord, have I got 'em again?"

BILL, THE BO'SUN.

AVERAGE AGE OF MAN IN FRANCE.

[Paris Nouvelles:] From the last enumeration the average ages for the two sexes in France are the following: The average age for males is 31 years 10 months and two-thirds. For females 33 years 5 months and two-thirds, and that of the total population is 33 years 3 months and one-sixth. It is proved again, that the longevity of women is superior to that of man. Unmarried women surpass in longevity the unmarried men by one-half month. On the other hand the married men attain an average age of 46 years and 8 months, while the married women reach only 43 years and 9 months. Widowers average 62 years and a month, as against an average for widows of 61 years. Finally divorced men average 45 years, while divorced women only average 40 years and 9 months. It is noticeable that the divorced of both sexes do not live as long as married people. Considering the average of the entire population, we find in 1896, a general average of 33 years 3 months and one-sixth, against 33 years 1 month in 1891, being an increase of 1 month and one-sixth in six years, or an average of seven days yearly. Referring back to 1851, we find that the average life in France increased in forty-five years 1 year and 3 months. This gives an average increase of one month and two-thirds in fifty years. An essential point to remember is, that the average age has a tendency to increase, and in the last half century between 1851 and 1896 was the only time the average was lower, when it descended from 31 years and 11 months to 31 years 8 months, but advanced again in the period following, to 32 years and 1 month. Lady Wolseley, nee Erskine, the wife of the commander-in-chief, comes of a long line of fighting ancestors. Since her marriage her great interest in life has been centered in military matters.

The Passing of Medicine.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

STRIDES OF SCIENCE.

How the Discoveries of the Closing Years
of the Century Are Reforming
Opinion in Regard to the
Use of Medicine.

HERE are interesting things to write about nowadays both at home and abroad. Some of the most remarkable facts are so close at hand that they are overlooked by the guild of reporters and correspondents in the excitement of long trips to the Orient and other far away places. This is all a prelude to a statement which will probably startle some of the readers of this article, but which it is necessary to accept as absolute fact. Now here is the statement expressed briefly: Disease of every character is the manifestation of a lack of harmony in the component parts of the human system. Restore the functions to harmony and the disease is, of necessity, banished. This is being done right in our midst more effectively and with greater economy of time and money by new methods than it has ever been done by the most successful medical practitioner along the old lines. That this statement will prove a subject of controversy is to be expected, but the writer of this article has fortified himself by going so extensively and carefully into the matter that he is able to assert positively that this is so and in order to remove the last shadow of doubt from the mind of every reader of this article he has compiled statements of other people who have made like investigations. There is the broadest, grandest philanthropy behind this because it is an unquestionable fact that the misery and suffering of the world is traceable in the vast majority of cases to the sickness of the principal or of some dependent person. It follows as a matter of course that any system which promises a reasonable measure of relief to any considerable number of such persons must be hailed as a Godsend. When any piece of mechanism, whether it be the most delicate and intricate watch or the more bulky but no less sensitive locomotive, is out of repair in the slightest degree the resultant work is defective.

Proper results can be achieved only by restoring the machine to its normal state of perfection. Now we must apply the same reasoning to the human body and

macist, who in August, 1896, was overtaken by a complication of ailments which terminated in nervous prostration. No young man in the community was better known than Mr. Hugh Thatcher and all Pomona knows of his efforts to regain health, of his employment of two physicians with whom he spent more than \$700. He eventually realized that drugs were entirely inefficient in his case, and after being confined to his bed for thirteen



MRS. C. W. HARRIS.

weeks, decided to take treatment under this new system of Prof. Harris. They began work together, November 2, last year, and in the words of Mr. Thatcher, "Greatly to my surprise I was able to be up and walk about the room after one week. My improvement continued steadily. I now, (Feb. 1,) consider myself perfectly well. I will say further that on account of this wonderful cure I have taken your course of lectures and have gained a knowledge and a power that could not be purchased from me at any price. I thank you for what you have done for me and hope that you may continue to relieve others." Now, it might be argued that a disease of the nervous system would be amenable to a treatment which would not be effective in ordinary sickness, but that idea is at once thrust aside when we consider the case of Mrs. M. E. Langdon, of 4423 Central avenue, this city, who for two months suffered day and night, who felt a lump forming on her right side from which sharp shooting pains filled the body. This was a cancer with all the indications that it would ultimately end her life, and two of the best physicians in the city advised an operation. It was at this stage that a friend persuaded her to visit Prof. Harris, who assured her that an operation was not necessary. These are the words which she uses in speaking of his treatment. "He simply laid his hands on my body and relieved the pain. I was unable to see him the next day, but on the third day I went again. When he assured me that another treatment would cure me I laughed at him. In a short time after returning home I had a movement of the bowels and the cancer passed away. This was in the early part of April, and I am now perfectly well and free from pain. I think Prof. Harris can cure anything under the sun without drugs or knife." Now, if it is possible after reading such absolute and unequivocal statements as these to entertain the slightest doubt that a very wonderful work is being performed it is only necessary that you consider the case of Mr. C. A. Loud, Game Warden of Santa Barbara county. Mr. Loud frankly states that he was a skeptic at the time he took his first treatment. He had been living on invalid foods for months and for twenty years had suffered from chronic stomach trouble with rheumatism and neuritis of the worst kind. Mr. Loud says: "It is now five weeks since I called at your office, and I wish to say to my friends from Maine to Oregon—if you have sickness of any kind do not suffer. I now eat whatever I wish. I sleep well, I feel well, and have no aches or pains." That Mr. Loud was cured in one treatment after having suffered for twenty years is easily understood by those who have considered the principles underlying this system of treatment but that a hemorrhage of the womb of fourteen days' duration which the doctors had been absolutely powerless to stop was almost instantly put under complete control is an astounding statement.

Mrs. Francis Meritt, residing corner of Grand avenue and First street, this city, has suffered in just that way. She says: "I had very little blood left in fact. I was almost lifeless when Prof. Harris called to see me. He at once assured me that an operation was not necessary and soon restored me to health and strength. I mentioned the fact to him one day that I had astigmatism and had worn glasses since I was 10 years of age. He assured me that he could overcome that difficulty and to my utter surprise, he did so." This remarkable cure was effected some four months ago, and Mrs. Meritt is now strong and well and will gladly answer all sincere inquirers, as will also Mr. Polson, whose cure is less remarkable, but equally gratifying to him. In writing to Prof. Harris on February 17, he said: "I have suffered from kidney trouble all of my life, finally chills set in and nothing in the way of medicine would break them. No one knows what I have suffered in the past few years. I was cured of the chills by your very first treatment. I took two more treatments, and the day following I went to work. Notwithstanding the fact that my work is very hard on my back, I have not lost a day since and am gaining flesh constantly." Mr. Polson may be addressed at 213 West Twenty-third street, Los Angeles, and Mr. J. A. Bryant, who had suffered for eight years from liver, kidney and bladder troubles, may be addressed at 115 Fifth avenue, city. These remarkable cures will appeal to a great many people, but defects of vision are so especially common that this statement of Mr. C. T. Becker will find many interested readers. Mr. Becker addresses his letter from the Palace Cigar Store 113 West First street, Los Angeles, under

date of April 27, and says: "I had astigmatism in right eye from childhood which was operated on by Critchett of London. Nevertheless for the last 25 years I have been unable to read ordinary print without glasses. Three weeks ago Prof. Harris made me just one treatment, since which time the astigmatism has entirely disappeared and I am able to read small print without the aid of glasses, and without aching of the eyes or other inconvenience. My vision is now as good in every way as I could wish. I am less than you know of J. S. Castleman, the Riverside man whom Prof. Harris cured in four treatments, of troubles and constipation of several years' standing. A cure was effected some five months ago, and there has been no return of the trouble in any shape or form. If anyone can find it within them to question the integrity or the permanency of these cures they will be quickly removed by addressing an inquiry to O. P. Walters, University Heights, San Diego, who suffered from spinal trouble for six years and a half, made her limbs almost useless. She was restored to health in twelve treatments in May, 1899. Once she writes: "For four months I have been in perfect health." March 17, 1900, she wrote: "I am in better health than ever in my life." Mrs. J. H. Buckner, of Chino, California, had been sick for fourteen years, suffering from a complication of diseases peculiar to women and was completely cured in eight treatments. Amy Tuttle who is a nurse at 1155 Sixth street, San Diego took the course of lectures which Prof. Harris gave as she says, "in order to perfect myself in the profession of nurse. I have found it of inestimable value to the sick room, being able to relieve pain almost instantly, quiet nervous patients, and produce restful sleep. I would advise every nurse within reach of Prof. Harris to take this course of lectures." Fifty-three persons have already taken this course of lectures and themselves to carry on this wonderful work, and in connection the interested reader will probably be glad to dip into a number of other letters, from which the writer was permitted to examine. Dr. Redman of Colorado says: "After suffering with agony from abscess of the liver, I tried many physicians but without relief. Six treatments, without the use of medicine or surgery cured me entirely." Mrs. H. C. Baker of San Diego took medicine until, as she says, she had no further effect. "I write this believing that it will be the means of encouraging some suffering ones to sincerely hope that Prof. Harris may be spared many years to bless humanity in healing and in teaching the way out of the darkness." Mrs. J. H. Buckner of



PROF. C. W. HARRIS.

that brings us at once to the conclusion that if any mis-adjustment of the delicate members which make up the entire whole can be rectified, then the human machine will continue its work with absolute precision, just as when it originally came perfect from the hands of its Maker. This very thing can be done. It has been done thousands of times. It is being done today. It will be done tomorrow and more frequently the next day, and with ever increasing frequency until it is the only recognized way of treating the human body which is out of harmony—that is diseased. The Harris system of curing disease without medicine has been applied effectively in restoring to health several thousand citizens of this community. The work is carried on by Prof. Harris in person at his infirmary at 921 South Olive street, Los Angeles. This man, alone and unaided, has won for himself the highest praise from many who, without his help were doomed to a life of sickness and an early death—people who had been given over as beyond the help of the most skilled practitioner under the old methods. Moreover, people, not understanding the methods pursued and without taking the trouble to investigate, have thoughtlessly said things which have made it more difficult to accomplish the good which might have been possible with their co-operation. But so great cause, no good of importance to the world has ever been carried to a successful issue without greater or less opposition at the hands of unthinking persons and the fact that this opposition has manifested itself in certain quarters has served to confirm Prof. Harris in his conviction that this system and this system only is to be the remedial agent in the century just dawning. Had the conviction as to the merits of this system stopped at this point, had no one else come to have faith in it beside the discoverer, much would have been added to the fund of valuable information in the world. But today hundreds of people have obtained a knowledge of this system which makes them its firm advocates and apostles for the spreading of the new teaching. There was a young man in Pomona, a plumbing shop-



THE HARRIS INFIRMARY, 921 S. OLIVE ST.

Diego states that there is not a physician of any note nor a hospital in New York City, but knows of no such also the hospitals of Los Angeles. "My case was supposed to be hopeless, but Prof. Harris convinced me to the contrary, and I am glad to state that I have been restored to perfect health." Asthma is pronounced many to be an incurable disease. Mr. H. C. Baker, 914 Alpine street, Los Angeles, writes that he has suffered four years, and for over a year was unable to get to sleep. "I was persuaded to visit Prof. Harris' infirmary, and was cured. These statements are from people grateful for the good they have received. Mr. H. Knowles, of engine No. 2, San Diego, says he was undoubtedly saved by Prof. Harris. His trouble may be found in "The Agreement." Mrs. A. D. Taylor of Pomona, Cal., was for nine years a great sufferer from kidney trouble, which finally ended in death. Physicians said that nothing could be done, yet Prof. Harris restored her health and strength in twelve treatments, without medicine. These statements from people who know—people who have suffered as only a son who has lost health and hope can suffer, are the strongest possible endorsement. The writer knows that, at his infirmary at 921 South Olive street, that Prof. Harris has successfully treated 271 patients, including those who were treated in the case of the city or the visits which were made to patients unable to leave their beds. It is his invariable rule to give treatments in the evening or on Sunday. By a careful reading of "The Agreement," which is published by Prof. Harris, one can secure a considerable insight into the principles which underlie this system of treatment and have made for it a recognized place among the discoveries of recent years. "The Agreement" is sent to any address on receipt of 13 cents in stamps, the most searching investigation and rigid scrutiny of the work and life of this remarkable man, certain persons have signed the subjoined statement, in the belief that by so doing they would be instrumental in bringing this beneficent work before more people. "We personally and severally know of our own personal acquaintance that Prof. C. W. Harris of 921 South Olive street, Los Angeles, is able to demonstrate his claim of curing disease without medicine. We believe the principles taught by Prof. Harris are in line with the most thinkers of the day, and have only to be known and appreciated and accepted by the world at large as a man Prof. Harris is worthy of the highest public endorsement and recognition." W. D. CURTIS, 216 Hellman Block, Los Angeles. JAMES D. SCHUYLER, civil and hydraulic engineer, Douglas Block, Los Angeles, Cal. S. M. SWEET, Pomona, Cal., vice-president of the National Press Association.

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A PASTEBOARD SUN DIAL

IS AN ACCURATE TIMEKEEPER AND CAN BE MADE WITHOUT LITTLE TROUBLE.

By a Special Contributor.

Working first began to note the passage of time thousands of years ago, before the age of clocks, and the original thinker noticed that when the branch of a tree cast its shadow at a certain spot the day was half over; and when watching the passage of the shadow and marking the time over which it passed, he was able to divide the day into halves; then into quarters, and at last into minutes, thus getting the hours. Although we have clocks and watches today, it is interesting to retrace these steps in measuring time, and here is a method by which any person can make his own sun dial, so that he can



DIAGRAM OF A HOME-MADE SUN DIAL.

know the hour without calling to the cook to ask if it is time to dress for dinner. Take bits of ordinary cardboard, the tops of pasteboard boxes will do, and cut out some oblong pieces, about a foot wide and a foot and a half long. Fasten two of them together lengthwise, on one side to form the pieces A B in the illustration. Then bend the edge of a third piece and paste it to B, so as to have a slant at right angles, and for D. Make a slit in E, into which slide an upright piece C. This last marks the hours by casting the shadow C along the diagram which is drawn on B by watching the shadow and comparing it with a clock. On account of the difference of the distance of the sun from the equator and the inclination of the earth to the sun, the piece B is made movable, so that it can be turned to the position which experiment shows to be right. In this way every boy can make his own sun dial and set it exactly so that it marks the hours of daylight exactly.

RICHER THAN THE EMPEROR.

An incident that recently occurred in Austria, in which the principal parties are the Archduke Frederic and a Hungarian colonel, has had the effect of attracting general attention to the question of the enormous fortunes that exist in Austria. One thing that became evident by the episode was that the Archduke Frederic, heir of the old Archduke Albert, is richer than the Emperor. In fact, in point of worldly possessions, Francis Joseph ranks only third in his empire. The Archduke Frederic is the second. The richest of all is a Rothschild. The death of the Baron Hirsch advanced both members of the imperial family one grade. The illustrious philanthropist was not so rich as the head of the Austrian Rothschilds, but he was far in advance of the imperial millionaires.

FUN IN A NUTSHELL.

Do you want to astonish your scientific friends? Here is a way in which you can do so. You have discovered a remarkable electric property in an English walnut, so you tell them. Rub it with a flannel cloth and holding it between your thumb and fingers it will cling to the forefinger so that some little force is required to pull it away. The fact is that electricity has nothing to do with the nut. After rubbing the nut to generate the supposed electric force, you really press upon the nut in such a way,

with the thumb and fingers, that it opens a little at the top, and catching the skin of the forefinger clings to it. The elasticity of the nut is the actual force which is employed in the trick, but it will astonish your friends, who do not understand it, for they may rub the nut ever so hard with the flannel, and it will not cling to their fingers. Here is fun in a nutshell. It is best to try the trick privately first, and if you find that the nut does not open easily enough, or your thumb is not strong enough, press it with the whole hand on the table, to open it, but do not press too hard or you will open it too far and it will not close again.

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"Bread is the staff of life," is an old adage that all people must believe, yet many a dyspeptic has tried to do without it. There are so many conditions relative to good bread-making that few housewives have the time or disposition to do it. Consequently most of the bread consumed comes from bakeries. There is the old process of long fermentation. Now some bread is baked without fermentation, and eliminates all possibilities of getting "sour" or "acid" bread.

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The great success of the Meek Baking Company has been largely due to the use of high grade flour, where flavor and not the color was taken as the standard. Their wheat meal aerated bread is very nutritious and contains all the elements of mother earth, and is different from the bread of other bakeries in that it has the "fruit-like or almond taste." The Meek Baking Company asks their patrons to remember that they use the best flour, most scientific bake ovens in the world, and the bread is not touched by hands. All bread stamped "M. B. C."

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Mr. W. G. Webb.

Prof. Adams is leaving Los Angeles, wishes to express his sincere gratification at having been able to place his work in this city in the hands of people so pre-eminently qualified to continue it successfully.



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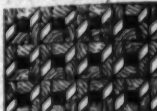


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